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by R. K. L.

July 26 '94

THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN REDUCED FACSIMIL

FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF

1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

NEW YORK:

FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS, 18 & 20 ASTOR PLACE.

1887.

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PREFACE.

IT may be safely asserted, without fear of the writer being accused of exaggeration, that the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature. There is no work in that literature at all approaching near to it in critical value. When it is mentioned that this volume is the sole authority for the texts of such masterpieces as the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*—were the rest of the book waste-paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. And its value increases every day, for day by day it is more clearly ascertained that many of the subtler meanings of passages in the works of Shakespeare depend upon minute indications and peculiarities which are alone to be traced in the original printed text.

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts. This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest

productions, single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessities of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer's decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they "have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it; his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author's manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the re-

verse. Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;" adding,—"it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press." Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Every one, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the texts of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for its wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration.

The reader will more readily understand the

purport of these observations, if we add a list of the plays in the order in which they are here printed, with observations on the relative authorities of the texts. It will, of course, be understood that the mention of the circumstance of any drama in this volume being a first edition, conveys also the fact that it is the only authoritative text: — 1. *The Tempest.* First edition. Perhaps edited from the author's own manuscript, which we know was not amongst those destroyed in the fire at the Globe Theatre. 2. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* First edition. 3. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* First edition of the play in its complete state. A surreptitious quarto appeared in 1602, but it is merely an imperfect copy of the author's first sketch of the comedy. 4. *Measure for Measure.* First edition. 5. *Comedy of Errors.* First edition. 6. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Printed from a quarto edition which appeared in 1600, with a few omissions and variations. 7. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Printed from a quarto edition published in 1598, with a few alterations of slight consequence. 8. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Printed from Roberts's quarto edition of 1600. 9. *The Merchant of Venice.* Printed from Heyes's quarto of 1600,

with a number of variations and corrections. 10. *As You Like It.* First edition. 11. *The Taming of the Shrew.* First edition. 12. *All's Well that Ends Well.* First edition. 13. *Twelfth Night.* First edition. 14. *The Winter's Tale.* First edition. 15. *King John.* First edition. 16. *Richard the Second.* Mainly printed from the quarto edition of 1615. 17. *First Part of Henry the Fourth.* Chiefly taken from the quarto edition of 1613. 18. *Second Part of Henry the Fourth.* There was a quarto edition issued in 1600, but the editors of the Folio appear to have used a manuscript playhouse transcript of the comedy. 19. *Henry the Fifth.* First complete edition. The earlier quartos were surreptitiously printed, and are very imperfect. 20. *First Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. This play could not have been written by Shakespeare, though he may possibly have added a few touches to it. 21. *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. It is an alteration of an older play called the "First part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey," 1594. 22. *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. It is an altera-

tion of the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses, Lancaster and York," 1595. 23. *Richard the Third.* Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1602, which must, however, have had numerous manuscript alterations and additions. 24. *Henry the Eighth.* First edition. 25. *Troilus and Cressida.* Printed from the quarto of 1609, with certain omissions and some valuable additions. 26. *Coriolanus.* First edition. 27. *Titus Andronicus.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. It is nearly impossible to believe that this drama could have been written by Shakespeare, and I rather incline to conjecture that the editors of the First Folio inserted the older play on the subject, first printed in 1594, through either mistake or ignorance, knowing that Shakespeare had written a drama on the same theme; and finding no other version of it in their collection of plays. 28. *Romeo and Juliet.* Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1609. 29. *Timon of Athens.* First edition. 30. *Julius Cæsar.* First edition. 31. *Macbeth.* First edition. 32. *Hamlet.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. 33. *King Lear.*

Edited from a playhouse transcript, certainly not from the author's manuscript. 34. *Othello.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. 35. *Antony and Cleopatra.* First edition. 36. *Cymbeline.* First edition.

The First Folio was originally issued at the selling price of twenty shillings. The present average value of a perfect copy is £500, and one very fine example in the possession of Lady Burdett-Coutts cost that lady, at the Daniel sale, no less a sum than £714. There is no doubt that these prices will be largely exceeded in the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the volume has been for generations the almost exclusive property of wealthy collectors, and a sealed book to the generality of readers and students. By the aid of modern science it is now placed in a conveniently reduced form within the reach of all. It is not of course pretended that any facsimile of any old book will in all cases of minute research entirely supersede the necessity of a reference to copies of the ancient impression, but for all usual practical objects of study this cheap reproduction will place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

SHAKESPEARE:

THE FIRST FOLIO.

[1623.]

A Reduced Facsimile.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the *Kings most Excellent Maiesty.*

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilst we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L L. likings of the ſeuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

From the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! It is now publique, & you wil ſtand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenſure. Do ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoeuer your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your fiue ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the iuſt rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenſure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, theſe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and ſtood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to haue bene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liu'd to haue ſet forth, and ouerſeen his owne writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to haue publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of iniurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: euen thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee haue ſcarſe receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to vnderſtand him. And ſo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelues, and others And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs.

TO draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst'st our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thundring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greece, *or haughtie* Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, *thou hast one to showe,*
To whom all Scenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses *still were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warme*
Our eares, or like a Mercury *to charme!*
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, *tart* Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not please;*
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, *must enjoy a part.*
For though the Poets *matter, Nature be,*
His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Vpon the Muses *anuile: turne the same,*
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as borne.*
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
Of Shakespeares *minde, and manners brightly shines*
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! *what a sight it were*
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, *and our* Iames!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frõ hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about.
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we aliue ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſsible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-do
Paſsions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVEE *wondred* (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

The Workes of William Shakeſpeare,

containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies: Truely ſet forth, according to their firſt ORIGINALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all theſe Playes.

illiam Shakeſpeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Phillips
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Croſſe.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinſon.
Iohn Shancke.
Iohn Rice.

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Good wombes haue borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and conferr faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Antbonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre deſtroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench
My Tale prouokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſayle, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyſt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerue me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raiſ'd in me
An vndergoing ſtomacke, to beare vp
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we a ſhore?
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince haue ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heauens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde; your reaſon
For raiſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, graue Sir, haile: I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire; to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nye ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne haue I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldſt me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their ſuffred labour
I haue left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet

(Which I diſpers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?
Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by vs both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since ỹ doſt giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy ſeruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promiſe
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt: & think'ſt it much to tread ỹ Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe;
To run vpon the ſharpe winde of the North,
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The foule Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe borne? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my ſlaue, (child,
As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthly, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A freekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.
Pro Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ſeuer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.
Pro. Doe ſo: and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be ſubiect to no ſight but thine, and mine: inuiſible
To euery eye-ball elſe: goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangenes of your ſtory, put
Heauineſſe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by ỹ diuell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,
And bliſter you all ore.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner:
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'ſt me, & made much of me: would'ſt giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did ſo: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which firſt was min owne King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.
Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.
Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took paines to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but would'ſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſeru'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt.
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Cramps,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.

Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
the wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly here, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke, harke, bough wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bough-wawgh
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhold this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth' Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance;
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greeſe (that's beauties canker) y might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more braue daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw; the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in either's pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't
Pro. Follow me.

Proſ. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He draws, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
Proſ. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you Father.
Proſ. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Proſ. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Hauing ſeene but him and *Caliban:*) Fooliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Proſ. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
Proſ. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell:* follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Proſ. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'ſyllable.
Proſ. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not giue him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So; you're paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſaue meanes to liue.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many vouche rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drenche in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. Carthage? *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſsible matter wil he make eaſy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too,
Who is ſo farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted
The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke
To th'ſhore; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed
As ſtooping to releeue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe,
That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather looſe her to an Affrican,
Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the griefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe
By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe
Weigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (ſon,
Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'ſt oth'loſſe

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe,
And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Traffick
Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate:
Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſſion,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No vſe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
Without ſwear or endeuour: Treaſon, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I would vvith ſuch perfection gouerne Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to

Gon. I do vvell beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.

Seb. We vvould ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go ſleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes
Would (with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter,

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian?* O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, mouing:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's aliue,
'Tis as impoſsible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a wincke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples?*
Seb. Claribell.
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero.*
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molloſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millaine*,
Ile come by *Naples*: Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*
Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzalos eare.

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:

If

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe, (Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare; To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming. (And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me: I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend, I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe, That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch For my poore ſonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts: For he is ſure i'th Iſland.

Alo. Lead away. (done.

Ariell. Proſpero my Lord, ſhall know what I haue So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyſe of Thunder heard)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me, And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid 'em; but For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me, Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter* Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.* For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat, Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it ſing ith' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, looke like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liequor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt: hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes. open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,

But

But hee is drownd; and theſe are diuels: O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: If all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome to thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano* touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come forth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtrok; but art thou not drownd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drownd: Is the Storme ouer-blowne: I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?.
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke; I'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter: The Man ith Moone?
A moſt poore credulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill inch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote. I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's aſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke: An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue;
I'le beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being drownd, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencherıng, nor waſh diſh,
'Ban' ban' Cacal, ban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe
Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſayes, ſuch baſenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,

He's

Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.
Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.
Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crackes my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, neuer any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.
Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower:) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.
Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.
Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.
Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.
Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.
Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.
Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.
Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.
Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.
Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?
Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou ieſting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe, Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch: I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him Where the quicke Freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him, Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them) Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall. And that moſt deeply to conſider, is The beautie of his daughter. he himſelfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer ſaw a woman But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe; But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*. As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes: Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe, Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure, Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon, Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em. Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes: If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes, Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe, Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtorie.

Trin. The ſound is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monſter, Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience
I needes muſt reſt me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.

Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I ſay to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marueilous ſweet Muſicke.

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauen: what were theſe?

Seb. A liuing *Drolerie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent;
Are worſe then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince (mocks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſto-
Will pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alo. Not I. (Boyes

Gon. Faith Sir, you needs not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quaint deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.

Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Milaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and dannce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Al. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,
For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſeruāt *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Preſently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtenious,
Or elſe good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes; be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which ſpungie *Aprill*, at thy beſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.

Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrowes,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,

Iuno

Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, foyſon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthеſt,
In the very end of Harueſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt maieſticke viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wiſe
Makes this place Paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
Theres ſomething elſe to doe: hush, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.

Iuno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of ỹ windring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer-harmeleſſe lookes,
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anſwere your ſummons. *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion
That workes him ſtrongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe. Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleane to, what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say againe, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ſtunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe natute
Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monſter, your Fairy, ẅ you ſay is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour ſtil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that
Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchiefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monſter: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall haue it. (meane

Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you
To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs ſtrange ſtuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we ſhall looſe our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyſe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Conuultions, ſhorten vp their ſinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houte
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me ſeruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the ſixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my Spirit,
How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion, as you gaue in charge,
Iuſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir
In the *Lime-grone* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe,
One of their kinde, that relliſh all as ſharpely,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their ſences Ile reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ſtading lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote
Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that reioyce
To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde
(Weake Maſters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread rathing Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ſtowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontorie
Haue I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Muſicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ſtaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet ſound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before: Then* Alonſo *with a franticke geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſeruing, ſpeakes.*

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter,
To an vnſettled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vſeleſſe) boile within thy skull: there ſtand
For you are Spell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolues apace,
And as the morning ſteales vpon the night
(Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reaſon. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preſeruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Moſt cruelly

Didſt

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now lyes foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrely.
Merrely, merrely, ſhall I liue now.
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Mariners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Milleine*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene) I dot know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and bloud: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt craue
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhold *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. Firſt, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.

Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th'Iſle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:

Pro. No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſouereigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe?

Pro As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauineſſe that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzallo*.
Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Giue me your hands;
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you ioy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.
Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophеſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey Spirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheereſull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not
Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.
Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coraſio*.
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs
And deale in her command, without her power:
Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?
Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.
Seb. Who how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?
Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.
Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And

Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke Sir: I ſay ſhe did nod; And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſay I.

Pro. And that ſet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly, Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her; No, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter: And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde. Giue her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy paines: (me; To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceſtern'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your ſelfe; And ſo Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſaue your Ship from wrack, Which cannot periſh hauing thee aboarde, Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore: I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger, I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines, Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now we are alone) Would'ſt thou then counſaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen, That euery day with par'le encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthieſt loue?

Lu. Pleaſe you repeat their names, ile ſhew my minde, According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the faire ſir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine; But were I you he neuer ſhould be mine.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in vs.

Iu. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame, That I (vnworthy body as I am) Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemem.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iul. Your reaſon?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reaſon: I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not caſt away.

Iul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath neuer mou'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loues ye.

Iul. His little ſpeaking, ſhewes his loue but ſmall.

Lu. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iul. Say, ſay; who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & ſent I think from *Protheus*; He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker: Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines? To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth? Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place: There: take the paper: ſee it be return'd, Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Lu. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iul. And yet I would I had o're-look'd the Letter; It were a ſhame to call her backe againe, And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her. What 'ſoole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay no, to that, Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, I. Fie, fie: how way-ward is this fooliſh loue; That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe, And preſently, all humbled kiſſe the Rod? How churliſhly, I chid *Lucetta* hence, When willingly, I would haue had her here? How angerly I taught my brow to frowne, When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile? My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe And aske remiſſion, for my folly paſt. What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were, That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.
Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set
Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
Iu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Iu. Let's see your Song
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Iu You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The meane is drownd with you vnruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*
Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;
Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father stayes.
Iu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Iu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away;
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well. (thither.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exercise
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iourneying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their seruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors pawne;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents.
Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am reſolu'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readineſſe, to goe,
Excuſe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be ſo ſoone prouided,
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhalbe ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to morrow thou muſt goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you ſhall be imployd,
To haſten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I ſhund the fire, for feare of burning
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my loue.
Oh, how this ſpring of loue reſembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haſt, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwer's no.

Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus ſecundus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one
Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia*, *Siluia.*
Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia.*
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why ſir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip ſir, or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well: you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Goe to, ſir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia?*
Speed. Shee that your worſhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relliſh a Loue-ſong, like a *Robin*-red-breaſt: to walke alone like one that had the peſtilence: to ſigh, like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to faſt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to ſpeake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Maſſe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner: when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miſtris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.
Val. Are all theſe things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'ſt thou know my Lady *Siluia?*
Speed. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?
Val. Haſt thou obſeru'd that? euen ſhe I meane.
Speed. Why ſir, I know her not.
Val. Do'ſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?
Speed. Is ſhe not hard-fauour'd, ſir?
Val. Not ſo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doſt thou know?
Speed. That ſhee is not ſo faire, as (of you) well-fauourd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath ſhe beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer ſince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot ſee her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Becauſe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd.
Val. What ſhould I ſee then?
Speed. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe. (ning
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laſt mor-
You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.
Speed. True ſir: I was in loue with my bed. I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours
Val In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.
Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.
Val. Laſt night ſhe enioyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loues.
Speed. And haue you?
Val. I haue.
Speed. Are they not lamely writt?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them
Peace, here ſhe comes.
Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam & Miſtres, a thouſand good-morrows.
Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: here's a million of manners
Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſeruant, to you two thouſand
Speed. He ſhould giue her intereſt: & ſhe giues it him.
Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the ſecret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip. (done.
Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.
Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No (Madam) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet ——
Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheſſe the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet,
Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip?
Doe you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (ſince vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ: for my ſake read it ouer.
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not: why ſo:
Val. If it pleaſe me, (Madam?) what then?
Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*
Speed. Oh Ieſt vnſeene: inſcrutible: inuiſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a ſteeple
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuiſe, was there euer heard a better?
That my maſter being ſcribe,
To himſelfe ſhould write the Letter?
Val. How now Sir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelfe?
Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reaſon.
Val. To doe what?
Speed. To be a Spokeſman from Madam *Siluia*.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelfe: why, ſhe woes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay
Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhee hath made you write to your ſelfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the Ieſt?
Val. No, beleeue me.
Speed. No beleeuing you indeed ſir:
But did you perceiue her earneſt?
Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why ſhe hath giuen you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And y Letter hath ſhe deliuer'd, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els ſome meſſeger, y might her mind diſcouer
Her ſelf hath taught her Loue himſelf, to write vnto her
All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muſe you ſir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I haue dyn'd
Speed. I, but hearken ſir: though the Cameleon Loue
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals: and would fame haue meate: oh bee not like your Miſtreſſe, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scœna ſecunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:
Iul. I muſt where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.
Iul. If you turne not: you will return the ſooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake.
Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that howre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing howre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneſſe:
My father ſtaies my comming: anſwere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, ſo true loue ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Goe: I come, I come
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Louers dumbe.
Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dõgge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: —— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind *of Camelion.*

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue said Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemẽ, & quickly shot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrowes his wit from your Ladiships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liueries That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together, And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name) Made vse, and fairo aduantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old. His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes ỹ gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me: how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue the much comended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in reuengo of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)
Pro. But she loues you? (howte.
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth.
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my-former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire; and so is *Iulia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndone till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh

Speed. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

Speed. What thou ſaiſt?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-vnder: and vnder-ſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if hee ſay no, it will: if hee ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I neuer knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee

Speed. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houſe: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou goe?

Speed. At thy ſeruice.

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolu'd will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoueraignty ſo oft thou haſt preſerd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their loſſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber windovv,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight.
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift:
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scœna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia *and* Lucetta.

Iul Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And euʳmun kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who ett the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearieſome and long
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'ſt ꝙ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage
Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe.
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elyzium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.
Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots
To be fantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be. (cheſt
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your bree-
Iul That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why euʳn what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*.)
Luc. You muſt needs haue thẽ with a cod-peece (Ma
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd (dam)
Luc. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.
Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney
All that is mine I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence.
Come; anſwere not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeſeruing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot
I know you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue
Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs my ſelfe haue often ſeene
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing leſt my iealous ayme might erre,
And ſo (vnworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I euer yet haue ſhun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou maiſt perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe haue euer kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he ſhall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: ſtay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, truſt me, She is peeuiſh, ſullen, froward,
Prowd, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cheriſh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reſolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And naught eſteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court.
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelfe
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their ſilent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duk. But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her,

Val. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt contents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For ſcorne at firſt, makes after-loue the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, what euer ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gon, ſhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though neere ſo blacke, ſay they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeuerely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerue to ſcale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduiſe me, where I may haue ſuch a Ladder.

Val. When would you vſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeauen a clock, ile get you ſuch a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ſerue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will ſerue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? *To Siluia?*
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia *nightly,*
And ſlaues they are to me, that ſend them flying.
Oh, could their Maſter come, and goe as lightly,
Himſelfe would lodge where (ſenceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy purſuite ſome reſt-them,
Whilſt I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſeruants fortune.
I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord ſhould be.

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
Tis ſo: and heere's the Ladder for the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Siluia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Lan. So-hough, So a hough

Pro. What seest thou?

Lan. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing

Lan. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lan. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbeare.

Lan. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are hatefull, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Siluia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Siluia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lan. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tendered,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe groues, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Siluia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapelesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters-maid, and serues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo?*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What needes a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhee needs not be waſh'd, and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhee is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices; To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue.
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhee ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were our.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerue the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will loue you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.
How now ſir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuouſly?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to conſer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perſeuerſly, ſhe perſeuers ſo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore diſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him·
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you, in worth diſpraiſe, ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heauy mellancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough·
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be fuil fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining griеuance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue
Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practiſe·
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.
1.*Out-l.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2.*Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with 'em.
3.*Out.* Stand ſir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and riſle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1.*Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2.*Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3.*Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2.*Out.* Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1.*Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine*.
3.*Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there? (ſtaid,
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1.*Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2.*Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1.*Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2.*Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene often miſerable.
3.*Out* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Heods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1.*Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2.*Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3.*Out.* Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, allide vnto the Duke.
2.*Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1.*Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues,
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2.*Out.* Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderneſſe?
3.*Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.
1.*Out*

1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-
Val. I ſeke your offer, and will liue with you, offer'd.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhow thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe my owne loue to preſer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts;
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.
Th. How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Siluia*?
Pro. I, *Siluia*, for your ſake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and to it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong gueſt; me thinks your' allycholly
I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Iu. That will be Muſique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Siluia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the duſt earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder then you were berore;
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings.
Iu. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars ſo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Hoſt doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me;
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his
Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will ſo pleade,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You haue your wiſh: my will is euen this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuite,
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in her graue
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile ſpeake, to that ile ſigh and weepe:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. Hoſt, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd,
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd.)
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd, and I haue heard thee ſay
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide;
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie:
Sir *Eglamoure*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iuſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies: I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: ſure as I liue he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall iudge: Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him vp (ſaies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be ſworne I haue ſat in the ſtockes, for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed: I haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſufferd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you ſeru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia*: did not

not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.

Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?

La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you currifh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did ſhe not.
Here haue I brought him backe againe

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place.
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the gift the greater

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame:
Sebaſtian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt,
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia*,
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me

Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.

Iul. Alas

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Iul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?

Iul. Becauſe, methinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia*
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber. Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.

Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs,
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine,
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed
Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil From whom?

Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus* Madam.

Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines.
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

Iul. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong

Iul. She thankes you.

Sil. What ſai'ſt thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'ſt thou know her?

Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times.

Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her!

Iul. I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre hath ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Iul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus* periury, and vnioſt flight;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares.
That my poore Miſtris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) deſolate, and left;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words.
Here youth: there is my purſe; I giue thee this (well.
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*,
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine.
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high;
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake
That vs'd me ſo: or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat roun-
Pro. But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.
Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a ſcoole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that peazant, *Valentine*,
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company.
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſs that it was ſhe,
But being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluia* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Siluia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:

We

We muſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captains cage.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How vſe doth breed a habit in a man?
This ſhadowy deſart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flouriſhing peopled Townes:
Here can I ſit alone, vn-ſeene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leaue not the Manſion ſo long Tenant-leſſe,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy preſence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cheriſh thy forlorne ſwaine.
What hallowing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue ſome vnhappy paſſenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this ſeruice I haue done for you
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſeruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchſafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A ſmaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leſſe then this, I am ſure you cannot giue)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I ſee, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miſerable, vnhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-faſt to the Beaſt,
Rather then haue falſe *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh tis the curſe in Loue, and ſtill approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt beſt Loue)
For whoſe deare ſake, thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes,
Deſcended into periury, to loue me,
Thou haſt no faith left now, vnleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Loue,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme:
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you gainſt the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou cõmon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For ſuch is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldſt diſproue me:
Who ſhould be truſted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the boſome? *Protheus*
I am ſorry I muſt neuer truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The priuate wound is deepeſt: oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes that a friend ſhould be the worſt?
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely ſuffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honeſt;
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is not of heauen, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: ſpeak.
Iul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Siluia*: which (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy ſir, I haue miſtooke:
This is the ring you ſent to *Siluia*.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
Iul. And *Iulia* her ſelfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iul. Behold her, that gaue aime to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh.

Be thou aſham'd that I haue tooke vpon me
Such an immodeſt rayment ; if ſhame liue
In a diſguiſe of loue?
It is the leſſer blot modeſty findes
Women to change their ſhapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Conſtant, he were perfect ; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ſins ;
Inconſtancy falls-off, ere it begins
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may ſpie
More freſh in *Iulia's*, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come : a hand from either
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe
'Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wiſh for euer.
Iul. And I mine
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I ſay It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Siluia* : and *Siluia's* mine.
Val. Thurio giue backe ; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath
Doe not name *Siluia* thine : if once againe,
Verona ſhall not hold thee : heere ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her, with a Touch
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not :
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou
To make ſuch meanes for her, as thou haſt done,
And leaue her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Anceſtry
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreſſe loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new ſtate in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou haſt deſeru'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, § gift hath made me happy:
I now beſeech you (for your daughters ſake)
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities.
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile :
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you, as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The ſtory of your Loues diſcouered.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours
One Feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia
Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus
Thurio: a fooliſh riuall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her eſcape
Hoſt: where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clowniſh ſeruant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: ſeruant to Antonio
Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE

THE Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Maſter* Page, Falſtoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, *Miſtreſſe* Ford, *Miſtreſſe* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIr *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtoffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Iuſtice of Peace and *Shal.* I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple conie-ctures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page* which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Miſtris Anne Page?* ſhe has browne haire, and ſpe- es ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Monçyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and poſſ-bilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Mr *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page.* What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, and heere yong Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killd: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page?* and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall.*

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be tweene you.

Euan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page.*)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. If he be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counſell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) & there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Fery goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial: froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 't was he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo conclufions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpeke in Latten then too: but 'tis no matter; Ile ne're be drunk whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Mr. Page. Wiſe, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo. I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions: (*Mr. Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth therfore preciſely, ca you carry your good wil to ſ maid?

Sh. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will do as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſibable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee. (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Eu. It

Eu. It is a fery diſcetion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang'd(la.)

Sh. Here, comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne*.)

Eu. Od's pleſſed-wil: I wil not be abſẽce at the grace.

An. Wil't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth: goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe firſt: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I ptay you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is better yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintace with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*!

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.

Ho. I haue ſpoke: let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapſter* is a good trade. an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt ꝯ the ſpigot wield

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cõceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Theſts were too open: his filching was like an vnſkilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*: (Indeede I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhee carues: ſhe giues the leere of inuitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffs*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter, packe:
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thriſt, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue: his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon: I will poſſeſſe him with yellowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I ſecond thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worſt fault is that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you: oh, I ſhould remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune: Tell Maſter Parſon *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh —

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Cloſſet: he will not ſtay long: what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: *(and downe, downe, adowne a. &c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet, vnboyteene verd: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fe, ſe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chaudo, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, dep-peech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*, *Diable*: vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to —

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile ne're put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, baillow mee ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Bridget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon: think'ſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Manner of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yes, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your ragges; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and's pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and Ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*:

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true: I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſtling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I deſie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter; for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere bee the other: and ſhee bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a teſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a marueilous infection to the little Page: and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's. doe what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie

Fal. Why, I will

Qui. Nay, but doe ſo then and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter. Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue: vp with your fights:
Giue fire: ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done. will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee. let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done no matter

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in. ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes ſuch liquor: ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via.*

Ford. Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours. not to charge you, for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on,

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deſerue to bee your Porter

Ford. I will tell you ſir, if you will giue mee the hearing

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vntolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well *Sir*, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her: followed her with a doating obſeruance: ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her: not only bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to ſay this,

"*Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,*
"*Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it. there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely

giue me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife : vſe your Art of wooing ; win her to conſent to you : if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift : ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe : ſhee is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand ; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her puritty, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me : what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money : next, giue mee your hand : and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none : I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me : I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen : for at that time the iealious-taſcally-knaue her husband will be forth : come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance : do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not : yet I wrong him to call him poore : They ſay the icalous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd : I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I wil ſtare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my cudgell : it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night : *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile : thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to crackè with impatience : who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made : would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a falſe woman : my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* ſounds well : *Lucifer*, well : *Barbaſon*, well : yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe ; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not be iealous : I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee ruminates, then ſhee deuiſes : and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late : fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wiſe Sir : hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him : take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeate : heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion king-Vrinall : *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that me haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two treé howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (M. Docto) rhe is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions : is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow* ; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one : though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found ſo, (M. *Page*:) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home : I am ſworn of the peace: you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman : you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Par-

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcurvy-lack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a lack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollers I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: — When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagrant Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſicisn.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amend: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*: haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French & Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I,

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo. Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both. I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue: Come, lay their ſwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our prains togethet to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall-ſcurvy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceiue me too.

Eua. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a

Ford. Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company. I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry

M. Pa. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name *Rob.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*. (ſirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at *Ford.* Indeed ſhe is. (home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, & *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo-ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, diuulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Actæon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me. my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Poines*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter: Mr Doctor, you ſhal go, ſo ſhall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, ſare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falſtaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Miſt. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket——

Miſ Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Miſt. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Pag. Giue your men the charge, we muſt be briefe.

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houſe, & when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: ỹ done, trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſt.Ford. How now my Eyas-Muſker, what newes

Rob. My M.Sir *Iohn* is come in at yout backe doore (Miſt.*Ford*,and requeſts your company.

M.Page. You little Iack-a-lent,haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of yout being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerla-ſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſt.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee,and ſhall make thee a new dou-blet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Mr.Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Cue*.

Miſt.Pag. I warrant thee,if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſt.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity,this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die,for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſt.Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſt. *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſt.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſt.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*: My browes become nothing elſe,nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt.Ford. Beleeue me,there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like. Bucklers-berry in ſim-ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I fear you loue M.*Page*.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe; Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*; heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt.Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done? You're ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M.Page. O weladay, miſt.*Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M.Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

M.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentle-man, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's com-ming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, never ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't: Ile in. Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Faſtaffe*? Are theſe your Let-ters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to conuey your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt.*Ford*.) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Dat-chet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt, I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of ỹ Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare. Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo,now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen. You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France: It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſt. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*

Miſt. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſt. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt. Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now

Miſt. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ Ford Shall we ſend that foolifhion Cation, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſt. Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ. Page. Heard you that?

Miſ. Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

M. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mi. Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any body in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies

Page Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for y welth of *Windſor caſtle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo.

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page*.

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries, *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen: I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true

Fen. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges,
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I aime at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (M. *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good iests of him: pray you Vncle, tel Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glocesterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*,

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can teli you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenter* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

Miſt. Page. Good M. *Fenton*. come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.

Fen. Good Miſt. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Miſt. Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better huſband.

Qui. That's my maſter, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Miſt. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good M. *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris: farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, ſaide I, will you caſt away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian: Looke on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maiſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I haue promiſd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for M. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I ſhold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould I haue beene, when I had beene ſwel'd? I ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowballs, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperſme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from M. *Ford*.

Fal. Miſt. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was throwne into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection. (promiſe.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans

Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo: and bidde her thinke what a-man is: Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,
I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome*.

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac't, kiſt, proteſted, & (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his compenions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſerch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he ſearch for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke basket.

Ford

neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the icalious foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſt. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Mr *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman.

Miſt. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miſt. Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſt. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow. ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come Gentlemen.

Miſt. Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſt. Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſt. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what ſ̄ wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretike).
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Eu. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin grieuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thether.

Miſ. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?

Miſ. Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?

Miſ. Pa. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pitruſh at once
With ſome diſſuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazednеſſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Miſ. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ horne the ſpirit,
And mocke him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'l ne'r doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Miſ. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.

Miſ. Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaueries.

Miſ. Page Go *Miſ. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick ſkin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe: breefe, ſhort, quicke, ſnap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from M. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe: I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: ſpeake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her

her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Hoſt. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaffes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euan. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull dilemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my troe: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioully one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
VVhile other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*,
For they muſt all be maſk'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome?* Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* his huſband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of Iealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. I will tell you, he beate me grieuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtraunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſooth, I haue ſpoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too? But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we ſhal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſom other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O

omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how neere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of : beast,(O loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn?* Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Mistris *Page* is come with me(sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, list your names: Silence you airy toyes Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape: Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede?* Go you, and where you find a maid That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said, Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie, Sleepe she as sound as careleſse infancie, But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about: Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome, That it may stand till the perpetuall doome, In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre, Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest, With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing Like to the *Garters*-Compasse, in a ring, Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be, More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see: And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie, Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee. Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie. Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (set:

Eua. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee To guide our Measure round about the Tree. But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy, Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Piſt. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end: If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend And turne him to no paine: but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Piſt. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire. About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime, And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie: Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire, Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire, As thoughts do blow them higher and higher. Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie. Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about, Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windsor* wiues? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? Mr *Broome*, *Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*: And Master *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horses are arrested for it, Mr *Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies: I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Eu. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your beſly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſt.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head end ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſt.Page. A puſtman?

Page. Old, cold, withe'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell. Ignorance it ſelfe is a plummet ore me, vſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'l bring you to Windſor to one Mr *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, wher I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſt.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I think ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy

Miſt.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned. I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M.Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no propoſition held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs:
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vnduteous title.
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.

Miſt.Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Mr *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire.
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

MEASVRE,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Esc. My Lord.

Duke. Of Gouernment, the properties to vnfold,
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with special soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duke. No more euasion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor needs you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relliſh well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse. *Exit.*

Duke. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scœna

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to ſea with the ten Commandements, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thanki-giuing before meate, do raliſh the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diſlike it.

Luc. I beleeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was ſaid.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controuerſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelfe art a wicked villaine, deſpight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of ſheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Liſts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Liſt.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lieſe be a Lyſt of an Engliſh Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I ſpeake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'ſt: and indeed with moſt painfull feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine owne confeſſion, learne to begin thy health; but, whilſt I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gen.* I think I haue done my ſelfe wrong, haue I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchaſ'd as many diſeaſes vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error, I am ſound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth fiue thouſand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted: ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not heare it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres ſince, and he was euer preciſe in promiſe keeping.

2. *Gent.* Beſides you know, it drawes ſomthing neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1. *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamatiō.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Cuſtom-ſhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howſes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muſt bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gon downe too, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miſtris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counſellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you needs not change your Trade: I'le bee your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoſt out in the ſeruice, you will bee conſidered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapſter? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouoſt to priſon: and there's Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoſt, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'ſt thou ſhow me thus to th'worlde?
Beere me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill diſpoſition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by ſpeciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſoe) yet ſtill 'tis iuſt. (ſtraint.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As ſurfet is the father of much faſt,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vſe
Turnes to reſtraint: Our Natures doe purſue

Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirſty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeake ſo wiſely vnder an arreſt, I would ſend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as liefe haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to ſpeake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it ſo.

Pro. Away, Sir, you muſt goe.

Cla. One word, good friend *Lucio*, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* ſo look'd after?

Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Iuliet*as bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ on *Iuliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen ſo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newnes
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Gouernor doth tide,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feele the ſpur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I ſtagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-ſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milke-maid, if ſhe be in loue, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done ſo, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'mee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde ſeruice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implote her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputie: bid her ſelfe aſſay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe dialect,
Such as moue men: beſide, ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhee may; aſwell for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand vnder greeuous impoſition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould bee thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To giue me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, witleſſe brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For ſo I haue ſtrewd it in the common eare)
And ſo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headſtrong weedes,)
Which for this fourteene yeares, we haue let ſlip
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to ſticke it in their childrens ſight
For terror, not to vſe: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelues are dead.
And libertie, plucks Iuſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beates the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To vnlooſe this tyde-vp Iuſtice, when you pleaſ'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue ſeem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people ſcope,
'T would be my tirrany to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permiſſiue paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formelly in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At our more leyſure, ſhall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And haue you *Nuns* no further priuiledges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterstood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa. Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne;
When you haue vow'd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake:
He cals againe: I pray you answere him.
Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?
Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.
Isa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
He should receiue his punishment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.
Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeue it: fewnes, and truth; 'tis thus,
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seedues, the bare fallow brings
To seeming foyson: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?
Luc. Is she your cosen?
Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant desi gne: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act.
Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire prayer
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
For's execution.
Isa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Assay the powre you haue.
Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselues would owe them.
Isa. Ile see what I can doe.
Luc But speedily.
Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leaue of you.
Isa. Good sir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Esc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time cohearld with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
That Iustice seizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do passe on theeues? Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Esc. Be it as your wisedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouost*?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well. heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iustice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to haue.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now shee professes a hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlinesse there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Proue it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing (sauing your honors reuerence) for stewd prewyns; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours haue seene such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, vnlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of foure score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir. 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, haue you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you marke it well.

Eſc. Well, I doe ſo.

Clo. Doth your honor ſee any harme in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppoſd vpon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that ſhee was euer reſpected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him, before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Iuſtice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Eſc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Eſc. Truly Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcouer, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knowſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of foureſcore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are you of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poore widdowes Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Ouer-don*.

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Ouer-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? come hether to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worſhip: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-houſe, but I am drawne in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapſter: what's your name Mr. Tapſter?

Clo. Pompey.

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoeuer you colour it in being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly ſir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Eſc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawde what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worſhip meane to geld and ſplay all the youth of the City?

Eſc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Eſc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: If you liue to ſee this come to paſſe, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your propheſie, harke you: I aduiſe you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatſoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I ſhall haue you whipt; ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worſhip for your good counſell; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hether to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither Maſter Conſtable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſſe in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe ſir.

Eſc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you ſo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerue it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them: I do it for ſome peece of money, and goe through with all.

Eſc. Looke you bring mee in the names of ſome ſixe or ſeuen, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhips houſe ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iuſt. Eleuen, Sir.

Eſc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iuſt. I humbly thanke you.

Eſc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Iuſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſeuere.

Eſc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it ſelfe, that oft lookes ſo,
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouoſt, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight
I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouoſt*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou aske againe?

Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Vnder your good correction, I haue ſeene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What ſhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Siſter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortlie of a Siſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour. (will?

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Iſab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your ſuite.

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Iſab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee moouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault 's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Iſab. Oh iuſt, but ſeuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore ſo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Iſab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Iſab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Iſab. Too late? why no: I that doe ſpeak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Nor the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe ſo good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene ſo ſterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Iſab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Iſabell*: ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a priſoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſoules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like men new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſonne,
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.

Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſodaine,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well ſaid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath ſlept
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firſt, that did th' Edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Looks in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euils
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,
And ſo in progreſſe to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pittie.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule

And doe him right, that anſwering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Iſab. So you muſt be ſ firſt that giues this ſentence,
And hee, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants ſtrength: but it is tyrannous
To vſe it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well ſaid.
Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himſelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vſe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Merciſull heauen,
Thou rather with thy ſharpe and ſulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little briefe authoritie,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
(His glaſsie Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Plaies ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelues laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
Pro. Pray heauen ſhe win him.
Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with our ſelfe,
Great men may ieſt with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leſſe fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Iſab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.
Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put theſe ſayings vpon me?
Iſab. Becauſe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it ſelfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your boſome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confeſſe
A naturall guiltineſſe, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought vpon your tongue
Againſt my brothers life.
Ang. Shee ſpeakes, and 'tis ſuch ſence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Iſa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſ. I, with ſuch gifts that heauen ſhall ſhare with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or Stones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne riſe: prayers from preſerued ſoules,
From faſting Maides whoſe mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heauen keepe your honour ſafe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſſe.
Iſab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Iſab. 'Saue your Honour.
Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? ha?
Not ſhe: nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneſſe? hauing waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doſt thou? or what art thou *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her fowly, for thoſe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges ſteale themſelues: what, doe I loue her,
That I deſire to heare her ſpeake againe?
And feaſt vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hooke: moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To ſinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once ſtir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I ſmild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouoſt.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouoſt*, ſo I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prouoſt: whats your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſite the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: doe me the common right
To let me ſee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull
Enter Iuliet.
Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath bliſterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another ſuch offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When muſt he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, ſtay a while
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the ſin you carry?
Iul. I doe; and beare the ſhame moſt patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you ſhal araign your conſcience
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Iul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it ſeemes your moſt offence full act
Was mutually committed.
Iul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your ſin of heauier kinde then his.
Iul. I doe confeſſe it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter) but leaſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is alwaies toward our ſelues, not heauen,
Showing we would not ſpare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we ſtand in feare.
Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the ſhame with ioy.
Duke. There reſt:
Your partner (as I heare) muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicke.* *Exit.*
Iul. Muſt die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To ſeuerall ſubiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilſt my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling euill
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiſer ſoules
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Creſt: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Iſabell*, a Siſter, deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it ſelfe,
And diſpoſſeſsing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſſe?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the ayre
By which hee ſhould reuiue: and euen ſo
The generall ſubiect to a wel-wiſht King
Quit their owne part, and in obſequious fondneſſe
Crowd to his preſence, where their vn-taught loue
Muſt needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure. (me,
An. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe
Then to demand what tis: your Brother cannot liue.
Iſab. Euen ſo: heauen keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Vnder your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoule ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcie ſweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained meanes
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt iuſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to ſuch ſweet vncleanneſſe
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?
Iſab. Sir, beleeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my ſoule.
Ang. I talke not of your ſoule: our compel'd ſins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in ſinne,
To ſaue this Brothers life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my ſoule,
It is no ſinne at all, but charitie.
Ang. Pleaſ'd you to doo't, at perill of your ſoule
Were equall poize of ſinne, and charitie.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwere.
Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your ſence purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeeme ſo craſty; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe blacke Maſques
Proclaime an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diſplaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile ſpeake more groſſe:
Your Brother is to dye.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.
Iſab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſaue his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſſe of queſtion) that you, his Siſter,
Finding your ſelfe deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to ſaue him, but that either
You muſt lay downe the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer:
What would you doe?
Iſab. As much for my poore Broſher, as my ſelfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreſſion of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin ſicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to ſhame.

Ang. That

Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?
Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it eft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what vve meane:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weakneſſe.
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.
Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.
Isa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.
Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernitious purpose? Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?
My vnsoild name, th'austeerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most.
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*
Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronoſt.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by baseneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost fear e the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosselie fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe.
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearst thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beates the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe odds, all euen.
Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
Enter Iſabello.
Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio.*
Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. Prouoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As manie as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.
Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedie?
Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:
Clau. But is there anie?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuelliſh mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life.
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſa. Iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtiditie you had
To a determin'd ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feauorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?
Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Iſabell.*
Iſa. What ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wildernеſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand prairs for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would proue it ſelfe a Bawd,
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Iſabella.*

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word.

Iſa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leyſure, I would by and by haue ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your owne benefit.

Iſa. I haue no ſuperfluous leyſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paſt between you & your ſiſter. *Angelo* had neuer the purpoſe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his iudgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receiue: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your ſelfe to death: do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon, I am ſo out of loue with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. *Prouoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promiſes with my habit, no loſſe ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the ſoule of your complexion, ſhall keepe the body of it euer faire: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subſtitute, and to ſaue your Brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my ſonne ſhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can ſpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or diſcouer his gouernment.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſſe: yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will auoid your accuſation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faſten your eare on my aduiſings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie preſents it ſelfe. I doe make my ſelfe beleeue that you may moſt vprighteouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no ſtaine to your owne gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peraduenture he ſhall euer returne to haue hearing of this buſineſſe.

Iſab. Let me heare you ſpeake farther; I haue ſpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard ſpeake of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Frederick* the great Souldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee ſhould this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnitie, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that periſhed veſſell, the dowry of his ſiſter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer moſt kinde and naturall: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, diſcoueries of diſhonor: in few, beſtow'd her on her owne lamentation, which ſhe yet weares for his ſake: and he, a marble to her teares, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can ſhee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heale: and the cure of it not onely ſaues your brother, but keepes you from diſhonor in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his vniuſt vnkindneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, anſwere his requiring with a plauſible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your ſelfe to this aduantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwere to conuenience: this being granted in courſe, and now followes all: wee ſhall aduiſe this wronged maid to ſteed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother ſaued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Iſab. The image of it giues me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promiſe of ſatisfaction: I will preſently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deiected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort. fare youwell good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall haue all the world drinke browne & white baſtard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what ſtuffe is heere.

Clow. 'Twas neuer merry world ſince of two vſuries the merrieſt was put downe, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law: a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way ſir: 'bleſſe you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theeſe too Sir. for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we haue ſent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From ſuch a filthie vice: ſay to thy ſelfe,
From their abhominable and beaſtly touches
I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and liue
Canſt thou beleeue thy liuing is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proue

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for ſin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to priſon Officer:
Correction, and Inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he has giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb His necke will come to your waſt, a Cord ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill worſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth ſir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith ſir

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefoeuer, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him. Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too generall a vice, and ſeueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant ſir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he would haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he would haue paide for the Nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruice, and that inſtructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeue I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater file of the ſubiect held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know

Duke. I can hardly beleeue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our prairers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it: I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not

Duke. O you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too vnhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first. Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunner dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th'enterrainment of death.

Esc. Good'euen, good Father

Duke. Bliss, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vse it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in requeft, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarse truth enough aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that aboue all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioycing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profeft to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceiuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answere the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you,
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as seueare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

Actus

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after. I haue sat here all day

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue ta'ne a due, and watry note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke.
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*
A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Not gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe.
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can.
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping; for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you weigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor. for surely sir, a good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie? c

Abb. I Sir, a Miſterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard ſay, is a Miſterie; and your Whores ſir, being members of my occupation, vſing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Miſterie: but what Miſterie there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Miſterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouoſt.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiueneſſe.

Pro. You ſirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clock.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learne ſir: and I hope, if you haue occaſion to vſe me for your owne turne, you ſhall finde me y'are. For truly ſir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* & *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*.

Cla. As faſt lock'd vp in ſleepe, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lies ſtarkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelfe. But harke, what noiſe?
Heauen giue your ſpirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is ſome pardon, or repreeue
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt, and wholſomſt ſpirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouoſt: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None ſince the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then ere't be long

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the ſtroke and line of his great Iuſtice
He doth with holie abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelfe, which he ſpurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being ſo, he's iuſt. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouoſt, ſildome when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſt,
That wounds th'vnſiſting Poſterne with theſe ſtrokes.

Pro. There he muſt ſtay vntil the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoſt as it is,
You ſhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You ſomething know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example haue yet
Beſides, vpon the verie ſiege of Iuſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeſt the contrarie.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you ſwerue not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Pro. I ſhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's ſo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiſſe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatſoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke and in the afternoone Barnardine: For my better ſatisfaction, let mee haue Claudios head ſent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muſt yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anſwere it at your perill.

What ſay yo to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurſt vp & bred,
One that is a priſoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his liberrie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do ſo.

Pro. His friends ſtill wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelfe penitently in priſon
How ſeemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleepe, careleſſe, wreakleſſe, and feareleſſe of what's paſt, preſent, or to come: Inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the priſon: giue him leaue to eſcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution and ſhow'd him a ſeeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoſt, honeſty and conſtancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my ſelfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath ſentene'd him. To make you vnderſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I craue but foure daies reſpit: for the which, you are to do me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it. Hauing the houre limited, and an expreſſe command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio's*, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeene them both,
And will diſcouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitures.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you ſhall anon ouer-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall finde within theſe two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your ſelfe into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie vvhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a preſent ſhrift, and aduiſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolue you: Come away, it is almoſt cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would thinke it vvere Miſtris *Ouer-dons* owne houſe, for heere be manie of her olde Cuſtomers. Firſt, here's yong Mr *Raſh*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine ſcore and ſeuenteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the ſuite of Maſter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome foure ſuites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copper-ſpurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lacke* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild luſtie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Cunne* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I thinke forth more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman!
You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepie.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, ſirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the newes vvith you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night.
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleepe the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghoſtly Father: do we ieſt now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to aduiſe you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I haue more time to prepare mee, or they ſhall beat out my braines with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh ſir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you
Looke forward on the iournie you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſweare I will not die to day for anie mans perſwaſion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouoſt.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-pat'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feanor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides.
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery syllable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wis-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good-euen;
Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh pretie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

Ang.

An. In moſt vneuen and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhow much like to madneſſe, pray heauen his wiſedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliuer ou rauthorities there?

Eſc. I gheſſe not.

Ang. And why ſhould wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redreſſe of iniuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhowes his reaſon for that: to haue a diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereaftet, which ſhall then haue no power to ſtand againſt vs.

Ang. Well: I beſeech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your houſe: giue notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuite as are to meete him.

Eſc. I ſhall ſir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deede vnſhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enfore'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaime againſt her maiden loſſe,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her no
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular ſcandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould haue liu'd
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous ſenſe
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By ſo receiuing a diſhonor'd life
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: would yet he had lued
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. Theſe Letters at fit time deliuer me.
The Prouoſt knowes our purpoſe and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your inſtruction
And hold you euer to our ſpeciall drift,
Though ſometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cauſe doth miniſter: Goe call at *Flauia*'s houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: giue the like notice
To *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flauius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou haſt made good haſt,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath,
I would ſay the truth, but to accuſe him ſo
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it.
He ſaies, to vaile full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He ſpeake againſt me on the aduerſe ſide,
I ſhould not thinke it ſtrange, for 'tis a phyſicke
That's bitter, to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Iſab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may haue ſuch vantage on the *Duke*
He ſhall not paſſe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets ſounded.
The generous, and graueſt Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſculus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Coſen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to ſee you

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to your royall grace

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duk. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome
When it deſerues with characters of braſſe
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*.
You muſt walke by vs, on our other band.
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Iuſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs:
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Iuſtice,
Reueele your ſelfe to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me ſeeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your ſelfe: for that which I muſt ſpeake
Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redreſſe from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a ſuitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of Iuſtice.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange: but yet moſt truely will I ſpeake,
That *Angelo's* forſworne, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times ſtrange?
Iſa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*.
Then this is all as true, as it is ſtrange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poore ſoule
She ſpeakes this in th'infirmity of ſence.
Iſa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee as thou beleeu'ſt
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſſe: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeemes vnlike, 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wickedſt caitiffe on the ground
May ſeeme as ſhie, as graue, as iuſt, as abſolute:
As *Angelo*, euen ſo may *Angelo*
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be leſſe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſſe.
Duke. By mine honeſty
If ſhe be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madneſſe hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneſſe.
Iſab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banîſh reaſon
For inequality, but let your reaſon ſerue
To make the truth appeare, where it ſeemes hid,
And hide the falſe ſeemes true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Haue ſure more lacke of reaſon:
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the Siſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To looſe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*.
I, (in probation of a Siſterhood)
Was ſent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Meſſenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeede.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeake.
Luc No, my good Lord,
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A buſineſſe for your ſelfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for your ſelfe: take heede to't.
Iſab. This Gentleman told ſomewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To ſpeake before your time: proceed,
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it,
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Iſab. In briefe, to ſet the needleſſe proceſſe by:
How I perſwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild concluſion
I now begin with griefe, and ſhame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfetting, he ſends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is moſt likely.
Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (ſpeak'ſt,
Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) y knowſt not what thou
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honor
In hatefull practiſe: firſt his Integritie
Stands without blemiſh: next it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelfe: if he had ſo offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himſelfe,
And not haue cut him off: ſome one hath ſet you on:
Confeſſe the truth, and ſay by whoſe aduice
Thou cam'ſt heere to complaine.
Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed Miniſters aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen ſhield your Grace from woe
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleeued goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To priſon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall,
On him ſo neere vs? This needs muſt be a practiſe:
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iſa. One that I would were heere. *Frier Lodowick.*
Duke. A ghoſtly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirment, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yeſternight my Lord, ſhe and that Fryer
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy Fryar,
A very ſcuruy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royall Grace:
I haue ſtood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch, or ſoyle with her
As ſhe from one vngot.
Duke. We did beleeue no leſſe.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that ſhe ſpeakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not ſcruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truſt, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) miſ-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moſt villanouſly, beleeue it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himſelfe:
But at this inſtant he is ſicke, my Lord:

Of a ſtrange Feauor: vpon his meere requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To ſpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whenſoeuer he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,
To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs ſome ſeates, Come coſen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelfe-ſame manner, doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'le depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges ſhe moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you ſay your husband

Mar. Why iuſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Iſabels*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was faſt belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie ſhe ſaies,

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enoug my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is ſence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gon, in's garden houſe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the ſcope of Iuſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
Theſe poore informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practiſe out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkſt thou, thy oathes,
Though they would ſwear downe each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth, and credit
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouoſt knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it inſtantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as ſeemes you beſt
In any chaſtiſement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but ſtir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honeſt in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſc. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eſc. Say you?

Luc. Marry ſir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately

She would ſooner confeſſe, perchance publikely ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouoſt, Iſabella.

Eſc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Eſc. Come on Miſtris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue ſaid.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the raſcall I ſpoke of, Here, with the *Prouoſt*.

Eſc. In very good time: ſpeake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Eſc. Come Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confeſ'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis falſe.

Eſc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Reſpect to your great place; and let the diuell Be ſometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he ſhould heare me ſpeake.

Eſc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you ſpeake, Looke you ſpeake iuſtly.

Duk. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh poore ſoules, Come you to ſeeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redreſſe: Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cauſe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuſt, Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuſe.

Luc. This is the raſcall: this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women, To accuſe this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witneſſe of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' *Duke* himſelfe, to taxe him with Iniuſtice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpoſe: What? vniuſt?

Duk. Be not ſo hot: the *Duke* dare No more ſtretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not, Nor here Prouinciall: My buſineſſe in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I haue ſeene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers ſhop, As much in mocke, as marke.

Eſc. Slander to th' State: Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the ſound of your voice, I met you at the Priſon, in the abſence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the *Duke*.

Duk. Moſt notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you ſo Sir: And was the *Duke* a fleſh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muſt (Sir) change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duk. I proteſt, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my ſelfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Prouoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him ſpeak no more: away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What, reſiſts he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come ſir, come ſir, come ſir: foh ſir, why you bald-pated lying raſcall: you muſt be hooded muſt you? ſhow your knaues viſage with a poxe to you: ſhow your ſheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firſt knaue, that ere mad'ſt a *Duke*. Firſt *Prouoſt*, let me bayle theſe gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Muſt haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worſe then hanging.

Duk. What you haue ſpoke, I pardon: ſit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'ſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ſt Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I ſhould be guiltier then my guiltineſſe, To thinke I can be vndiſcerneable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my paſſes. Then good Prince, No longer Seſſion hold vpon my ſhame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeſſion: Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death, Is all the graee I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*, Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her inſtantly. Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which conſummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoſt*. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonor, Then at the ſtrangeneſſe of it.

Duk. Come hither *Iſabell*, Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertyſing, and holy to your buſineſſe, (Not changing heart with habit) I am ſtill, Atturnied at your ſeruice.

Iſab. Oh giue me pardon That I, your vaſſaile, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Iſabell*: And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know ſits at your heart: And you may marualle, why I obſcur'd my ſelfe, Labouring to ſaue his life: and would not rather Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden powre, Then let him ſo be loſt: oh moſt kinde Maid, It was the ſwift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with ſlower foot came on, That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him, That life is better life paſt fearing death, Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouoſt.

Iſab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of ſacred Chaſtitie, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Moſt audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death.
Haſte ſtill paies haſte, and leaſure, anſwers leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Poſſeſſions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-ſtate, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but looſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabell*, take my part.
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you ſeruice.

Duke. Againſt all ſence you doe importune her,
Should ſhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghoſt, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iſabell:
Sweet *Iſabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, ſay nothing: I'll ſpeake all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Looke if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due ſinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iuſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your ſuite's vnprofitable: ſtand vp I ſay:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnuſuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate meſſage.

Duk. For which I doe diſcharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by priuate order elſe haue dide,
I haue reſeru'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ſtil appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſelie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorrie, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deepe ſticks it in my penitent hearr,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deſeruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouoſt, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art ſaid to haue a ſtubborne ſoule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduiſe him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſau'd,
Who ſhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie ſake
Giue me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's ſafe,
Methinkes I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You ſirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an aſſe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I ſo deſeru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouoſt round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him ſweare himſelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt marrie her.
Thy ſlanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deſerues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reſtore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confeſs'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſſe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouoſt* for thy care, and ſecrecie,
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it ſelfe. Deere *Iſabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll ſhow
What's yet behinde, that meete you all ſhould know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantaſtique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouoſt.
Thomas. } *2. Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a ſimple Conſteble.
Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute priſoner.
Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Marchant.

Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning loukes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,:
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*

Mer. A heuuier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Siracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was no fixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them merciliesse to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me sower'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hapelesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue marke
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be reuok'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liueliesse end. *Exeunt*

Enter Antipholus Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamnum*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a *Syracusian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.Mar. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time
My present businesse cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone
E.Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.
E.Dro. I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For ſhe will ſcoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, ſhould be your cooke,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe iests are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me ſir? why you gaue no gold to me?
Ant. Come on ſir knaue, haue done your fooliſhnes,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fro the Mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix* ſir, to dinner;
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you haue beſtow'd my monie;
Or I ſhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
That ſtands on tricks, when I am vndiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand Markes thou haſt of me?
E. Dro. I haue ſome markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Miſtris markes vpon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Miſtris markes? what Miſtris ſlaue haſt thou?
E. Dro. Your worſhips wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that ſir knaue.
E. Dro. What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heeles.
Exeunt Dromio Ep.
Ant. Vpon my life by ſome deuiſe or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They ſay this towne is full of coſenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie ſuch like liberties of ſinne:
If it proue ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe ſeeke this ſlaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not ſafe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Siſter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the ſlaue return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeeke his Maſter?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good Siſter let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Maſter of his libertie:
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll goe or come; if ſo, be patient Siſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſſe ſtill lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I ſerue him ſo, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſht with woe.
There's nothing ſituate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowles
Are their males ſubiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectuall ſence and ſoules,
Of more preheminence then fiſh and fowles,
Are maſters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This ſeruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear ſome ſway
Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though ſhe pauſe,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoule bruis'd with aduerſitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelues complaine:
So thou that haſt no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpeleſſe patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue to ſee like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie maſter now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneſſe.
Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeake with him? knowſt thou his minde?
E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could vnderſtand it.
Luc. Spake hee ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feele his meaning.
E. Dro. Nay, hee ſtrooke ſo plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce vnderſtand them.
Adri. But ſay, I prethee, is he comming home?
It ſeemes he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E. Dro. Why Miſtreſſe, ſure my Maſter is horne mad.
Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But ſure he is ſtarke mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouſand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he
My miſtreſſe, ſir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miſtreſſe:
I know not thy miſtreſſe, out on thy miſtreſſe.
Luci. Quoth who?
E. Dr. Quoth my Maſter, I know quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſſe: ſo that my errant due vnto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my ſhoulders: for in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back againe, thou ſlaue, & fetch him home.
Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adri. Backe ſlaue, or I will breake thy pate a-croſſe.
Dro. And he will bleſſe ý croſſe with other beating:
Betweene you, I ſhall haue a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peſant, fetch thy Maſter home.
Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe ſpurne me thus:
You ſpurne me hence, and he will ſpurne me hither,
If I laſt in this ſeruice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and ſharpe diſcourſe be mar'd,
Vnkindneſſe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay veſtments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunnie looke of his, would ſoone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his ſtale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Ielouſie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed
I ſee the Iewell beſt enamaled
Will looſe his beautie: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will.
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame:
Since that my beautie cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles ſerue mad Ielouſie?
Exit.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlaue
Is wandred forth in care to ſeeke me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeake with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart? ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracuſia.

How now ſir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue ſtroakes, ſo ieſt with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Miſtreſſe ſent to haue me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madlie thou did didſt anſwere me?
S.Dro. What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre ſince.
S.Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didſt denie the golds receit,
And toldſt me of a Miſtreſſe, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S.Dro: I am glad to ſee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this ieſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Think'ſt ý I ieſt? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S.Dr. Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your ieſt is earneſt,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
Antiph. Becauſe that I familiarlie ſometimes
Doe vſe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will ieſt vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my ſerious howres,
When the ſunne ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will ieſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
S.Dro. Sconce call you it? ſo you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vſe theſe blowes long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and Inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Doſt thou not know?
S.Dro. Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, euery why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why firſt for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the ſecond time to me.
S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thanke you.
Ant. Thanke me ſir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gaue me for nothing.
Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No ſir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue
Ant. In good time ſir: what's that?
S.Dro. Baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, then 'twill be drie.
S.Dro. If it be ſir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. Your reaſon?
S.Dro. Leſt it make you chollericke, and purchaſe me another drie baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, learne to ieſt in good time, there's a time for all things.
S.Dro. I durſt haue denied that before you were ſo chollericke.
Anti. By what rule ſir?
S.Dro. Marry ſir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himſelfe.
Ant. Let's heare it.
S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.
Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loſt haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?
S.Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that hee beſtowes on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.
Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.
S.Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.
Ant. Why thou didſt conclude hairy men plaine dealers without wit.
S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he looſeth it in a kinde of iollitie.
An. For what reaſon.
S.Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

An. Nay

An. Nay not found I pray you.
S.Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.
S.Dro. Certaine ones then.
An. Name them.
S.Dro. The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no time for all things.
S.Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, in no time to recouer haire loſt by Nature.
An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recouer.
S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleſing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat ſweet-ſauour'd in thy taſte.
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my loue: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou doe it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue diſtain'd, thou vndiſhonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old
As ſtrange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderſtand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you conuerſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and driſt of your compact?
S.Dro. I ſir? I neuer ſaw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou lieſt, for euen her verie words,
Didſt thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S.Dro. I neuer ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant How can ſhe thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and liue on thy confuſion.
Ant. To mee ſhee ſpeakes, ſhee moues mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fa'lacie.
Luc. Dromio, goe bid the ſeruants ſpred for dinner.
S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh ſpight of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will inſue:
They'll ſucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S.Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.
S.Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine owne forme.
S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.
S.Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could neuer be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'ſt man and Maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And ſhriue you of a thouſand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduiſde:
Knowne vnto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde:
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſeuer ſo:
And in this miſt at all aduentures go.
S.Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant

E.Ants. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E.Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
If ỹ skin were parchment, & ỹ blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E.Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E.An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E.An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords.

Ants. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Ants. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E.Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.*

S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that ỹ calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.

S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S.Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E.Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S.Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Ants. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you

S.Dro. And you said no

E.Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Ants. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E.Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard,

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore ỹ keeps all this noise?

S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adr. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Balt. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E.Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither

Ants. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S.Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E.Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S.Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin

Ant Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

For

For a fish without a sinne, ther's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Herein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation.
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander liues vpon succession;
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.
Ant. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elsewhere, to see if they'll disdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
Ant. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like elsewhere doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares:
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Loue being light, be drowned if she sinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.
Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.
Ant. Thy sisters sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?
S.Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.
Ant. What

Anti. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence. I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters. that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breast had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee presently post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

Anti Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine
I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you saue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio
Eph. Aus. A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saying your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.
Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.
Gold. Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.
Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.
Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.
Offis. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.
An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.
S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage
Ant. Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come.
Exeunt
S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.
Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceiue austeerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speake him faire?
Luc. Haue patience I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where.
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worſe in minde.

Luc. Who would be iealous then of ſuch a one?
No euill loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I ſay:
And yet would herein others eies were worſe:
Farre from her neſt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prayes for him, though my tongue doe curſe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purſe, ſweet now make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe then hell:
A diuell in an euerlaſting garment hath him;
On whoſe hard heart is button'd vp with ſteele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe.
A back friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermãds
The paſſages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmẽt carries poore ſoules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is areſted well; but is in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him, that can I tell, will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Siſter: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he vnknowne to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he areſted on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke ſtrikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neue here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home imediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia.

There's not a man I meete but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, ſome inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keepes the priſon; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you ſir, like an euill angel, and bid you forſake your libertie.

Ant. I vnderſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine caſe: he that went like a Baſe-Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them ſuites of durance: he that ſets vp his reſt to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. I ſir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and ſaies, God giue you good reſt.

Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolerie:
Is there any ſhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an houre ſince, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliuer you.

Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholus*.
I ſee ſir you haue found the Gold-ſmith now.
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the diuels dam:
And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marualous merrie ſir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if do expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the diuell.

Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſup-
Thou art, as you are all a ſorcereſſe: (ping?
I coniure thee to leaue me, and be goe.

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-ſtone: but ſhe more couetous, would haue a chaine: Maſter be wiſe, and if you giue it her, the diuell will ſhake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you ſir my Ring, or elſe the Chaine, I hope you do not meane to cheate me ſo?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Flie pride ſaies the Pea-cocke, Miſtris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad, Elſe would he neuer ſo demeane himſelfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chaine, Both one and other he denies me now: The reaſon that I gather he is mad, Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being ſhut againſt his entrance. Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpoſe ſhut the doores againſt his way: My way is now to hie home to his houſe, And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke, He ruſh'd into my houſe, and tooke perforce My Ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chooſe, For fortie Duckets is too much to looſe.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. with a Iailor.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away, Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee ſo much money To warrant thee as I am reſted for. My wife is in a wayward moode to day, And will not lightly truſt the Meſſenger, That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*, I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie. How now ſir? Haue you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why ſir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile ſerue you ſir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end ſir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end ſir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good ſir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduerſitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreſon ſenſeleſſe Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſſe ſir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blowes, and ſo is an Aſſe.

E. Dro. I am an Aſſe indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue ſerued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this inſtant, and haue nothing at his hands for my ſeruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleepe, rais'd with it when I ſit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-maſter, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder

E. Dro. Miſtris *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather the propheſie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How ſay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirmes no leſſe: Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer, Eſtabliſh him in his true ſence againe, And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how ſharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extaſie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulſe.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man, To yeeld poſſeſſion to my holie praiers, And to thy ſtate of darkneſſe hie thee ſtraight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore diſtreſſed ſoule.

Anti. You Minion you, are theſe your Cuſtomers? Did this Companion with the ſaffron face Reuell and feaſt it at my houſe to day, Whil'ſt vpon me the guiltie doores were ſhut, And I denied to enter in my houſe.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home Where would you had remain'd vntill this time, Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what ſayeſt thou!

Dro. Sir ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I ſhut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you ſhut out.

Ant. And did not ſhe her ſelfe reuile me there?

Dro. *Sans* Fable, ſhe her ſelfe reuil'd you there.

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and ſcorne me?

Dro. *Certis* ſhe did, the kitchin veſtall ſcorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witneſſe, That ſince haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame, the fellow finds his vaine, And yeelding to him, humors well his frenſie.

Ant. Thou haſt ſubborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt mee.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you Monie to redeeme you, By *Dromio* heere, who came in haſt for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might But ſurely Maſter not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I am witneſſe with her that ſhe did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneſſe, That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miſtris, both Man and Maſter is poſſeſt, I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day,
And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both
Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art conſederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathſome abiect ſcorne of me:
But with theſe nailes, Ile plucke out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee ſtrives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters let him go: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not haue him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?
Offi. He is my priſoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe conuey'd
Home to my houſe; oh moſt vnhappy day.
Ant. Oh moſt vnhappie ſtrumpet.
Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doſt thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Maſter, cry the diuell.
Luc. God helpe poore ſoules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me:
Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did neuer ſee it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuffe from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboord.
Dro. Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do vs no harme: you ſaw they ſpeake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith.

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth denie it.
Mar. How is the man eſteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to haue.
Good ſir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,
And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe,
With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare ſo openly.
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controuerſie,
Had hoiſted ſaile, and put to ſea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forſweare it?
Mar. Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'ſt
To walke where any honeſt men reſort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honeſtie
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,
This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter

Enter Ladie Abbesse

Ab. Be quiet people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, sowre sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne re brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me
Ab. Heply in priuate.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickenesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome syrrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable durie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cause?
Mar. To see a reuerent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed.
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſeru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger

Oh Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſaue your ſelfe,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they haue ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M' preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And ſure (vnleſſe you ſend ſome preſent helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniuret.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to vs.
Meſſ. Miſtris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come ſtand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſſe you,
That he is borne about inuiſible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholus. and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E.Ant. Iuſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-(ſtice,
Euen for the ſeruice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe ſcarres to ſaue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me iuſtice.
Mar.Fat. Vnleſſe the feare of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.
E.Ant. Iuſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt ỹ Woman there:
She whom thou gau'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonored me,
Euen in the ſtrength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſſe throwne on me.
Duke. Diſcouer how, and thou ſhalt finde me iuſt.
E.Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doores vpon me,
While ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A greeuous fault: ſay woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No my good Lord. My ſelfe, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoule,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor ſleepe on night,
But ſhe tels to your Highneſſe ſimple truth.
Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forſworne,
In this the Madman iuſtly chargeth them.
E, Ant. My Liege, I am aduiſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-raſh prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſſe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthaſar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to ſeeke him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman
There did this periur'd Goldſmith ſweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Office:
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious ſlaue,
Forſooth tooke on him as a Coniuret:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To giue me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deepe ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
Theſe people ſaw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Beſides, I will be ſworne theſe eares of mine,
Heard you confeſſe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you,
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E.Ant. I neuer came within theſe Abbey wals,
Nor euer didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I neuer ſaw the Chaine, ſo helpe me heauen:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith heere
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Curt. He did, and from my finger ſnacht that Ring.
E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtraunge: Go call the Abbeſſe hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or ſtarke mad.

Exit

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou?
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life
Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them.
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. O my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his liberti e:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st th e man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fa ire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake vnto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio s*, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not needs, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I must haue that Dismond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

And

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile;
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greeſe ſuch Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?

E.An. *Dromio*, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarkt

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.

S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio*.
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou firſt

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another

Exeunt

FINIS.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vncle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with ỹ next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece,

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio. Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likeneſſ of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. *Manet Benedicke and Claudio.*

Claud. *Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Claud. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Claud. Can the world buie such a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

Claud. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectaeles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Claud. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claud. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Claud. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That

Bene. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that ſhe brought mee vp, I likewiſe giue her moſt humble thankes; but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuiſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I looſe more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dooſt fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and cal'd *Adam*

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall trie: In time the ſauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The ſauage bull may, but if euer the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, heere is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie vnder my ſigne, here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man.

Claud. If this ſhould euer happen, thou wouldſt bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not ſpent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The fixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſſe now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard Leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, ſhe's his oney heire.
Doſt thou affect her *Claudio*?

Claud. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou doſt loue faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will breake with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly doe you miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalu'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Ped. What need ſ bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what will ſerue, is fit: 'tis once, thou loueſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhee ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he prouided this muſicke?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Le. Are they good?

Old. As the euents ſtamps them, but they haue a good couer: they ſhew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good ſharpe fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it ſelfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradeuenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coſins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vſe your skill good coſin haue a care this buſie time. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Iob. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds therefore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing brin geth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Iob. I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt thou art borne vnder *Saturne*) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt bee ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eat when I haue ſtomacke, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleepe when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late

late ſtood out againſt your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelfe, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſell, and enfranchiſde with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. in the meane time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn. I will make all vſe of it, for I vſe it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it ſerue for any Modell to build miſchiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he!

Iohn. A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: ſhall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brother. I ſaw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman looks. I neuer can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe ſignior *Benedicks* tongue: in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith ſhee's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort hornes, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beat. Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take ſixepence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, hee ſhewes mee where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue we as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coſens dutie to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curtſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermaſtred with a peece of vallant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vncle, ile none: *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe ſolicit you in that kinde, you know your anſwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muſicke coſin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him here is meaſure in euery thing, & ſo dance out the anſwer, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch iigge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch iigge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinkes into his graue.

Leonato.

Leonata. Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can ſee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro My viſor is *Philemons* roofe, within the houſe is Loue.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you ſpeake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my prayers alowd.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the dance is done: anſwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is anſwered.

Vrſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrſula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrſu. You could neuer doe him ſo ill well, vnleſſe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vrſula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieſter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuiſing impoſſible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laught at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt*

Muſicke for the dance.

Iohn Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you ſignior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamored on *Hero*, I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Exeunt Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwere I in name of Benedicke,
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince woes for himſelfe:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea, the ſame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own buſineſſe, Count. What faſhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau. I wiſh him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier, ſo they ſel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue ſerued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you ſtrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'l beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit*

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into ſedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, & not know me: the Princes fooke! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merrie: yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her perſon, and ſo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

Ben

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady. and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misused me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes iester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainely while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it mee a while, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and dost vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne: cosins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themſelues madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a iuſt ſeuen night, and a time too brieſe too, to haue all things anſwer minde.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not goe dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office, my Lord, to helpe my coſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him, hee is of a noble ſtraine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honeſty, I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhee ſhall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, hee ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Iob. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo couertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them, I will endeauour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you haue diſcouer'd thus: they will ſcarcely beleeue this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than to ſee mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhall be cal'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſently goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know not, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, & ſuch a man is *Claudio*. I haue known when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the tabor and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile a foot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carueing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine, & to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man & a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted, & ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee ſworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhee ſhall be, that's certaine: wiſe, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian, and her haire ſhal be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Prin. Come, ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ſtill the euening is, As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſicke ended, Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthaſar*, wee'll heare that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not ſo bad a voyce, To ſlander muſicke any more than once.

Prin. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency,

To

To ſlander Muſicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule rauiſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou ſingſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou heare *Balthaſar*? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthaſar.*

Prince. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with ſignior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on, the foule ſits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom ſhee hath in all outward behauiours ſeemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poſſible? ſits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neere the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhee will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her ſpirit had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue ſworne it had my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedicke*.

Bene. I ſhould thinke this a gull, but that the whirebearded fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot ſute hide himſelfe in ſuch reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath ſhee made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and ſweares ſhe neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies: ſhall I, ſaies ſhe, that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This ſaies ſhee now when ſhee is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, till ſhe haue writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty ieſt your daughter told vs of

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, & was reading it ouer, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhee knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my owne ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much ouerborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcouer it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him, ſhee's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Claudio. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wiſedome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am ſorry for her, as I haue iuſt cauſe being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhee had beſtowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daſt all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes ſurely ſhe will die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die, if hee loue her not, and ſhee will die ere ſhee make her loue knowne, and ſhe will die if hee woe her, rather than ſhee will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſeneſſe.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her loue,

loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reproue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should liue till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heard'st vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrsula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man.
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared
Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it
Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes.
If silent, why a blocke moued with none
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.
Vrsu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrsu. Yet tell her of it heare what shee will say.
Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.
Vrsu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.
Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.
Vrsu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrsu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?
Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.
Vrsu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?
Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claud. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.
Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.
Leo So say I, methinkes you are sadder
Claud. I hope he be in loue.
Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants money.
Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.
Prin. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it.
Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.
Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.
Claud. Yet say I, he is in loue.
Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.
Claud. If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing old signes, a brush his hat a mornings, What should that bode?
Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?
Claud. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already stuft tennis balls.
Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.
Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell him out by that?
Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in loue.
Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy
Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?
Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.
Claud. Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin What's the matter?

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discouer it.

Bast You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareneſſe of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue show it selfe

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe strangelie thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1 *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senselesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a mereiful mã partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the nurſe be aſleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer anſwere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you conſtable are to preſent the Princes owne perſon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtaie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue ſhillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may ſtaie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maſters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maſters, we heare our charge, let vs go ſit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors. I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor What, *Conrade?*

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. Conrade I ſay.

Con Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con, I will owe thee an anſwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then vnder this penthouſe, for it driſſels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that anie villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible anie villanie ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains haue needs of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will,

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the foole's the foole, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not heare ſome bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the houſe.

Bor Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thiefe this faſhion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene foureteene & fiue & thirtie, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſouldiours in the rechie painting, ſometime like god Bels prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhauen *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion too that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, ſhe leanes me out at her miſtris chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don Iohn*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any ſlander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, ſwore hee vvould meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation ſhame her with vvhat he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe vvithout a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right maſter Conſtable, vve haue here recouered the moſt dangerouspeece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, a vveares a locke.

Conr. Maſters, maſters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Maſters, neuer ſpeake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of theſe mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in queſtion I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Urſula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula* wake my coſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe..

Vrſu. I will Lady.

Her And bid her come hither.

Vrſ. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not ſo good, and I vvarrant your coſin vvill ſay ſo.

Bero. My coſin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millaines* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Bero. O that exceedes they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſiluer, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues, ſide ſleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God

Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. 'Twill be heauier ſoone, by the walght of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a begger? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me ſay, ſauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wreſt true ſpeaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeake in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue ſtables enough, you'll looke he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt fiue a clocke coſin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a houke, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more ſayling by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend euery one their harts deſire.

Hero. Theſe gloues the Count ſent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft coſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long haue you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Euer ſince you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough, you ſhould weare it in your cap, by my troth I am ſicke.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtil'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickſt her with a thiſtell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue ſome morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiſtell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not ſuch a foole to thinke what I liſt, nor I liſt not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man, he ſwore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Vrſula.

Vrſula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedicke*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dreſſe mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrſula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt. Dog. Mary ſir I would haue ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt. Dog. Mary this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges ſir ſpeakes a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God helpe I would deſire they were, but infaith honeſt as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Con. Dog. Compatiſons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſſe on me, ah?

Conſt. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And ſoam I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to ſay.

Head. Marry ſir our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Meſſina.

Con. Dog. A good old man ſir, hee will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behinde, an honeſt ſoule yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I muſt leaue you.

Con. Dog. One word ſir, our watch ſir haue indeede comprehended two aſpitious perſons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as may appeare vnto you.

Conſt. It ſhall be ſuffigance (*Exit.*

Leon. Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Meſſenger. My Lord, they ſtay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verges. And we muſt doe it wiſely.

Dogb. Wee will ſpare for no witte I warrant you:

heere's that shall driue some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claud. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to vtter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Claud. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe.
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie. (her,

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No *Leonato*
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sincerities and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in sauage sensualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake?
I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but moue one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power, (ter,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any iust reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids shall Conieture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero* Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand.
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beat. How

Beatr. How now coſin *Hero?*
Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.
Leon. Doſt thou looke vp?
Frier. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry ſhame vpon her? Could ſhe heere denie
The ſtorie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger then thy ſhames,
My ſelfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars iſſue at my gates,
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue ſaid, no part of it is mine:
This ſhame deriues it ſelfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine ſo much,
That I my ſelfe, was to my ſelfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why ſhe, O ſhe is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her cleane againe,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon giue
To her foule tainted fleſh.
Ben. Sir, ſir, be patient: for my part, I am ſo attired in wonder, I know not what to ſay.
Bea. O on my ſoule my coſin is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Bea. No truly: not although vntill laſt night,
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is ſtronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with tibs of iron
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lou'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſſe,
Waſh'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene ſilent ſo long, and giuen way vnto this courſe of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In Angel whiteneſſe beare away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: truſt not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this ſweet Ladie lye not guiltleſſe heere,
Vnder ſome biting error.
Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe wil not adde to her damnation,
A ſinne of periury, ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modeſtie doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this:
The practiſe of it liues in *Iohn* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: if they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made ſuch hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall finde, awak'd in ſuch a kinde,
Both ſtrength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pauſe awhile:
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter heere the Princeſſe (left for dead)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning oſtentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, ſhall on her behalfe,
Change ſlandet to remorſe, that is ſome good,
But not for that dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that poſſeſsion would not ſhew vs
Whiles it was ours, ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhal heare ſhe dyed vpon his words,
Th'Idea of her life ſhal ſweetly creepe
Into his ſtudy of imagination.
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoule
Then when ſhe liu'd indeed: then ſhal he mourne.
If euer Loue had intereſt in his Liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Wil faſhion the euent in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduiſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtlie, as your ſoule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair coſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lou'ſt me.

Beat. Doe not ſweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie ſweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends firſt

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accuſation vncouered ſlander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhee is ſlandered, ſhe is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurelie a Princely teſtimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurelie, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curſies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſweares it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vſe it for my loue ſome other way then ſwearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your ſoule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I haue a thought, or a ſoule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiſſe your hand, and ſo leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, ſo thinke of me: goe comfort your coſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell.

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeard?

Cowley. O a ſtoole and a cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours ſirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, doe you ſerue God: maiſters, it is proued alreadie that you are little better than falſe knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelues?

Con. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your eare ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaues.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you goe not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the eaſeſt way, let the watch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.

Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thouſand Ducates of *Don Iohn*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kem.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maſters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this ſodainely died: Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe.*

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an aſſe! but maſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not ỹ I am an aſſe: No thou villaine, ỹ art full of piety as ſhall be prou'd vpon thee by good witneſſe, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſholder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handſome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an aſſe! *Exit*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelfe,
And 'tis not wiſedome thus to ſecond griefe,
Againſt your ſelfe

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitleſſe,
As water in a ſine: giue not me counſaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lou'd his childe,
Whoſe ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,
And bid him ſpeake of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwere euery ſtraine for ſtraine,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch,
In euery lineament, branch, ſhape, and ſorme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbs, make miſfortune drunke,
With candle-waſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themſelues not feele, but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience
To thoſe that wring vnder the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe: therefore giue me no counſaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertiſement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your ſelfe,
Make thoſe that doe offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will doe ſo,
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue ſome haſte *Leonato.*

Leo. Some haſte my Lord! well, fare you wel my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man

Brot. If he could rite himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry ỹ doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leonato. Tuſh, tuſh, man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a ſoole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being young, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many dates,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent childe
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors
O in a tombe where neuer ſcandall ſlept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.

Prin. You ſay not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His May of youth, and bloome of luſtihood

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Bro. He ſhall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt:

Wil

Win me and weare me, let him anſwere me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your ſelf, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And ſhe is dead, ſlander d to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeede,
As I d are take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boyes apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-ſops.

Leon Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boyes.
That lye, and cog and flout, deprave, and ſlander,
Goe antiquely and ſhow outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is ſorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And ſhall, or ſome of vs will ſmart for it.

Prin. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeeke.

Clau. Now ſignior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. Leonate and his brother, what think'ſt thou? had wee fought, I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to ſeeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabberd, ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Neuer any did ſo, though verie many haue been beſide their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minſtrels, draw to pleaſure vs.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubiect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another ſtaffe, this laſt was broke croſſe.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Clau. God bleſſe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I ieſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kill'd a ſweete Ladie, and her death ſhall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, ſo I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What, a feaſt a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais d thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſaies ſhe, a fine little one: no ſaid I, a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: iuſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propreſt man in Italie.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not.

Prin. Yes that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhee did not hate him deadlie, ſhee would loue him deerely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your companie, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you haue among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Conſtable, Comrade, and Berachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prin. But ſoft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhee ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Boracchio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue theſe men done?

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marrie ſir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniuſt things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee vvhat's their offence, ſixt and laſtlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion, and by my troth there's one meaning vvell ſuted.

Prin. Who haue you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, vvhat's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: vvhat your wiſedomes could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallow fooles haue brought to light, vvho in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgrac'd her vvhen you ſhould marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich I had rather ſeale vvith my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefelie, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poiſon whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ſerue, that I am an Aſſe.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: vvhich of theſe is he?

Bor. If you vvould know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not ſo villaine, thou beliest thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bruely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I vvould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That vvere impoſſible, but I praie you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.

Claud. O noble ſir!
Your ouerkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the vvatch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd ſo long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

Conſt. Your vvorſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankefull and reuerend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue vvith your vvorſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your vvorſhip, I wiſh your worſhip vvell, God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Claud. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke vvith *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew vvith this lewd fellow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerue vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of panders, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot woo in festiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noysome, therefore I will depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you

Ben. Question, why an howre in clamour and a quarter in the wme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contratie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill,

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrong,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praising her when I am dombe.

Claud. Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.

(this right.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.
Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the error that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.
Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*
Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.
Frier. To doe what Signior?
Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.
Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.
Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?
Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my helpe.
Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.
Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.
Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.
Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.
Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you haue such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and cloudinesse.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beast in loue.
Ben. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.
Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?
Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.
Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.
Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.
Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another *Hero*?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And surely as I liue, I am a maid.
Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.
Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Mesne time let wonder seeme familiar,
And so the chappell let vs presently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?
Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Doo not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reason.
Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, hsue beene deceiued, they swore you did.
Beat. Doe not you loue mee?
Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.
Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Vrsula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.
Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.
Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?
Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentlema.
Claud. And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.
Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.
Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pitie.
Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption
Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.
Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?
Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my cousin.
Cla. I had well hop'd y^u^ wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, y^t^ I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.
Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.
Bene. First, of my word, therfore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wyfe, get thee a wyfe, there is no staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Mes.*
Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.
Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death.
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smalleſt branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poste vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeketh light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.
Dum How followes that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Maies new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſir you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*.
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight.
From tawnie *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Ber. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon.
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merineſſe.
Clo. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clo. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle
Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinand.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Nauar, *my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*

Coſt. Not a vvord of *Caſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nourriſhment which is called ſupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is yclipsed, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke. which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurueyeſt, or ſeeſt But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (Clown Mee?) *that vnlettered ſmall knowing ſoule, (Clow* Me?) *that ſhallow veſſall (Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, *(Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweet vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed dutie prickes me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſell called) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of denoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer I the beſt, for the worſt But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow I was taken with none ſir, I was taken vvith a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Fer It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneur.

Brag. Why tough ſigneur? Why tough ſigneur?

Boy Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apatharon, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſigneur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Brag And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt. (him.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you knew how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampſon* Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:
A dangerous time maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great marueil, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three daies a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Mai. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe, where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and hee had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* But ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit*

Finis Actus Primus

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits
Consider who the King your father sends
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues.
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to tasse the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moouing faire solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse craning quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will.
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rosa Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play truant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nau You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good-man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meet at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will ſhee get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.
Mar. Come, come, you talke greaſely, your lips grow foule
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.
Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.
Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt pathetically nit.
Sowle, ſowle. *Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.
Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*
Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather reſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.
Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke.
Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, hee is onely an animall onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.
Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?
Hol. *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*, *dictiſima* goodman *Dull.*
Dul. What is *dictima*?
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*
Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more, (ſcore.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiue-
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. And I ſay the poluſion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket.
Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.
Hol I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe peerſt and pricks
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting
The Dogges did yell, put all to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then all to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.
Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.
Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.
Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.
Nath. *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall

ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M. *Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clo Marry M. Schoolemaſter, hee that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogſhead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Coſtard*, and ſent mee from *Don Armatho* I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellide, quando pecas omnia ſub umbra ruminat*, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vencha, vencha, que non te vede, que non te perreche.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *ve ve ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the canzonet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ieſts of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Domoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beautious Lady Roſaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.
Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy compliment, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils mee, I a ſheepe: Well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweete a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright;
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauille. The King ſteps aſide.

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt & haue beeu periur'd ſo? (know,

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the cotner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimplicitie.

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Diſfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Gooſe, a Goddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.

Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine tranſform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.

Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.

Ber. O moſt prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Ber. By earth ſhe is not corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.

Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as ſome daies, but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.

Dum. O that I had my wiſh?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.
That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue would ſweare,
Iuno but an Æthiop were,
And deny himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.

Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his, your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſerud your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriſtall the others eyes
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.

Ber. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene,
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a lygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.

Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God bleſſe the King.

King. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

King. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together

Iaqu. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

King. *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Coſtard*.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Don Adramadio*. *Don Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

King. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I.
Are pick-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen

Berow True true, we are ſowre: will theſe Turtles be gone?

King. Hence firs, away.

Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, & let the traytors ſtay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine? (*Roſaline*,

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly
That, like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?

King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

King. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.

Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.

King. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine.
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

King. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face ſee.

Ber. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dumaine. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
King. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marie there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then needs.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achademe,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the traueiler.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is:
Then when our ſel'ues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauy toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements.
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And gines to euery power a double power.
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty. *Bacchus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides*
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women.
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to finde our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer loue from Charity.
King. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing. Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?
King. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. Firſt from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowres.
King. Away away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwaies whirles in equall manure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid ſufficit.
Curat. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner haue beene ſharpe & ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*
Ped. Noſti hominum tanquam te, His humour is loſty, his diſcourſe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieſticall, and his generall behauiour vaine ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it

Curat. A moſt ſingular and choiſe Epithat,
Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verboſitie, finer then the ſtaple of his argument. I abhot ſuch phanaticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deuiſe companions, ſuch tackers of ortagriphie, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhold pronounce debt; d e b t, not detche clepeth a Calf, Cauſe: halfe, hauſe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of inſanie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bome boon for boom preſcian*, a little ſcratcht, 'twill ſerue.

Enter Brogart, Boy.

Curat. *Videſne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Moſt militarie ſir ſalutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne the ſcraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words! I marueil thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honoriſicabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounſier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he reaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puerilis* with a horne added.

Brag. Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Conſonant?

Brag. The laſt of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the ſixt if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Brag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the ſalt waue of the mediteranium, ſweet tutch, a quicke venc we of wit, ſnip ſnap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maiſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O & the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou were but my Baſtard; What a ioyfull father wouldſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad unguem*, at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Artſ-man-preambulat*, we will bee ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mounteine?

Peda Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion.*

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, choſe, ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure you ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antricke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to bee rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the greate, the Page *Hercules.*

Brag. Pardon ſir, errot: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall bee ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play

on

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.
Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.
Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.
Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.
Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kat. You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?
Kat. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter
Qu. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise
Qu. Beauteous as Iucke: a good conclusion.
Kat. Faire as a text B, in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes.
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Glous.
Qu. Did he not send you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.
Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longauile*
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heare
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.
Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.
Qu. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.
Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* Ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootelesse rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So perteine like would I o'resway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauitie reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof is doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare,
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Sicamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see?
Yet feere not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer speke before
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.
Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall Mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.
Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come

Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised

Page. *All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.*
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. *A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes*
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes*
Out
Boy. True, out indeed
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe*
Not to beholde
Ber. Once to behold, rogue
Pag *Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes
Pag They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.
Rosa What would these strangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet*.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?
Boyet What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.
Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse
Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur d manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe
Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Rosa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Moonesshine in the water.
Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change: like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's changed?
Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it: Our eares vouchsafe it.
Kin. But your legges should doe it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance.
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onelie
Kin. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In priuate then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.
Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Qu Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Qu. Let it not be sweet.
Ber Thou greeu'st my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutchman: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes.
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they heue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.
Mar *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sickneſſe as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But wil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture shownne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shownes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he.
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyes*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day,
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The

The vertue of your eie muſt breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnſallied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnviſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſsians?
Qu In truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſsia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace. and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweete,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greete
With eies beſt ſeeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looſe light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtoore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.
Du. Let vs confeſſe, and turne it to a ieſt.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes ſadde?
Roſa Helpe hold his browes, hee'l ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke comming from Muſcouie.
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruſsian habit waite.
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſongue,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation
I do forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound *ſans* cracke or flaw
Roſa. Sans. ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs.* on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to vndo vs.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true.
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue
Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweete Madame, for our rude tranſgreſsion, ſome ſaire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſsion.
Were you not heere but euen now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her
Qu. When ſhee ſhall challenge this, you will reiect her
King. Vpon mine Honor no,
Qu. Peace peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſsian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would Wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honorably doth vphold his word.
King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſom Dick
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeares and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd:

Told

Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carreere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue done.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord ſir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction ſir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alweies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his companie.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart

Brag. Annointed, I implote ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* ſ great, the Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauailing along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*

Clo. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds Commander:
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boiet. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boiet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your ſeruant and *Coſtard*.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*

Clo. O ſir, you haue euer throwne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, & ſoon dasht He is a maruellous good neighbour inſooth, and a verie good Bowler. but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ere-parted But there are Worthies a comming, will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe,
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iſcariot ſir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou proud *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene

Boy. The pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him go:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may ſtumble.

Qu. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King Hector was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

King. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine

Boy. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag *The Armipotent Mars, of Lances the almighty, gaue* Hector *a gift*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Lances the almighty,*
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Ilion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight, yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauilion
I am that Flower

Dum. That Mint

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue

Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runnes againſt *Hector*

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten.
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted

Brag. I do adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum He may not by the yard

Brag. *Thus Hector farre ſurmounted Hannibal.*
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clo. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clo. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Ates more Ates ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile do it by the ſword: I pray you let mee horrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my ſhirt

Dum Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maſter, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vneaſing for the combat: what meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

Ber. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenetta's*, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords For all your faire endeuours and entreats: Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe. In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide, The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits, If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues, In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue. Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes, For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed: And often at his verie looſe decides That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progenie Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue: The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince, Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote, Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt, Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable, As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the ears of griefe And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King, For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time, Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents. And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous: As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines, All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine. Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie. Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule, To euerie varied obiect in his glance: Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies, Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities. Thoſe beauteous eies that looke into theſe faults Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelues proue falſe, By being once falſe, for euer to be true To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you. And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne, Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue: Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Lone. And in our maiden counſaile rated them At courtſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and curteſie, As bumbaſt and as lining to the time: But more deuout than theſe are our reſpects Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more than ieſt

Lon. So did our looks.

Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.

Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre, Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort, To make a world-without-end bargaine in; No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much, Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this: If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe) You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me. Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleaſures of the world: There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes Haue brought about their annuall reckoning. If this auſtere inſociable life, Change not your offer made in heate of blood: If frofts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue, But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue: Then at the expiration of the yeare, Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts, And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine, I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe, Raining the teares of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou do denie, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this or more than this, I would denie, To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt, The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie. Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd. You are attaint with faults and periurie: Therefore if you my fauor meane to get, A twelue month ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt, But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie, With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelnemonth and a day,

Ile

Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelue monthes end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue.
Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deart with the clamors of their owne deare groues,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelue month? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a twelue month in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might wel haue made our ſport a Comedie.
King. Come ſir, it wants a twelue month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſty vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kiſſe thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.
Brag Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare.
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others

Theseus.

NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.
Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep themselues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries.
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lysander
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe.
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that case.
The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lysander*.
The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.
The Take time to paule, and by the next new Moon
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Diaanes* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, nearely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With dutie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Manet Lyſander and Hermia.
Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes
Lyſ. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer hearc by tale or hiſtorie,
The courſe of true loue neuer did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to loue.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares
Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong
Lyſ. Or elſe.inſtood vpon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe loue by anothers eie.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſounde:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion
Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomarie croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennow, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance for a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue. looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were fauor ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.
Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection moouc.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyſ. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farwell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lyſander.*

Hele. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity.
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is often beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* look't on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qui. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himſelfe moſt gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maſke, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, oh *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbe* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starueling the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbes* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus*

mus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt louely Gentleman-like man, therfore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtrow-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citie, we ſhalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiſes knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through buſh, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, ſwifter then ſ Moons ſphere;
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners bee, (green.
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In thoſe freckles, liue their fauors,
I muſt go ſeeke ſome dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe (perforce) with holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knauiſh ſpirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I ieſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*

Fair. And heere my Miſtris:
Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forſworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie raſh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waſt ſtolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and verſing loue
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and proſperitie.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Qu. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie,
And neuer ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met we on hil, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling Winde,
But with thy braules thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuck'd vp from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman

Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay

Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe
Vttering ſuch dulcer and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong.
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea maids muſicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.

Pucke Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſlay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And even for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the impleſſe of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Doue purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple in the Towne, and Field
You doe me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flie him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight.
And there the ſnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this groue;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muſke roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe.
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye.
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* *Weauing Spiders come not heere,*
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence.
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* *Hence away, now all is well;*
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell. *Shee ſleepes*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Liſander and Hermia.

Liſ. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in ſ woods
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
We'll reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie ſo neere

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue neere alter, till thy ſweet life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt

Enter Pucke *They ſleepe.*

Puck. Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,

On

On the danke and dutty ground
Pretty ſoule, ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate on thy eye-lid
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel Stay, though thou kill me, ſweete *Demetrius*
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.
Exit Demetrius
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherſoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no marualle, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monſter, flie my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground;
Deade or aſleepe? I ſee no bloud, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature her ſhewes art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I ouerlooke
Loues ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomacke brings.
Or as the hereſies that men do leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit*
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*, helpe me; do thy beſt
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And yet ſat ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remoou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you heare;
Speake of all loues; I ſound almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marualous conuenient place for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou, *bully Bottome?*
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt *Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwere you that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.
Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Nor a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.
Quin. Well, we will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?
Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.
Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelues, to bring in (God ſhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.
Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt

requeſt you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorne, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts: *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*. *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit Pir.*

Puck. A ſtranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand, goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwere to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound:
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airie ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to ariſe:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhal deſire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeede.*

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

Puck. My Miſtris with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhallowſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Piramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him ſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſed-pated choughes, many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the skye:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore one falls;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues, ſome hats, from yeelders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Piramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an Aſſe.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noontide, with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murtherer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murderer looke, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty.
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.

Her What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpri'sd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lyſanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpie,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky,
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things doe best pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Aſide.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne.
Chriſtall is muddy. O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hell. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſt more idle breth.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
De. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo? (to go?
Lyſan. Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Loue doth preſſe
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When wee haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchooledaies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.

Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, diuine, and rare.
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Denie your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.

Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, perſeuer, counterfeit ſad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedie.

Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not ſcorn her ſo.

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prone him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.

Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?

Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.

Her Why are you growne ſo rude?
What change is this ſweete Loue?

Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence.

Her. Do you not ieſt?

Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.

Lyſ. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?

Lyſ. I, by my life;
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: tis no ieſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her Pupper? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lyſander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.

Let

Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle. *Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries willingly.
Puck. Beleeue me, King of ſhadowes, I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterpize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſtie Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou lead them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth c reepe;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By dates approach looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore companie deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo wearie neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne.
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*, nought ſhall goe ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall bee well.

They ſleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy.
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome?*

Peaſ. Ready

Clow. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Where's Mounſieuer *Cobweb.*

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouerflowne with a hony-bag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed?*

Muſ Ready.

Clo. Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed.* Pray you leaue your courteſie good Mounſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to help Cauelery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me-thinkes I am marueilous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſicke, my ſweet loue.

Clow. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.

Tita. Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clowne. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtirre me, I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents.
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene?
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this viſage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe

Tita. Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

Muſick ſtill.

Rob. When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.

Ob Sound muſick; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
We the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye ſtill

With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theſ. Goe one of you, finde out the Forreſter,
For now our obſeruation is perform'd;
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Weſterne valley, let them goe;
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuncable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Judge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

Theſ. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Theſ. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all ſtart vp.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.

Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,
To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truly ſay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I ſee *Hermia*,
But like a ſickneſſe did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now doe I wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Theſ. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnitie.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall & vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When euery things ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It ſeemes to mee,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. *Exit Louers.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeen, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it ſhall be called *Bottomes Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is tranſported.

Thiſ. If

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our ſport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottome, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happie houre!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but aſk me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter ſweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, ỹ theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many ſports are riſe:
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Liſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

Liſ. The riot of the tipſie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Liſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death of learning, late deceaſt in beggerie.

The. That is ſome Satire keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Liſ. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall wee finde the concord of his diſcord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſeruice.

Theſ. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchednes orecharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing.

Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſaies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Theſ. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premedirated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Egeus So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thiſby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninnis* toombe, there, there to woo:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thiſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thiſbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameſull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon, Moone-ſhine, Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thiſbie, and Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thiſbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall, the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. *Piramus* drawes neere the Wall. Silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim look't night, O night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thiſbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou O wall, thou ſweet and louely wall,
That ſtands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thiſbie* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.

Theſ. The wall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me,*
Is *Thiſbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall.

Enter Thiſbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Peramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I ſee a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thiſbies* face. *Thiſbe?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou will, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true,

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Claw.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here com two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtriſe
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, y ere I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.

De. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.

Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.

Dut. I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would change.

Du. It appeares by his ſmal light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thiſby.*

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thiſby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thiſby.*

Dut. Well ſhone Moone.
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du. Well mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thiſbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be.
O dainty Ducke: O Deere:
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Du. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that louk'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
Thiſby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thiſby.

Duke. She wil finde him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thiſby* is the better. (eyes.

Lyſ. She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete

Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicit.*

This. Aſleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Dem. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath old twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whileſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands doe glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* reame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elſe and Fairie ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. First rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand
Neuer mole, hare lip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Nature's title,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Palace with ſweet peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſſe makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my ſelfe.

Sal. Your minde is toſsing on the Ocean
There where your Argoſies with portly ſaile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Do ouer-peere the petty Traffiquers
That curtſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their woouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and roades:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallows, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechaunc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vineger aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard,
I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?
Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. Wee'll make our leyſures to attend on yours.
Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muſt meete.

Baſſ I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are marueilouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come;
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones
Why ſhould a man whoſe bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies

By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stillnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be dresst in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, fayrewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fat you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bas. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the search.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bas. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is a weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that follows his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee, the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Nerrissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lotteries that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,

chooses

chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not haue me, chooſe: he heares merrie tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philoſopher when he growes old, being ſo full of vnmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Bonne*?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing he fals ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twentie husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneſſe, I ſhould neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & ſweare that I haue a poore penie-worth in the *Engliſh*. hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhman*. and ſwore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is ſobet, and moſt vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I prey thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reiniſh-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You needs not feare Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: vnleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abſence: and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell; I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee ſhould ſhrine me then wiue me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles wee ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy For three months, well

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwere

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath ſquandred abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſured you may.

Iew. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may be aſſured, I will bethinke mee, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio*?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell into? I will buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vſance here with vs in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants moſt doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals intereſt: Curſed be my Trybe
If I forgiue him.

Baſſ. Shylock, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere geſſe of my memorie
I cannot inſtantly raiſe vp the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good ſignior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thouſand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vſe it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* ſheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſer; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull ſhepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

Ant. This was a venture ſir that *Iacob* ſeru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
But note me ſignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me miſbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſuite.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poſſible
A curre ſhould lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe,
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supplie your preſent wants, and take no doite
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
If you repaie me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.

Baſſ. You

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his daie, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite.
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it ſo: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe I am not ſolie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlew the Sophie, and a Perſian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.
Port. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legs, take the ſtart, run awaie: my conſcience ſaies no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſaies the fiend, away ſaies the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſaies the fiend, and run; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſaies verie wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kinde of taſte; wel, my conſcience ſaies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge ſaies the fiend, bouge not ſaies my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Iew* my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the diuell himſelfe: certainely the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the *Iew*; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Baſket.

Gob. Maiſter yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*?
Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confuſions with him.
Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*.
Lann. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Iewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Master sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*

Laun. But I prate you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo* Master *Launcelet* talke not of master *Launcelet* Father, for the young gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Laun Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop? doe you know me Father.

Gob Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule aliue or dead.

Laun. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob Praie you sit stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Laun. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the *Iewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede. Ile be sworne if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile

Laun It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runawaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground: my Master's a verie *Iew*, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liueries, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I serue the *Iew* anie longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two

Bass You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Laun. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Laun. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the *Iew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Master and he (saumg your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins

Laun. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

Laun. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun Serue you sir.

Gob That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Master spoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich *Iewes* seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes. See it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue ne're a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. My best endeuors shall be done herein. *Exit Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon. Yonder

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio.*
Bas. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I haue a sute to you.
Bass. You haue obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults; But where they are not knowne, why there they show Something too liberall, pray thee take paine To allay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behauiour I be misconsterd in the place I goe to, And loose my hopes.
Gra. Signor *Bassanio*, heare me, If I doe not put on a sober habite, Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen: Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.
Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing
Gra. Nay but I bare to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.
Bas. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends That purpose merriment: but far you well, I haue some businesse.
Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest, But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica and the Clowne

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Maisters guest. Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farwell: I would not haue my Father See me talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit adue. *Exit*
Ies. Farewell good *Lancelet*
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy louing wife *Exit*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salasio

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time, Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie
Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Loue newes in faith
Lan. By your leaue sir
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Iew* to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica* I will not faile her, speake it priuately; Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night, I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*
Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.
Sol. And so will I.
Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging Some houre hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do so. *Exit*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica?*
Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and iewels she is furnisht with, What Pages suite she hath in readinesse If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen, It will be for his gentle daughters sake; And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote, Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse, That she is issue to a faithlesse *Iew*. Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest, Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge, The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*; What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica?* And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out. Why *Iessica* I say
Clo. Why *Iessica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*, There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go? I am not bid for loue, they flatter me, But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle, Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe, There is some ill a bruing towards my rest, For I did dreame of money bags to night.
Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clo. And they haue conspired together. I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

laſt, at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before ſir
Miſtris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-ſlow in profit, but he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde,
A prouerbe neuer ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo*
Deſired vs to make a ſtand.

Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye
To ſeale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe
His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ieſ. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Ieſ. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelues good ſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are ſweet,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio's* feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I loue her heartily,
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire,
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

Por. The

How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will survay the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues; pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing.
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose
To rib her cerecloath in the obscure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your answere had not beene inscrold,
Fare you well, your suite is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus lookers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sal. I thinke he only loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer chose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles alive I wis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is thy Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; o that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse my prater, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humilitie, reuenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Iew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tubal.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tubal*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse; the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, Is it true, Is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tubal*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tubal*, It was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchler: I would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tubal*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tubal*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tubal*, at our Sinagogue *Tubal*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-looke me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To eeke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
Baſſ. None but that vglie treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth ſpeake any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.
Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
Had beene the vetie ſum of my confeſſion:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compatiſon
May ſtand more propet, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The vitgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Here Muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourriſhed. *Replie, replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tanted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,
What damned errot, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text.
Hiding the groſſeneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And here chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eies?
Or whether tiding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuer'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

Baſſ. A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies;
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene o'er my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you
Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio*'s dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchiu'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhal nere win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor well, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſianes* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
That I was worſe then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the State
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tubball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonio*'s flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Iew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassano*'s fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, *my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O loue! dispach all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Iaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond *Exit Iew*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt*

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule:
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Iess. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: far you well *Iessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these puny lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert neere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner

Clow. That is done too sir, onely couer is the word

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant: I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſiano's* wife?
Ieſſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?
Lor. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſom ere thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Ieſſ. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwere
A ſtonie aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tirannie and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluckе commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traiad
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
Iew. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the curtant of thy cruelry.
Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.
Iew. What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, than which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heereis ſix.
Iew. If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The

The ſlaues are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du Bring vs the Letters, Call the Meſſengers.

Baſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*. What man, corage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Baſſanio*,
Then to liue ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy ſoale: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accus'd:
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish ſpirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleet;
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd it ſelfe in thee: For thy deſires
Are Woluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

YOur Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in Controuerſie, betweene the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which better'd with his owne learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces requeſt in my ſted. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation: for I neuer knewe ſo yong a body, with ſo old a head I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe triall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shilocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.

Por The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maieſtie,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercie ſeaſons Iuſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this.
That in the courſe of Iuſtice, none of vs
Should ſee ſaluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
To mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of Venice
Muſt needes giue ſentence 'gainſt the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money

Baſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court
Yea, twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,

And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis moſt reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen
Shall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit.
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond
Iew When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
you know the Law, your expoſition
Hath beene moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſcruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay heere on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wiſe and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por It is ſo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
fleſh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleede to death.
Iew It is not nominated in the bond?
Por It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome. It is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch miſerie, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd aboue thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you
Por Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife whom I proteſt I loue,
I would ſhe were in heauen, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe. (ter
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I haue a daugh-
Would any of the ſtocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We triſle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame marchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt.
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiſcate
Vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge.
Shy Is that the law
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhall ſee the Act:
For as thou vrgeſt iuſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt haue iuſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra O learned Iudge. mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian goe.
Baſſ. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall haue all iuſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But iuſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a iuſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heauy in the ſubſtance,
Or the deuiſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turne
But in the eſtimation of a hayre,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Baſſ. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall haue meerly iuſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too:
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.
Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.
Por What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meere I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of grieuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.
An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.
Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.
Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?
Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.
Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Bas There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.
Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement.
Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Anthonios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.
Enter Gratiano.
Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-take:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.
Gra. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.
Ies. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.
Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson.*
Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith
And nere a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend. (friend?
Loren A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Mes *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola, wo ha ho, sola, sola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere. (sola,
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet soule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique foo'th into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.
Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique
Play musicke.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke

Enter Portia and Nerrissa

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke. *Musicke*
Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house
Por Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the larke

When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren:
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia.*

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, And their
Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madam, giue welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerriſſa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, doe you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.
Ant. I am th'vnhappy ſubiect of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſ. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe manie friends
I ſweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit
Baſ. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduiſedlie
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſuretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better than the other.
Ant. Heere Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heauen it is the ſame I gaue the Doctor
Por. I had it of him: pardon *Baſſanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.
Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd,
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leyſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in ſtore for you
Then you expect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainlie.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antho. I am dumbe.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafelie come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you
Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee
There doe I giue to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iewe, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſſ'd of.
Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarued people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy. (this.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast rail'd on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rankenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander

Oli Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter bee baniſhed with her Father?

Cha O no; for the Dukes daughter her Coſen ſo loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſſe beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They ſay hee is already in the Forreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they ſay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time careleſſy as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraſtle to morrow before the new Duke,

Cha. Marry doe I ſir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen ſir ſecretly to vnderſtand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt mee to try a fall: to morrow ſir I wraſtle for my credit, and hee that eſcapes me without ſome broken limbe, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I muſt for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brooke ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou ſhalt finde I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelfe notice of my Brothers purpoſe heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the ſtubbornеſt yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a ſecret & villanous contriuer againſt mee his naturall brother: therefore vſe thy diſcretion, I had as liefe thou didſt breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert beſt looke to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himſelfe on thee, hee will practiſe againſt thee by poyſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous deuiſe, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect meanes or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with teares I ſpeake it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day liuing. I ſpeake but brotherly of him, but ſhould I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I muſt bluſh, and weepe, and thou muſt looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wraſtle for prize more: and ſo God keepe your worſhip. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I ſtirre this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuiſe, of all ſorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my owne people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long, this wraſtler ſhall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Roſaline, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Deere *Cellia*; I ſhow more mirth then I am miſtreſſe of, and would you yet were merrier: vnleſſe you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lou'ſt mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy baniſhed father had baniſhed thy Vncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt beene ſtill with mee, I could haue taught my loue o take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to reioyce in yours

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monſter: therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my deare *Roſe*, be merry

Roſ. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuiſe ſports: let me ſee, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make ſport withall: but loue no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neyther, then with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honor come off againe.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let vs ſit and mocke the good houſwife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would wee could doe ſo: for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes faire, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, & thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very illfauouredly.

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduentute this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Naturall for our whetſtone. for alwaies the dulneſſe of the foole, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſſe, you muſt come away to your farher.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Roſ.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had any: or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou meanst?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou sayest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monsieur le Beu*, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling *Cosin*?

Le Beu. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such odds in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moone him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beu*

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be mispriz'd: we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: only in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Cel

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge *Wrastle*

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. *Shout*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Had'st thou descended from another house
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Frederick*.

Ros. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him.
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie

Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liueleese blocke.

Ros. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastled well and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well *Exit.*

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpō my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pitie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Rosaline*. *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline

Cel. Why Cosen why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

in

in dispight of all: but turning these iests out of seruice, let vs talke in good earnest. Is it possible on such a sodaine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Rowlands* youngest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duke. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Vncle.

Duke. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, Thou dyest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me: If with my selfe I hold intelligence, Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires, If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle, Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne, Did I offend your highnesse.

Duke. Thus doe all Traitors, If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace it selfe; Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor; Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duke. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome, So was I when your highnesse banisht him; Treason is not inherited my Lord, Or if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor, Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much, To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duke. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake, Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay, It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse, I was too yong that time to value her, But now I know her: if she be a Traitor, Why so am I: we still haue slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together, And wheresoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans, Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duke. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes; Her vertie silence, and per patience, Speake to the people, and they pittie her: Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name, And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous When she is gone: then open not thy lips Firme, and irrenocable is my doombe. Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige, I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duke. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe, If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor, And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine: I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one, Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle? No, let my Father seeke another heire: Therefore deuise with me how we may flie Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you, To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale; Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs, (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre? Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face, The like doe you, so shall we passe along, And neuer stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not bettes, Because that I am more then common tall, That I did suite me all points like a man, A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh, A boare-speare in my hand, and in my heart Lye there what hidden womans feare there will, Weele haue a swashing and a martiall outside, As manie other mannish cowards haue, That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. Ile haue no worse a name then *Ioues* owne Page, And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court: Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away And get our Iewels and our wealth together, Deuise the fittest time, and safest way To hide vs from pursuite that will be made After my flight: now goe in we content To libertie, and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.

Duke Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile: Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Du.Sen. Come, ſhall we goe and kill vs veniſon?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this deſert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round haunches goard.

1.*Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde ſweares you doe more vſurpe
Then doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelfe,
Did ſteale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth ſuch groanes
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nole
In pitteous chaſe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1.*Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe giuing thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miſerie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a careleſſe Heard
Full of the paſture, iumps along by him
And neuer ſtaies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iuſt the faſhion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court.
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meere vſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their aſſign'd and natiue dwelling place.

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2.*Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the ſobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 *Lor.* Ile bring you to him ſtrait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome villaines of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this

1.*Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did ſee her.
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreaſur'd of their Miſtris

2.*Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom ſo
Your Grace was wont to laugh is alſo miſſing,
Hiſperia the Princeſſe Centlewoman
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coſen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foile the ſynowie *Charles*,
And ſhe beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their companie

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this ſodainly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quaile,
To bring againe theſe fooliſh runawaies. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to ouercome
The bonnie priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſeeme kinde of men,
Their graces ſerue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappie youth,
Come not within theſe doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the ſonne
(Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vſe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off,
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie,
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why wherher *Adam* would'ſt thou haue me got

Ad. No matter whether, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, would'ſt thou haue me goe & beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A theeuiſh liuing on the common rode?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will ſubiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not ſo: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſeruice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your ſeruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,
Froſtie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the ſeruice of a yonger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conſtant ſeruice of the antrique world,
When ſeruice ſweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their ſeruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Weele light vpon ſome ſetled low content.

Ad. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſpe with truth and loyaltie,
From ſeauentie yeeres, till now almoſt foureſcore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At ſeauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke
But at foureſcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias *Touchſtone.*

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not wearie.

Roſ. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden.*

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer
As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As ſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then neuer loue ſo hartily
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exit.*

Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my ſword vpon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Louers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. *Ioue, Ioue*, this Shepherds paſſion,
Is much vpon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who cals?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pitie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes eggs: More, I pre'thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you'em stanzo's.
Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Iaques.*
Iaq Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Will you sing?
Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
Iaq Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not hold your tongues.
Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.
Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him.
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come

Song. *Altogether heere.*
Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see. &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile sing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. Tis a Greeke inuocation to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farewel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee
Thy conceite is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly. yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du.Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du Sen. If the compact of iarres, grow Muſicall,
We ſhall haue ſhortly diſcord in the Spheares:
Go ſeeke him, tell him I would ſpeake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1.Lord. He ſaues my labor by his owne approach.

Du.Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muſt woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forreſt,
A motley Foole (a miſerable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I.) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, ſince it was nine,
And after one houre more, twill be eleuen,
And ſo from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chantieleere,
That Fooles ſhould be ſo deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An houre by his diall Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole. Motley's the onely weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq O worthie Foole One that hath bin a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſeruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du.Sen. Thou ſhalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely ſuite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fooles haue:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plaine, as way to Pariſh Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
Seeme ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not,
The Wiſe-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the ſquandring glances of the foole.
Inueſt me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To ſpeake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldſt do

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du.Sen. Moſt miſchieuous foule ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelfe haſt bene a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the brutiſh ſting it ſelfe.
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed euils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world

Iaq Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie very meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhee, ſuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his brauerie is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Vnclaim'd of any man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſeru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe, hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nourture: But forbeare, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.

Iaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt dye.

Du. Sen What would you haue?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentleneſſe.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin ſauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Vnder the ſhade of melancholly boughes,
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer bene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my Sword

Du. Sen. Truc is it, that we haue seene better dayes
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentleneſſe,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary ſteppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſt with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleſt for your good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerſall Theater
Preſents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being ſeuen ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes armes
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnaile
Vnwillingly to ſchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miſtreſſe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, ſodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuſtice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſeuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wiſe ſawes, and moderne inſtances,
And ſo he playes his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the leane and ſlipper'd Pantaloone,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide,
His youthfull hoſe well ſau'd, a world too wide,
For his ſhrunke ſhanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange euentfull hiſtorie,
Is ſecond childiſhneſſe, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: ſet downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you moſt for him

Ad. So had you neede,
I ſcarce can ſpeake to thanke you for my ſelfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes:
Giue vs ſome Muſicke, and good Cozen, ſing.

Song.

'Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not ſo vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not ſo keene, becauſe thou art not ſeene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moſt friendſhip, is fayning; moſt Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moſt iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter ſkie that doſt not bight ſo nigh
as benefitts forgot.
Though thou the waters warpe, thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,
as friend remembred not
Heigh ho ſing, &c

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* ſon,
As you haue whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſſe,
Moſt truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderſtand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I ſhould not ſeeke an abſent argument
Of my reuenge, thou preſent: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother whereſoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To ſeeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againſt thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highneſſe knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well puſh him out of dores
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verſe, in witneſſe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night ſuruey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere aboue
Thy Huntreſſe name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forreſt lookes,
Shall ſee thy vertue witneſt euery where
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaſte, and vnexpreſſiue ſhee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this ſhepherds life Mr *Touchſtone*?

Clo.

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in reſpect of it ſelfe, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepheards life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it verie well: but in reſpect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth mee well: but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomacke. Has't any Philoſophie in thee ſhepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good paſture makes fat ſheepe: and that a great cauſe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philoſopher
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roaſted Egge, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer ſaw'ſt good manners: if thou neuer ſaw'ſt good maners, then thy manners muſt be wicked, and wickednes is ſin, and ſinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate ſhepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchſtone*, thoſe that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is moſt mockeable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſſe your hands; that courteſie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were ſhepheards.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly: come, inſtance.

Cor. Why we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greaſie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands ſweate? and is not the greaſe of a Mutton, as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance I ſay: Come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the ſooner. Shallow again: a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the ſurgery of our ſheepe: and would you haue vs kiſſe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: Thou wormes meate in reſpect of a good peece of fleſh indeed: learne of the wiſe and perpend: Ciuet is of a baſer birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inſtance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God helpe thee ſhallow man: God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happineſſe: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greateſt of my pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, & my Lambes ſucke.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-weather, and to betray a ſhee-Lambe of a twelue-month to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the diuell himſelfe will haue no ſhepherds, I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt ſcape.

Cor. Here comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Miſtriſſes Brother.

Enter Roſalind.

Roſ. From the eaſt to weſterne Inde,
no iewel is like Roſalinde,
Her worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Roſalinde.
All the pictures fairеſt Lin'de,
are but blacke to Roſalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Roſalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you ſo, eight yeares together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Roſ. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taſte.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him ſeeke out Roſalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
ſo be ſure will Roſalinde:
Winter garments muſt be lin'de,
ſo muſt ſlender Roſalinde:
They that reap muſt ſheafe and binde,
then to cart with Roſalinde.
Sweeteſt nut, hath ſowreſt rinde,
ſuch a nut is Roſalinde.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will finde,
muſt finde Loues pricke, & Roſalinde.

This is the verie falſe gallop of Verſes, why doe you infect your ſelfe with them?

Roſ. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruit.

Roſ. Ile graffe it with you, and then I ſhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue ſaid: but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. Why ſhould this Deſert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? No:
Tongues Ile hang on euerie tree,
that ſhall ciuill ſayings ſhoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan,
buckles in his ſumme of age
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend, and friend:
But vpon the fairеſt bowes,
or at euerie ſentence end;
Will I Roſalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quinteſſence of euerie ſprite,
heauen would in little ſhow.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide-enlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Maieſtie*;
Attalanta's *better part*,
ſad Lucrecia's *Modeſtie*.
Thus Roſalinde *of manie parts*,
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereſt priz'd.
Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,
and I to liue and die her ſlaue.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer ſo berim'd ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Roſ. Good my complection, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet & hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Anſwer me in one vvord.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to anſwer in a Catechiſme.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomies as to reſolue the propoſitions of a Louer: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſeruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Roſ. It may vvel be cal'd loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muſt ſpeake: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-ſongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verſes with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Roſalinde is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety anſwers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wiues, & cond the out of rings

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue ſtudied your queſtions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke twas made of *Atalanta's* heeles. Will you ſirte downe with me, and wee two, will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe

againſt

againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Iaq. The worſt fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beſt vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Iaq. There I ſhal ſee mine owne figure

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholly.

Roſ. I will ſpeake to him like a ſawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (reſter.

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clocke?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing euerie minute and groaning euerie houre would detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke

Orl. And why not the ſwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perſons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeemes the length of ſeuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one ſleepes eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other liues merrily becauſe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and waſteful Learning the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himſelfe too ſoone there.

Orl. Who ſtaies it ſtil withal?

Roſ. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they ſleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: here in the skirts of the Forreſt, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the Conie that you ſee dwell where ſhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, then you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling

Roſ. I haue bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vncle of mine taught me to ſpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fell in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors againſt it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault ſeeming monſtrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I wil not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſicke. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our yong plants with caruing *Roſalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) defying the name of *Roſalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him ſome good counſel, for he ſeemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Loue-ſhak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Roſ. There is none of my Vncles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and ſunken, which you haue not: an vnqueſtionable ſpirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hoſe ſhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your ſleeue vnbutton'd, your ſhoo vntide, and euerie thing about you, demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accouſtrements, as louing your ſelfe, then ſeeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue

Roſ. Me beleeue it? You may aſſoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do then to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtil giue the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in loue, as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Loue is meerely a madneſſe, and I tel you, deſerues as wel a darke houſe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is ſo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miſtris: and I ſet him euerie day to woe me At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, ful of teares, full of ſmiles; for euerie paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forſwear him: now weepe for him, then ſpit at him; that I driue my Suitor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madneſs: which was to forſweare the ful ſtream of the world, and to liue in a nooke merely Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to waſh your Liuer as cleane as a ſound ſheepes heart, that there ſhal not be one ſpot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me where in the Forest you liue: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey* : and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly: for the truest poetrie is the most fayning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou were hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; sluttishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the downe of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: godden you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantasticall knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of caſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtity is in them

Roſa. But why did hee ſweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Doe you thinke ſo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Roſ. You haue heard him ſweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of Louer is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the forreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verſes, ſpeakes braue words, ſweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puiſny Tilrer, y ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turph,
Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe
That was his Miſtreſſe.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Roſ. O come, let vs remoue,
The ſight of Louers feedeth thoſe in loue:
Bring vs to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile proue a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſſe; the common executioner
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellſt me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some ſcarre of it: Leane vpon a ruſh
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inuiſible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muſt you be therefore prowd and pittileſſe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures ſale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Miſtreſſe, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip:
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, faſting, for a good mans loue;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is moſt foule, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulneſſe, & ſhee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, ile ſauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Siſter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke. *Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius.*

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and lle employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that lle liue vpon. (while?

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redenesse in his lip
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere,
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet,
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marueil why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Siluius.* *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicke: nor the Ladies, which is nice, nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind.*

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Monsieur Traueller: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Country: be out of loue with your nativitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but lle warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind.*

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better iointure I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him

Orl. What's that:

Ros. Why hornes: w such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Roſalind* is vertuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo: but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leere then you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Roſalind*?

Orl. I would kiſſe before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeake firſt, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſſe: verie good Orators when they are out, they will ſpit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſſe.

Orl. How if the kiſſe be denide?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Miſtris?

Roſ. Marrie that ſhould you if I were your Miſtris, or I ſhould thinke my honeſtie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuite?

Roſ. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your ſuite:
Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orl. I take ſome ioy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perſon, I die.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almoſt ſix thouſand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perſon (*videlicet*) in a loue cauſe: *Troilus* had his braines daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midſomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the fooliſh Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Ceſtos. But theſe are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Roſalind* of this mind, for I proteſt her frowne might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more comming-on diſpoſition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I, fridaies and ſaterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Roſ. I, and twentie ſuch.

Orl. What ſaieſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo

Roſalind. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing: Come ſiſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you ſay ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: will you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Roſalind*:

Orl. I will.

Roſ. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marrie vs.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might aske you for your Commiſſion, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Prieſt, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue poſſeſt her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the ſky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat againſt raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my deſires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleepe.

Orl. But will my *Roſalind* doe ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the caſement: ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill flie with the ſmoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit whether wil't?

Roſ. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuſe that?

Roſa. Marry to ſay, ſhe came to ſeeke you there: you ſhall neuer take her without her anſwer, vnleſſe you take her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occaſion, let her neuer nurſe her childe her ſelfe, for ſhe will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For theſe two houres *Roſalinde*, I will leaue thee.

Roſ. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Roſ. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leſſe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promiſe, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moſt patheticall breake-promiſe, and the moſt hollow louer, and the moſt vnworthy of her you call *Roſalinde*, that may bee choſen out of the groſſe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl With no leſſe religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*: ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the olde Iuſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You haue ſimply miſus'd our ſexe in your loue-prate:

prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song

What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne.
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe* did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd
Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'st thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raise such loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him seale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my loue denie,
And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for heere comes more company. *Exit Sil.*

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of semall sauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke vvhat obiect did presente it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were mos'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neeke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This seene, *Orlando* did approech the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.
Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweeerly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There strip'd himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*
Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.
Oli. Looke, he recouers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.
Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.
Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:
Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.
Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right
Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.
Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.
Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Audrie

Clow. We shall finde a time *Audrie*, patience gentle *Audrie*.
Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.
Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Audrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Audrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.
Aud. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William.*

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir,

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will orerun thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God rest you merry sir. *Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Rosalinde.*

Ros. God saue you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cæsars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

to ſet her before your eyes to morrow humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian. Therefore put you in your beſt array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind* if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneſſe, To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I haue: it is my ſtudie To ſeeme deſpightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful ſhepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighes and teares, And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſeruice, And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie, All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes, All adoration, dutie, and obſeruance, All humbleneſſe, all patience, and impatience, All puritie, all triall, all obſeruance? And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And ſo am I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolues againſt the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will ſatisfie you, if euer I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhal be married to morrow: As you loue *Roſalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no women, Ile meet: ſo fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of y world? Heere come two of the baniſh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met. come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, ſit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y faith, and both in a tune like two gipſies on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty ring time.
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the ſpring,
And therefore take the preſent time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
Theſe prettie Country folkes would lie.
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditti, yet y note was very vntunable

1. *Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loſt to heare ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior. Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doſt thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orl. I ſometimes do beleeue, and ſomtimes do not, As thoſe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Roſalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our cõpact is vrg'd: You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*, You wil beſtow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Roſ. And you ſay you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the houre after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marrie me, You'l giue your ſelfe to this moſt faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Roſ. You ſay that you'l haue *Phebe* if ſhe will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You your *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seauenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Musicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to foule Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning.
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.*Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest.
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere were well begun, and well begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.*Bro.* He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du.Se. Stay, *Iaques*, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du.Se. Proceed, proceed: we'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Beggar.

PLe pheeze you in faith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles asleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poore Curre is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the merest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

2. *H.* It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. *Hunts.* My Lord I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sound.
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. *Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

Was

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our ſelues,
Were he the veriеſt antickе in the world.

Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one.
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himſelfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerу'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kiſſes.
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a watерie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will well vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendents, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale

1. *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lord drink a cup of ſacke?

2 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Conſerues?

3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conſerues, giue me conſerues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more ſtockings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſometime more feete then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes look through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Sly*, old Sies ſonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii.d. on the ſcore for ſheere Ale, ſcore me vp for the lyingeſt knaue in Chriſten dome. What I am not beſtraught: here's——

3. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your Ladie mourne.

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your houſe
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Muſicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Muſick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horſes ſhal be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Peazle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhal ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And till the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauours, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Sly.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time
1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket
Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.
3 *man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.
Lady I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two.
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady.
That I should yet absent me from your bed
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
will therefore tarrie in despight of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment.
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
Beg. What, houshold stuffe.
Lady It is a a kinde of history.
Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall neere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuoly*,
Vincentio's sonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with satietie seekes to quench his thirst.
Tra *Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke Logicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure ta'ne.
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio suiter to Bianca. Lucen Tranio, stand by

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Because

Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you haue to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee.
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith ſir, you ſhall neuer neede to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad, or wonderfull froward
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good
What I haue ſaid, *Bianca* get you in.
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peare, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greeſe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſould:
Go in *Bianca.*
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſicke, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca.* *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are ſo good here's none will holde you: Their loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.
Hor. So will I ſignior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceſſe to our faire Miſtris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.
Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrie ſir to get a husband for her Siſter.
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Hor. I ſay a husband.
Gre. I ſay, a diuell: Think'ſt thou *Hortenſio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is ſo verie a foole to be married to hell?
Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*: though it paſſe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croſſe euerie morning
Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choiſe in rotten apples: but come, ſince this bar in law makes vs friends, it ſhall be ſo farre forth friendly maintain'd till by helping *Baptiſtas* eldeſt daughter to a husband, wee ſet his yongeſt free for a husband, and then haue to t'afteſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes faſteſt, gets the Ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio*?
Grem I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houſe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray ſir tel me, is it poſſible
That loue ſhould of a ſodaine take ſuch hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneſſe,
And now in plainneſſe do confeſſe to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was
Tranio I burne, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modeſt gyrle:
Counſaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but ſo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reſt wil comfort, for thy counſels ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maide.
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I ſaw ſweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the Cretan ſtrond.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe vp ſuch a ſtorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then tis time to ſtirre him from his trance:
I pray awake ſir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your Loue muſt liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her vp,

Becauſe

Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuters.
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.
Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.
Tra Maſter, for my hand
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt
Tra. You will be ſchoole-maſter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* ſonne,
Keepe houſe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Viſit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin ſeene in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it followes thus;
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keepe houſe, and port, and ſeruants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Vncaſe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firſt to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you needs:
In breefe Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſeruiceable to my ſonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I loue *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loues.
And let me be a ſlaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whoſe ſodaine ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtolne your cloathes, or you ſtolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to ſaue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my countinance on,
And I for my eſcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came a ſhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deſcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſaue my life:
You vnderſtand me?
Bion. I ſir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiſtas* yongeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maiſters, I aduiſe you vſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, you maſter *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelfe execute,
To make one among theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and waighty.
Exeunt. The Preſenters above ſpeakes.
1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely;
Comes there any more of it?
Lady My Lord, 'tis but begun
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloued and approued friend
Hortenſio: & I trow this is his houſe:
Heere ſirra *Grumio*, knocke I ſay.
Gru. Knocke ſir? whom ſhould I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worſhip?
Petr. Villaine I ſay knocke me heere ſoundly.
Gru. Knocke you heere ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knocke you heere ſir
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knorke your knaues pate
Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith ſirrah, and you! not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fe*, and ſing it.
He rings him by the ears.
Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: ſirrah villaine.

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Contutti le core bene trobatto*, may I ſay.
Hor. Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto multo honorata ſignior mio Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell
Gru Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir. He bid me knocke him, & rap him ſoundly ſir Well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt
Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduiſe you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio*.
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such wind as ſcatters yongmen through y world.

To

To ſeeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I haue thruſt my ſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I haue, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor *Petruchio*, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.

Petr Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worſe:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leaſt
Affections edge in me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you ſir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though ſhe haue as manie diſeaſes as two and fiftie horſes. Why nothing comes amiſſe, ſo monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, ſince we are ſtept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in ieſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrow'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke

Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as wel as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope trickes Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhee ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.

Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suiters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhal haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter
Well ſeene in Muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguiſed.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue. *Petruchio* ſtand by a while.

Grumio. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them very fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.

Petru. Peace ſirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*,
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our Miſtris,
So ſhal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhal proue,

Gru. And that his bags ſhal proue.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking.
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, to't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Gremio. *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we wil, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ift he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt s for me, let her go by
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Wil not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhal be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt: Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*
Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ner wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man. Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God saue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are marueylous forward

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thankes signior *Gremio:*
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a suter to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest,
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left sole heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she surulue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not breake her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient diuelliſh spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile sume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler;
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes;
As had she studied to misvse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility.
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioyn'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beste, and so are you.

Kate. No such Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Should be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *She strikes him*

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes.
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so sowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not sowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh slanderous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian* ſportfull.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſſe elſe her ſonne.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry ſo I meane ſweet *Katherine* in my bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make denniall,
I muſt, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my
Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You haue ſhewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiſſe of her:
If ſhe be curſt, it is for pollicie,
For ſhee's not froward, but modeſt as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience ſhee will proue a ſecond *Griſſell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chaſtitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed ſo well together,
That vpon ſonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile ſee thee hang'd on ſonday firſt. (firſt.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, ſhe ſaies ſhee'll ſee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelfe,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much ſhe loues me: oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiſſe on kiſſe
Shee vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twinke ſhe won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day:
Prouide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but giue me your hads,
God ſend you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, ſonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a ſonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gre. Was euer match clapt vp ſo ſodainly?
Bap: Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſuter firſt.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe.
Gre. Yongling thou canſt not loue ſo deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that floriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will cõpound this ſtrife
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tyrian* tapeſtry:
In iuory coffers I haue ſtuft my crownes:
In Cypres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Valleus of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to thus portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides, two thouſand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argoſie?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelue tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And ſhe can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,

Shee is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherina* welcom'd you withall.
Hort But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Muſicke we haue ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the minde of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife: heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeria tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto Vincentio of Piſa, *Sigeria tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtaterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Lucio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
Cfaut, that loues with all affection:
Dſolre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Elami, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay
Hor But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

No

Kate. No ſhame but mine, I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte and meanes to wed at leyſure:
I told you I, he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make feaſts, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer ſeen him though.
Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe a very ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes as you neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, Is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* (comming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde ruſty ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an olde mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls, ſped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, paſt cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrain'd to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, & not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. Tis ſome od humor pricks him to this faſhion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come howſoeere he comes.

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.

Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who's at home

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd as I wiſh you were.

Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnuſuall prodigie?

Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike your ſelfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leyſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in theſe vnreuerent tobes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile viſit her.

Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her. (words,

Pet. Good ſooth euen thus: therefore ha done with
To me ſhe's matried, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poore accoutrements,
Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Bride?
And ſeale the title with a louely kiſſe. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But ſir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It ſkills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolemaſter
Doth watch *Bianca's* ſteps ſo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to ſteale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
Ile keepe mine owne deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this buſineſſe,
Wee'll outer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle ſhall finde.

Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why ſhe's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the booke,
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieſt and booke, and booke and Prieſt,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe againe?

Gre. Trembled and ſhooke: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowſing to his Mates after a ſtorme, quaft off the Muſcadell, and threw the ſops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reaſon, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske him ſops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kiſt her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, ſuch a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minſtrels play. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?

Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my ſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you ſtay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gra. Let me intreat you,

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me ſtay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.

Gru. I ſir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horſes.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, not to morrow, not till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lies your
You may be iogging whiles your boots are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be made a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall goe forward *Kate* at thy command
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field, my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhe ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio *Exeunt.*

Gru: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, & all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raide? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch fooſe, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foo and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfott, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and at much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter & miſtris ſalne out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fel, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my maſter

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip*.

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logget-headed and vnpoliſht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwain, you horſon malt-horſe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Raſe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you

Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. Ser*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, & welcome heartily:
you horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you haue a ſtomacke,
Will you giue thankes, ſweete *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meate:
What dogges are theſe? Where is the raſcall Cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd ſlaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight
Kate. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meate was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faſt
Since of our ſelues our ſelues are chollericke.
Then feede it with ſuch ouer-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhalbe mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants ſeuerally.

Nath. Peter didſt euer ſee the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continencie to her, and raiſes, and ſweares, and rates, that ſhee (poore ſoule) knowes not which way to ſtand, to looke, to ſpeake, and ſits as one new-riſen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſſefully:
My Faulcon now is ſharpe, and paſſing emptie,
And til ſhe ſtoope, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient
She eate no meate to day, nor none ſhall eate.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meate, ſome vndeſerued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And here Ile fling the pillow, there the bouſter
This way the Couerlet, another way the ſheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhal watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her ſtil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charity to ſhew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſsible friend *Liſio*, that miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I profeſſe the Art to loue.
Bian And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.
Luc. While you ſweet deere prooue Miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World ſo wel as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightful Loue, vnconſtant womankind,
I tel thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am cal'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I wil with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior *Lucentio*
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworn
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainful Haggard,
And ſo farewel ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. *Tranio* you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne mee?
Tra. Miſtris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie Widdow now,
That ſhalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming ſchoole.
Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?
Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laſt I eſpied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil ſerue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bio. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careleſſe of your life.
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.
Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His neme and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sickneſſe, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindneſſe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loueſt mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance.
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men; braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lies't.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beare me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunke sleeue.

Gru. I confesse two sleeues.

Tai. The sleeues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy masters vse.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for. Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to do,

You

You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let's alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo this gallant will command the ſonne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduiſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*?
Bion I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke.
Here comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe like
No worſe then I, vpon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well.
Right true it is your ſonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him,
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scriuener preſentlie,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods ſhe may withall my heart. *Exit*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moraliſe them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull ſonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *Cum priuilegio ad Impremendum ſolem*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as ſhee went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be readie to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It ſhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelfe,

It

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe.
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.
Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.
Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.
Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias.
But soft, Company is comming here

Enter Vincentio

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away?
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.
Hort. A will make the men mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe,
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow
Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I percejue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.
Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle sir
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth,
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure.
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is
Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*
Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir
Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward *Knock.*
Grum. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looket out of the window.

Ped What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?
Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.
Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.
Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I liue.
Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him
Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeue her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.
Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to nothing.
Vin. Come hither crackhempe
Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?
Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.
Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe,helpe, helpe,here's a mad man will murder me.

Ped. Helpe,ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vin. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir,what cernes it you,if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Awaie,awaie mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio,* and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Maſter; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne,my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta,* I charge you ſee that hee be forth comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer,he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſaie he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſaie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd,and yonder he is,denie him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweete father *Kneele.*

Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?

Bion. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio,* right ſonne to the right *Vincentio,*
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why,tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca's* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did,my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*,we will content you,goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*,thy father will not frowne. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is doug,hbut Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kate. Husband let's follow,to ſee the end of this adoe.

Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*,and we will.

Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kate. No ſir,God forbid,but aſham'd to kiſſe

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now praie thee Loue ſtaie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfeſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*,ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt,and welcome to my houſe,
My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit,and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard

Petr. You are verie ſencible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well-mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you
Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate*
Hor. To her *Widdow*.
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Grey-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me.
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too our right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
Bio. Igoe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith *Exit. Bion.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.
Hor. I am afraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-strong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.

Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe.
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubiect owes the Prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſſe mee *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good nighr.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy waies, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, ſhe wil be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter yong Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Laſew, all in blacke.

Mother

LEN deliuering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I muſt attend his maieſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in ſubiection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maieſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, vnder whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe, but onely the looſing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how ſad a paſſage tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made nature immortall, and death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo. *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet vp againſt mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord

Ros I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe deriues her honeſtie, and atcheeues her goodneſſe.

Laſew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirrany of her ſorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to haue.

Hell. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſiue greeſe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greeſe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall

Ros. Maddam I deſire your holie wiſhes

Laf. How vnderſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertrame*, and ſucceed thy father in manners as in ſhape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truſt a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vſe: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne liues key. Be checkt for ſilence, But neuer tax'd for ſpeech. What heauen more will, That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an vnſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt That ſhall attend his loue

Mo. Heauen bleſſe him: Farwell *Bertram*

Ro. The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoghts be ſeruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like? I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*. I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I ſhould loue a bright particuler ſtarre, And think to wed it, he is ſo aboue me In his bright radience and collateral light.

Muſt

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it ſelfe.
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for loue 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To ſee him euerie houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his ſweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolie a coward,
Yet theſe fixt euils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall full oft we ſee
Cold wiſedome waighting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let mee aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none Man ſetting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quickliet be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelues made, you loſe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preſerue virginity. Loſſe of Virginitie, is rationall encreaſe, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loſt, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee ſaide in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very payring, and ſo dies with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, idle, made of ſelfe-loue, which is the moſt inhibited ſinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to looſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but vnſuteable, iuſt like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor a Traitoreſſe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well. 'tis pitty,

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut vs vp in wiſhes,
Might vvith effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what vve alone muſt thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court

Hel. Monſieur *Parrolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you vnder, that you muſt needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proposes the ſafetie:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parol. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerue to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderſtand what aduice ſhall thruſt vppon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy praiers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vſe him as he vſes thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelues do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free ſcope, onely doth backward poll
Our ſlow deſignes, when we our ſelues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue ſo hye,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kiſſe like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their paines in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer ſtroue
To ſhew her merit, that did miſſe her loue?
(The Kings diſeaſe) my project may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flouriſh Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1 Lo G. So tis reported ſir.

King. Nay tis moſt credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Coſin *Auſtria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For ſpeedie ayde: wherein our deereſt friend
Preiudicates the buſineſſe, and would ſeeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wiſedome
Approu'd ſo to your Maieſty, may pleade
For amplеſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſeruice, freely haue they leaue
To ſtand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may ſerue
A nurſſerie to our Gentrie, who are ſicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1 Lor. G. It is the Count *Roſignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious than in haſt
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts
Maiſt thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maieſties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall ſoundneſſe now,
As when thy father, and my ſelfe, in friendſhip
Firſt tride our ſouldierſhip. he did looke farre
Into the ſeruice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braueſt. He laſted long,
But on vs both did haggiſh Age ſteale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me,
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerue
To day in our yong Lords. but they may ieſt
Till their owne ſcorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneſſe
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſſe; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it ſelfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to theſe yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance ſir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approoſe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies ſay,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauſiue words
He ſcatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and heele of paſtime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the ſnuffe
Of yonger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſiue ſenſes
All but new things diſdaine; whoſe iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions. this he wiſh'd
I after him, do after him wiſh too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolued from my hiue
To giue ſome Labourers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r loued Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lacke you firſt.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long is Count
Since the Phyſitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix moneths ſince my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the reſt haue worne me out
With ſeuerall applications: Nature and ſickneſſe
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome Count,
My ſonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maieſty. *Exit*

Flouriſh

Enter Countеſſe, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what ſay you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wiſh might be found in the Kalender of my paſt endeuours, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make ſoule the clearneſſe of our deſeruings, whenof our ſelues we publiſh them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone ſirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my ſlowneſſe that I doe not. For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make ſuch knaueries yours.

Clo. Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well ſir.

Clo. No maddam,
Tis not ſo well that I am poore, though manie

of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Iſbell* the woman and w will doe as we may.

Cown. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Iſbels* caſe and mine owne: ſeruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen onby the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, ſpares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop. if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loue my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, howſomere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou cuet be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, we'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and we might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht mee, alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vowe for her, they touche not anie ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: I oue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I beld my durie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt; praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen ſo it vvas vvith me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth righlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our bloud is borne,
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loues ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

Hell. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Miſtris

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues vvith nature, and choiſe breede
A natiue ſlip to vs from foraine ſeedes:
You nere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

ne manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——— Why, that you are my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hell Pardon Madam.
The Count *Roſſillon* cannot be my brother
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is and I
His ſeruant liue, and will his vaſſall die:
He muſt not be my brother
Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your ſonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his ſiſter, caret no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.
Old.Cou Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God ſhield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So ſtriue vpon your pulſe; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondneſſe! now I ſee
The miſtrie of your louelineſſe, and finde
Your ſalt teares head, now to all ſence 'tis groſſe
You loue my ſonne, inuention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou dooſt not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo, for looke, thy cheekes
Confeſſe it 'tone tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it ſo groſely ſhowne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they ſpeake it, onely ſinne
And hellish obſtinacie tye thy tongue
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected, ſpeake, iſt ſo?
If it be ſo, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forſweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen ſhall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou Do you loue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Miſtris
Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Con. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe.
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Haue to the full appeach'd.
Hell Then I confeſſe
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honeſt, ſo's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deſerue him,
Yet neuer know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I loue in vaine, ſtriue againſt hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I ſtill poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to looſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worthipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your ſelfe,
Whoſe aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and loue deerely, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and giue where ſhe is ſure to looſe;
That ſeekes not to finde that, her ſearch implies,
But riddle like, liues ſweetely where ſhe dies.
Con Had you not lately an intent, ſpeake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hell Madam I had.
Con Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth by grace it ſelfe I ſweare
You know my Father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For generall ſouereignetie: and that he will'd me
In heedefull'ſt reſeruation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedie, approu'd, ſet downe,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.
Con This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, ſpeake?
Hell My Lord, your ſonne, made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Happily beene abſent then.
Con But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phiſitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how ſhall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it ſelfe.
Hell. There's ſomething in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be ſanctified
Byth luckieſt ſtars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie ſucceſſe, I'de venture
The well loſt life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By ſuch a day, an houre.
Con. Doo'ſt thou beleeue't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Con Why *Hellen* thou ſhalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court, Ile ſtaie at home
And praie Gods bleſſing into thy attempt
Begon to morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou ſhalt not miſſe *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Roſſe, and Parrolles. Flouriſh Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, theſe warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell.
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guiſt doth ſtretch it ſelfe as tis receiu'd,
And is enoughfor both
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope ſir,

After

Aſter well entred ſouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No,no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſſe he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the ſonnes.
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braueſt queſtant ſhrinkes: finde what you ſeeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerue your Maieſty.
King. Thoſe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They ſay our French lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you ſerue.
Both. Our hearts receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my ſweet Lord, y you wil ſtay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the ſpark
2.*Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moſt admirable, I haue ſeene thoſe warres.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.
Roſſill. I ſhal ſtay here the for-horſe to a ſmocke,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plaine Maſonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ſteale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.
Roſ. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farewll Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Mounſier *Parolles.*
Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne, good ſparkes and luſtrous, a word good metals. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine *Spurio* his ſiearice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his ſiniſter cheeke; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I liue, and obſerue his reports for me.
Lo.G. We ſhall noble Captaine.
Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will ye doe?
Roſſ. Stay the King.
Parr. Vſe a more ſpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſiue to them; for they weare themſelues in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moſt receiu'd ſtarre, and though the deuill leade the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Roſſ. And I will doe ſo.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moſt ſinewie ſword-man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile ſee thee to ſtand vp. (pardon,
L.Laf. Then heres a man ſtands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord ro aske me mercy.
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand vp.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croſſe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue ſeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to arayſe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue ſpoke
With one, that in her ſexe, her yeeres, profeſſion,
Wiſedome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneſſe: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſſe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maieſtie, ſay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Maieſty ſeldome feares, I am *Creſſeds* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your buſines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſſe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chiefliſt one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me ſtore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue ſo,
And hearing your high Maieſtie is roucht
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ſtands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſſe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranſome nature
From her inaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diſſeuer ſo
Our great ſelfe and our credit, to eſteeme
A ſenceleſſe helpe, when helpe paſt ſence we deeme.
Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then ſhall pay me ſot my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſeeve your teſt gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.

King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide
Thy paines not vs'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauors giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtrue, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeuiſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickeneſſe freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſpetate,
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or ſlinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd. not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I by my Sceptet, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagare
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, hee to beſtow.

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

Floriſh. *Exit.*

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* forefinger, as a pancake for Shrouetueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queſtion, hoping to bee the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very equent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I neere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Helen* this,
And vrge her to a present answer backe,
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployement for you, you vnderstand me.

Clo Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legegs.

La. Haste you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parollet.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis.

Ol Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a——

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor

Par. That's sir, I would haue said, the verie same

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier fore mee I speake in respect——

Par Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol Laf. In a most weake——

Par. And debile minister great power, great trancendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants

Par I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vse; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father
She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd the king to health.

All We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for euer.
We'l neere come there againe.

King Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1.*Lo* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.

2.*Lo.* No better if you please

Hel. My wish receiue,
Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol.Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old.Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue

haue heere: ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French nere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your ſelfe a ſonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not ſo.

Ol. Lord There's one grape yet, I am ſure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſſe, I am a youth of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I giue Me and my ſeruice, ever whilſt I liue Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her ſhee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I ſhal beſeech your highnes In ſuch a buſines, giue me leaue to vſe The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ſt thou not *Bertram* what ſhes ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marrie her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhee ha's rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Phyſitians daughter my wife? Diſdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely title thou diſdainſt in her, the which I can build vp: ſtrange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off In differences ſo mightie. If ſhe bee All that is vertuous (ſaue what thou diſlik'ſt) A poore Phiſitians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt Of vertue for the name: but doe not ſo: From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions ſwell's, and vertue none, It is a dropſied honour. Good alone, Is good without a name? Vileneſſe is ſo: The propertie by what is is, ſhould go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wiſe, faire, In theſe, to Nature ſhee's immediate heire: And theſe breed honour: that is honours ſcorne, Which challenges it ſelfe as honours borne, And is not like the ſire: Honours thriue, When rather from our acts we them deriue Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a ſlaue Deboſh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue: A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaide? If thou canſt like this creature, as a maide, I can create the reſt: Vertue, and ſhee Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will ſtriue to doo't.

King Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtriue to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad: Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeate I muſt produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud ſcornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle vp My loue, and her deſert: that canſt not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue ſcale, Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We pleaſe to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt: Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good: Beleeue not thy diſdaine, but preſentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſſe lapſe Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate Looſing vpon thee, in the name of iuſtice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I ſubmit My fancie to your eies, when I conſider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it: I finde that ſhe which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, moſt baſe: is now The praiſed of the King, who ſo ennobled, Is as 'twere borne ſo.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe A counterpoize: If not to thy eſtate, A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract: whoſe Ceremonie Shall ſeeme expedient on the now borne briefe, And be perform'd to night: the ſolemne Feaſt Shall more attend vpon the coming ſpace, Expecting abſent friends. As thou lou'ſt her, Thy loue's to me Religious: elſe, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monſieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ha? Is it not a Language I ſpeake?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to bee vnderſtoode without bloudie ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Roſſillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maiſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir: Let it ſatiſfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wiſe fellow, thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might paſſe: yet the ſcarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie diſſwade me from beleeuing thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I looſe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy ſelfe too farre in anger, leaſt thou haſten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, ſo my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy caſement I needs not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deſeru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, euery dramme of it, and I will not bore thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Eu'n as ſoone as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'ſt bound in thy ſkarfe and beaten, thou ſhalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a deſire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy ſake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſonne ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcuruy, old, filthy, ſcuruy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and maſters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt vnfainedly beſeech your Lordſhippe to make ſome reſeruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord. whom I ſerue aboue is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy maſter. Why dooeſt thou garter vp thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeues? Do other ſeruants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: methinke'ſt thou art a generall offence, and euery man ſhold beate thee: I thinke thou waſt created for men to breath themſelues vpon thee.

Par This is hard and vndeſerued meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go too ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more ſawcie with Lordes and honourable perſonages, then the Commiſsion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

Exit

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Roſ. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſſill. Although before the ſolemne Prieſt I haue ſworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me:
Ile to the *Tuſcan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother; What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres:
He weares his honor in a boxe vnſeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marſes* fierie ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, Ile ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeake. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ſtrike: Warres is no ſtrife
To the darke houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and aduiſe me.
Ile ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe balls bound, ther's noiſe in it. Tis hard
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King has done you wrong: but huſh 'tis ſo. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health, ſhe's very merrie, but yet ſhe is not well: but thankes be giuen ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be verie wel, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not verie well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heauen, whether God ſend her quickly: the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly

Enter Parolles.

Par Bleſſe you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope ſir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them ſtill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters vndoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a veric little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You ſhould haue ſaid ſir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th art a knaue: this had beene truth ſir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelfe ſir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knaue i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie ſerrious buſineſſe call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleaſure drowne the brim.

Fol. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leaue a'th king,
And make this haſt as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you preſentlie
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come ſirrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhippe thinkes not him a ſouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoſe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Lake for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you my Lord he is very greet in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then ſinn'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will purſue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done ſir.

Laf. Pray you ſir whoſe his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, hee ſirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is ſhee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will ſhee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treaſure,
Giuen order for our horſes, and to night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and vſes a known truth to paſſe a thouſand nothings with, ſhould bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God ſaue you Captaine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deſerued to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.

Laf. You haue made ſhift to run into't, bootes and ſpurres and all: like him that leapt into the Cuſtard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may bee you haue miſtaken him my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall doe ſo euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the ſoule of this man is his cloathes: Truſt him not in matter of heauie conſequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monſieur, I haue ſpoken better of you, then you haue or will to deſerue at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I ſweare.

Ber. I thinke ſo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech
Giues him a worthy paſſe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue ſir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For preſent parting, onely he deſires
Some priuate ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not meruaile *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſſe, therefore am I found
So much vnſetled: This driues me to intreate you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe then aske why I intreate you,
For my reſpects are better then they ſeeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then ſhewes it ſelfe at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leaue you to your wiſedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſeruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer ſhall
With true obſeruance ſeeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtarres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haſt is verie great. Farwell: Hie home.

Hel. Pray ſir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moſt faine would ſteale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and ſcarſe ſo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſſe.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſt to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Whete are my other men? Monſieur, farwell. *Exit*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and ſo our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cosin France
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueast.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they fell,
To morrow to'th field. *Flourish.*

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clo Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the braines of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. *Your vnfortunate sonne,*
Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kil'd?

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I only heare your sonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vnto't. Where is my sonne I pray you

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport

When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer shall come off, and shew me a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write a Neuer.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. *G.* I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,*
Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E. Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which is heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Mistris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I haue sometime knowne.

La. *Parolles* was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate

you

you written to bearealong.

Fren.G. We ſerue you Madam in that and all your worthieſt affaires.

La. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies, Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt haue none *Roſſillion*, none in France,
Then haſt thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrie, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-ſparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the ſportiue Court, where thou
Was't ſhot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of ſmoakie Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride vpon the violent ſpeede of fire.
Fly with falſe ayme, moue the ſtill-peering aire
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breſt
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharpe conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a ſcarre.
As oft it looſes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile ſteale away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion, drum and trumpets, ſoldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt loue and credence
Vpon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heauy for my ſtrength, but yet
We'l ſtriue to beare it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy proſperous helme
As thy auſpicious miſtris

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Counteſſe & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With ſainted vow my faults to haue amended.
Write, write, that from the bloodie courſe of warre
My deereſt Maſter your deare ſonne, may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greateſt greefe,
Though little he do feele it, ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no skill in ſence
To make diſtinction. prouide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty.
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.

Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſeruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother: we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrarie wayeharke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelues with the report of it
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſtie.

Widdow I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Mar

Mariana. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is
He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,
Reports but coursely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleeue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing
Is a reserued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, where soere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in such a suite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knaue
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me. and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap. E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an hourely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie. worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently vndertake to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly surprize

prize him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Is't but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice is seldome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet*.

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. *Exit*

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriously he dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboss't him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

From ſonne to ſonne, ſome foure or fiue diſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I haue yeelded.
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſeuer,
That time and place with this deceite ſo lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Muſickes of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her vnworthineſſe: It nothing ſteeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne, and yet a ſinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or ſixe other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſallie vpon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderſtand it not your ſelues, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to vnderſtand him, vnleſſe ſome one among vs, whom wee muſt produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No ſir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linſie wolſy haſt thou to ſpeake to vs againe.

1. *Sol.* E n ſuch as you ſpeake to me.

Lo. E. He muſt thinke vs ſome band of ſtrangers, i'th aduerſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeeme to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpretet, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par Ten a clocke: Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I haue done? It muſt bee a very plauſiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell ſhould moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt giue my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carrie it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perilles.

Lo. E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what hee is, and be that he is

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ſerue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you ſo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lo. E. Hardly ſerue.

Par Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeued.

Par I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would ſweare I recouer'd it.

Lo. E. You ſhall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo E. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par I know you are the *Muſkos* Regiment,
And I ſhall looſe my life for want of language.
If there be heere Germain or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcouer that, which ſhal vndo the Florentine.

Int *Boskos vauvado*, I vnderſtand thee, & can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeuenteene ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray.
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo. E. *Oſcorbidulchos volitorco.*

Int. The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayſt informe
Something to ſaue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the ſecrets of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou are granted ſpace. *Exit*

A ſhort Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my brother, We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him Till we do heare from them. (muſled

Sol. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our ſelues, Informe on that.

Sol. So I will ſir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and ſafely lockt. *Exit*

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddeſſe,
And worth it with addition: but faire ſoule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now: for you are cold and ſterne,
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelfe was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt,

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not ſtriue againſt my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne ſweet conſtraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of ſeruice.

Dia. I ſo you ſerue vs
Till we ſerue you: But when you haue our Roſes,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our ſelues,
And mocke vs with our barenesſe.

Ber. How haue I ſworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth
But the plaine ſingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we ſweare not by,
But take the high'ſt to witneſſe: then pray you tell me.
If I ſhould ſweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This has no holding
To ſweare by him whom I proteſt to loue
That I will worke againſt him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnſeal'd
At leſt in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the craſts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy ſelfe vnto my ſicke deſires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, ſhall ſo perſeuer.

Dia. I ſee that men make ropes in ſuch a ſcarre,
That wee'l forſake our ſelues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from manie Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In me to looſe.

Dian. Mine Honors ſuch a Ring,
My chaſtities the Iewell of our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In mee to looſe. Thus your owne proper wiſedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Againſt your vaine aſſault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My houſe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother ſhall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor ſpeake to mee:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When backe againe this Ring ſhall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me iuſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart. She ſayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had ſworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſinne,
To coſen him that would vniuſtly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and ſome two or three Souldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliu'red it an houre ſince, there is ſom thing in't that ſtings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Eſpecially, hee hath incurred the euerlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had euen run'd his bounty to ſing happineſſe to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue ſpoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown, & this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himſelfe made in the vnchaſte compoſition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our ſelues, what things are we.

Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reueale themſelues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: ſo he that in this action contriues againſt his owne Nobility in his proper ſtreame, ore-flowes himſelfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We ſhall not then haue his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a meaſure of his owne iudgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap.C. In the meane time, what heare you of theſe Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his counſell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid ſir, ſo ſhould I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap G. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fledde from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimonie ſhe accompliſht: and there reſiding, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laſt breath, & now ſhe ſings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iuſtified?

Cap G. The ſtronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her ſtorie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death it ſelfe, which could not be her office to ſay, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap.E. I am heartily ſorrie that bee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap.G. How mightily ſometimes, we make vs comforts of our loſſes.

Cap.E. And how mightily ſome other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would diſpaire if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet ſir, of whom hee hath taken a ſolemne leaue: his Lordſhippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They ſhall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Ber. They cannot be too ſweete for the Kings tarteneſſe, heere's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord, i'ſt not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night diſpatch'd ſixteene buſineſſes, a moneths length a peece, by an abſtract of ſucceſſe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene theſe maine parcels of diſpatch, affected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the buſineſſe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I meane the buſineſſe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but ſhall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's ſate i'th ſtockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deſeru'd it, in vſurping his ſpurres ſo long. How does he carry himſelfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordſhip alreadie: The ſtockes carrie him. But to anſwer you as you would be vnderſtood, hee weepes like a wench that had ſhed her milke, he hath confeſt himſelfe to *Morgan*, whom hee ſuppoſes to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th ſtockes: and what thinke you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall bee read to his face, if your Lordſhippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you muſt haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me: huſh, huſh.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you ſay without em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without conſtraint, If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

Cap. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciſull Generall: Our Generall bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong What ſay you to that?

Par Fiue or ſixe thouſand, but very weake and vnſeruiceable: the troopes are all ſcattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I ſet downe your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaying ſlaue is this?

Cap.G Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounſieur *Parrolles* the gallant militariſt, that was his owne phraſe that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his ſcarfe, and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer truſt a man againe, for keeping his ſword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. Fiue or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet downe, for Ile ſpeake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marualious poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par By my troth ſir, if I were to liue this preſent houre, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassocks, least they shake themselues to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

Cap.G. Nothing, but ler him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cap.G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you. sir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made: match and well make it,
He ne're payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap.E. This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I need not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumaine*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee outruns any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the suppo-

sition

ſition of that laſciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy ſir, but you muſt dye: the Generall ſayes, you that haue ſo traitorouſly diſcouerd the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerue the world for no honeſt vſe: therefore you muſt dye. Come headeſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord ſir let me liue, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:
So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine

Lo.E. God bleſſe you Captaine *Parolles.*

Cap.G. God ſaue you noble Captaine.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France.*

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I de compell it of you, but far you well *Exeunt.*

Int You are vndone Captaine all but your ſcarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well ſir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeake of you there. *Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this: Captaine I'le be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and ſleepe as ſoft
As Captaine ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himſelfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to paſſe,
That euery braggart ſhall be found an Aſſe.
Ruſt ſword, coole bluſhes, and *Parrolles* liue
Safeſt in ſhame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
I'le after them *Exit.*

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſuretie: for whoſe throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Deere almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars boſome would peepe forth,
And anſwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcelle*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a ſeruant to whoſe truſt
Your buſines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miſtris
Euer a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet vſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcie truſting of the coſin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honeſtie
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as ſweet as ſharpe: we muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, ſtill the fines the Crowne;
What ere the courſe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſonne was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron would haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this houre, and your ſonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I ſpeak of

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moſt vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praiſe for creating. If ſhe had partaken of my fleſh and coſt mee the deereſt groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may pieke a thouſand ſallets ere wee light on ſuch another herbe.

Clo. Indeed ſir ſhe was the ſweete Margerom of the ſallet, or rather the herbe of grace.

Laf. They are not herbes you knaue, they are noſe-herbes.

Clowne I am no great *Nabuchadnezar* ſir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeſt thou profeſſe thy ſelfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole ſir at a womans ſeruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your diſtinction.

Clo. I would couſen the man of his wife, and do his ſeruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his ſeruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble ſir to doe her ſeruice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your ſeruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why ſir, if I cannot ſerue you, I can ſerue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whoſe that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith ſir a has an Engliſh maine, but his fiſnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince ſir, alias the prince of darkeneſſe, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purſe, I giue thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt off, ſerue him ſtill.

Clow

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patent for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu d by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

Lad. You needs but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face

Laf. Let vs go see
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it
But since you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you haue
To come into his presence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt
what e're falles more We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher clothes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you needs not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further. *Par.*

Par. Pray you ſir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee ſtand away: a paper from fortunes cloſe-ſtoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himſelfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes ſir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muſcat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and as he ſayes is muddied withall. Pray you ſir, vſe the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knaue. I doe pittie his diſtreſſe in my ſmiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iuſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſſe.

Par. I beſeech your honour to heare mee one ſingle word.

Laf. you begge a ſingle peny more: Come you ſhall ha't, ſaue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paſſion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found mee.

Laf. Was I in ſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in ſome grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doeſt thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you laſt night, though you are a fooke and a knaue, you ſhall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you.

Flouriſh. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We loſt a Iewell of her, and our eſteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſence to know
Her eſtimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paſt my Liege,
And I beſeech your Maieſtie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too ſtrong for reaſons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoote.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maieſty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelfe,
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eies: whoſe words all eares tooke captiue,
Whoſe deere perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerue,
Humbly call'd Miſtris.

Kin. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
Th'incenſing reliques of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall my Liege.

Kin. What ſayes he to your daughter,
Haue you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then ſhall we haue a match. I haue letters ſent me, that ſets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't

Kin. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a ſun-ſhine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beames
Diſtracted clouds giue way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiſeleſſe foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firſt
I ſtucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornfull Perſpectiue did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreſt it ſtolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelfe,
Since I haue loſt, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt loue her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorſefull pardon ſlowly carried
To the great ſender, turnes a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh faults,
Make triuiall price of ſerious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelues vniuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weepe their duſt:
Our owne loue waking, cries to ſee what's don,e
While ſhamefull hate ſleepes out the afternoone.
Be this ſweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine conſents are had, and heere wee'l ſtay
To ſee our widdowers ſecond marriage day:
Which better then the firſt. O deere heauen bleſſe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceſſe.

Laf. Come on my ſonne, in whom my houſes name
Muſt be digeſted: giue a fauour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,

That

That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I ſaw vpon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer ſtoode
Neceſſitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was neuer hers.
Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue ſeene her weare it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her liues rate.
Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her weare it
Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, ſhe neuer ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd. but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the ouerture, ſhe ceaſt
In heauie ſatisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.
Kin. Plutus himſelfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures myſterie more ſcience,
Then I haue in this Ring. Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelfe,
Confeſſe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnleſſe ſhe gaue it to your ſelfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or ſent it vs
Vpon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She neuer ſaw it.
Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'ſt conne ctiurall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine ſh it out, if it ſhould proue
That thou art ſo inhumane, 'twill not proue ſo:
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l ſift this matter further.
Ber. If you ſhall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap d in diſmall thinkings.
Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue removes come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the faire grace and ſpeech
Of the poore ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her buſineſſe lookes in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highneſſe with her ſelfe.

A Letter

Upon his many proteſtations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee ſtole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iuſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.
Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcou'rie, ſeeke theſe ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was ſowly ſnatcht.
Old La. Now iuſtice on the doers
King. I wonder ſir, ſir, wiues are monſters to you,
And that you flye them as you ſweare them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My ſuite as I do vnderſtand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied
Wid. I am her Mother ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedie.
King. Come hether Count, do you know theſe Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you looke ſo ſtrange vpon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and thoſe are mine
You giue away my ſelfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marrie me,
Either both or none.
Laf. your reputation comes too ſhott for my daughter, you are no husband for her.
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp rate creature,
Whom ſometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour.
Then for to thinke that I would ſinke it heere.
Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.
Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.
Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Campe.
Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were ſo,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Parallell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.
Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes
King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles.*
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether
Ros. What of him:
He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and deboshd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vttet,
That will speake any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours
Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.
Dia. I must be patient.
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet.
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.
Ros. I haue it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late
Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.
Dia. I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you
Is this the man you speake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master.
Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off.
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman Tricks hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.
Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpose: Did hee loue this woman?
Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man and at your Maiesties command.
Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie Orator
Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.
Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?
Par Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.
Kin. Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst say they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
Dia. I my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither
Kin. Where did you finde it then?
Dia. I found it not
Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?
Dia I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.
Dia. Ile neuer tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge,
Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.
Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while.
Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't:
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.
Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?
Hel. No my good Lord,

Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe. &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ber. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I ſee you liuing?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with
thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcuruy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this ſtorie know,
To make the euen truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh vncropped flower,
Choooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrift to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.

Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orſino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Muſicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What *Curio*?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Oliuia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this anſwer.
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elſe
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſouereigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you ſaylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelfe were ſaued.

Vio. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt prouident in peril, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine owne eſcape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place.

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orſino.*

Vio. *Orſino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leſſe will prattle of,)
That he did ſeeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.

Vio. What's ſhee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide ſome twelue moneth ſince, then leauing her
In the protection of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dide: for whoſe deere loue
(They ſay) ſhe hath abiur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I ſeru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.

Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kinde of ſuite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeue thou haſt a minde that ſuites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The forme of my intent. Ile ſerue this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can ſing,
And ſpeake to him in many ſorts of Muſicke,
That will allow me very worth his ſeruice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemie to life

Mar. By my troth ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlyer a nights: your Coſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Ma. I, but you muſt confine your ſelfe within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my ſelfe no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and ſo bee theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelues in their owne ſtraps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you. I heard my Lady talke of it yeſterday: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Agne-cheeke?*

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpoſe?

To. Why he ha's three thouſand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all theſe ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely haue the gift of a graue.

To. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now ſir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet ſir *Andrew*.

And. Bleſſe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good miſtris *Mary*, accoſt.

To. You miſtake knight: Accoſt, is front her, boord her, woe her, aſſayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Ma. Fare you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part ſo Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt neuer draw ſword agen

And. And you part ſo miſtris, I would I might neuer draw ſword agen: I fare Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you ſhall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (ſweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry ſir.

And. Why I thinke ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your reſt?

Ma. A dry reſt Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canarie: when did I ſee thee ſo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnleſſe you ſee Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes ſometimes I haue no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. Ile ride home to morrow ſir *Toby*.

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in feneing dancing, and beate-baiting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not coole my

An. But it becoms me wel enough, doſt not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: & I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow ſir *Toby*, your niece will not be ſeene, or if ſhe be it's four to one, ſhe'l none of me: the Count himſelfe here hard by, wooes her,

To. She'l none o'th Count, ſhe'l not match aboue her degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her ſweare't. Tut there's life in't man.

And

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels ſometimes altogether

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore haue theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My veriie walke ſhould be a Iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooeſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard

And. I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſit about ſome Reuels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is leggs and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe fauours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his loue. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I haue vnclaſp'd
To thee the booke euen of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de acceſſe, ſtand at her doores.
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the paſſion of my loue,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes.
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.

Vio I thinke not ſo, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblatiue a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in companie: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my beſt
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtriſe,
Who ere I woe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where y^t^ ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to ſay in your fooleſie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it: & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Ma. You are reſolute then?

Clo Not ſo neyther, but I am reſolu'd on two poinrs

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* fleſh, as any in Illyria

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and'r be thy will, put me into good fooling. thoſe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſaies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolifh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counſell will amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but parch'd: vertu that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I ſay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to ſay, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriouſly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouſe of vertue anſwer mee.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournſt thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his ſoule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his ſoule is in heauen, foole.

Clo The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers ſoules, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity that decaies the wiſe, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God ſend you ſir, a ſpeedie Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox but he will not paſſe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Maluolio*?

Mal. I marueil your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a ſtone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already vnles you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſemen, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ſicke of ſelfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diſcreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeake with you

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeakes nothing but madman. Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſicke, or not at home What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Malua.*

Now you ſee ſir, how your fooling growes old, & people diſlike it.

Clo Thou haſt ſpoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeſt ſonne ſhould be a foole: whoſe ſcull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a moſt weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Coſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Coſin, Coſin, how haue you come ſo earely by this Lethargie?

To Letcherie, I defie Letchery. there's one at the gate.

Ol I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the ſecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeeke the Crowner, and let him ſitte o'my Coz: for he is in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole ſhall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal Madam, yond young fellow ſweares hee will ſpeake with you. I told him you were ſicke, he takes on him to vnderſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleepe, he ſeems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeake with you. What is to be ſaid to him Ladie, hee's fortified againſt any deniall

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told ſo: and hee ſayes hee'l ſtand at your doore like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupportet to a bench, but hee'l ſpeake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner. hee'l ſpeake with you, will you, or no

Ol. Of what perſonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before tis a peſcod, or a Codling when tis almoſt an Apple: Tis with him in ſtanding water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he ſpeakes verie ſhrewiſhly: One would thinke his mothers milke were ſcarſe out of him.

Ol Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heate *Orſinos* Embaſſie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speake to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the houſe, for I neuer ſaw her. I would bee loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee ſuſtaine no ſcorne; I am very comptible, euen to the leaſt ſiniſter vſage.

Ol. Whence came you ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I haue ſtudied, & that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Ladie of the houſe, that

I

may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe. for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't I forgiue you the praise.

Vio Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and tis Poeticall.

Ol It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawey at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull Speake your office.

Vio It alone concernes your care: I bring no ouertiure of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol Giue vs the place alone, We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio Most sweet Ladie

Ol A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee said of it Where lies your Text?

Vio In *Orsinos* bosome

Ol In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio To answer by the method in the first of his hart.

Ol O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present Is not well done?

Vio Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie

Ol O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will. As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the diuell, you are faire. My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares, With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth; In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him: He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame, With such a suffring, such a deadly life: In your denniall, I would finde no sence, I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate. And call vpon my soule within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue, And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night: Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles, And make the babling Gossip of the aire, Cry out *Oliuia*: O you should not rest Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much: What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman.

Ol Get you to your Lord: I cannot loue him: let him send no more, Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse, My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence. Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue, And let your fernour like my masters be, Plac'd in contempt. Farwell fayre cruelrie. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage? Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well, I am a Gentleman Ile be sworne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit. Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast soft, soft, Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now? Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections With an inuisible, and subtle stealth To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What hoa, *Maluolio*.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Ol Run after that same peeuish Messenger The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him Would I, or not. tell him, Ile none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow. Ile giue him reasons for't hie thee *Maluolio*

Mal Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol I do I know not what, and feare to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with mere.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia*?

Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriu'd but hither.

Mal She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath?
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde-after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my barts? Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for

for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* noſe is no Whip-ſtocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done: Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is ſixe pence for you. Let's haue a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A loue ſong, a loue ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne ſings

O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie ſweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To Good, good

Clo. *What is loue, tis not hereafter,*
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill vnſure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twentie:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

An. A melliſluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three ſoules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue* knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I haue conſtrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To *O the twelfe day of December*

Mar. For the loue o God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit manners, nor honeſtie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time ſir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though ſhe harbors you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelfe and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leaue of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't euen ſo?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. *Shall I bid him go.*

Clo. *What and if you do?*

To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, you dare not*

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou thinke becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S.* Anne, and Ginger ſhall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe ſir, rub your Chaine with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go ſhake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an aywordd, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poſſeſſe vs, poſſeſſe vs, tell vs ſomething of him.

Mar. Marrie ſir, ſometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I haue reaſon good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſſe, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelfe: ſo cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cauſe to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall finde himſelfe moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a deuice.

An. I hau't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthisilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow friends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Antick song we heard last night; Me thought it did relieue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olimpes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke playes.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du What kinde of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares i'faith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide,
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same soueraigne cruelty: Tell her my loue, more noble then the world Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands, The parts that fortune hath beflow'd vpon her: Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune: But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Olivia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know

Du. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haste: giue her this Iewell; say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close in the name of iesting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she vses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrob

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing been three moneths married to her, sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velure gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Olivia* sleeping

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my kinsman *Toby*.

To. Bolces and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seuen of my people with an obedient start, make out for him I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot?

Mal Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

[redacted]

Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she vses to seale: 'tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Mal. *Ioue knowes Ioue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know.* No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee *Maluolio?*

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucresse knife:*
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she dresst him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. *I may command, where I adore*: Why shee may command me. I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

To O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox

Mal. *M. Maluolio, M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wisht to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell. She that would alter

[redacted]

garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deare my sweete, I prethee* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And Ile make one too *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church

Vio. So thou maist say the King's lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason with them.

Vio I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you inuisible

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris: I thinke I saw your wisedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Creßida* to this *Troylus*

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd

Clo The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Creßida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit
He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,
The quality of persons, and the time
And like the Haggard, cheeke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly faine, quite taint their wit

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vous guard Monsieur*

Vio. *Et vous aussi vostre seruiture.*

And. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare

And Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

Vio My duetie Madam, and most humble seruice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment
y are seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Vio And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me

Vio Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer speake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake
And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can thinke? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio I pittie you.

Ol That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize; for tis a vulgar proofe
That very oft we pitty enemies

Ol Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harueſt,
your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe.
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Ner wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew?*

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee: I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer: you should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew.*

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby.*

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skilleſse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thankes,
And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You ſhould finde better deeling: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow ſir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging?
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke theſe ſtreetes.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſeruice, of ſuch note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would ſcarſe be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue ſince bene anſwer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques ſake
Moſt of our City did. Onely my ſelfe ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay deere.
Seb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold ſir, here's my purſe,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there ſhall you haue me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light vpon ſome toy
You haue deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I thinke is not for idle Markets, ſir.
Seb. Ile be your purſe-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue ſent after him, he ſayes hee'l come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is ſad, and ciuill,
And ſuites well for a ſeruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Maluolio*?
Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladyſhip were beſt to haue ſome guard about you, if hee come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If ſad and merry madneſſe equall bee.
How now *Maluolio*?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee vpon a ſad occaſion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood:
This croſſe gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.
Mal. Why how doeſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?
Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?
Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?
Maluo. At your requeſt:
Yes Nightingales anſwere Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meanſt thou by that *Maluolio*?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheeue greatneſſe.
Ol. What ſayſt thou?
Mal. And ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vpon them.
Ol. Heauen reſtore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.
Ol Thy yellow ſtockings?
Mal And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe garter'd.
Ol. Croſſe garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſeruant ſtill.
Ol. Why this is verie Midſommer madneſſe.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orſino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyſhips pleaſure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Coſine *Toby*, let ſome of my people haue a ſpeciall care of him, I would not haue him miſcarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*
Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worſe man then ſir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appeare ſtubborne to him: for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough ſayes ſhe: be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with ſeruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularity: and conſequently ſetts downe the manner how: as a ſad face, a reuerend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habite of ſome Sir of note, and ſo foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togither, that no dramme of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or vnſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of ſanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himſelfe poſſeſt him, yet Ile ſpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how iſt with you ſir? How iſt with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee muſt deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How iſt with you? What man, defie the diuell: conſider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not looſe him for more then ile ſay.

Mal. How now miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not ſee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doſt ỹ chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with ſathan Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneſſe.

Mal. Go hang your ſelues all: you are ydle ſhallowe things, I am not of your element, you ſhall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Iſt poſſible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a ſtage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his penance, til our very paſtime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Iſt ſo ſawcy?

And. I, iſt? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatſoeuer thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not: in thy minde why I doe call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't. (Law

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of ỹ

To. Thou comſt to the Lady Olivia and in my ſight ſhe vſes thee kindly: but thou lyeſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good ſence-leſſe.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie ſide of the Law: good.

Tob. Farthewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our ſoules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo looke to thy ſelfe. Thy friend as thou vſeſt him, & thy ſworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew*: ſcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: ſo ſoone as euer thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt, ſweare horrible: for it comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it ſelfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir; I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoſitie. This will ſo fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and preſently after him.

To I wil meditate the while vpon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue ſaid too much vnto a hart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproues my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the ſame hauiour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maſters greeſes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beſeech you come againe to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (ſau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my maſter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my ſoule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſaue thee.

Vio.

Vio. And you sir

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your oppolite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchre: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forsweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vncluill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall oppolite that you could possibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't I le not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarse hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses

That I haue done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.
Ant. Oh heauens themſelues.
2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death, (heere,
Releeu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.
1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.
Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame.
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.
1. *Off* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come ſir.
Ant. Leade me on. *Exit*
Vio. Me thinkes his words do from ſuch paſſion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.
To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward ſhip aske *Fabian*.
Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it.
And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.
To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword
And. And I do not.
Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.
To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebaſtian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for you?
Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.
Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know'ſt not me.
Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art commiog?
Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe paiment.
Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after fourteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?
To Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe
Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.
To. Come on ſir, hold.
An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet t's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword
To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.
To. Madam.
Ol. Will it be euer thus: Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario*:
Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.
Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.
Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me
Seb. Madam, I will
Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.
Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in ſuch

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe keeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſchollet. The Comperitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topa*.

Clow. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will vſe the diuell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as baricadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way approue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkeneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

Tob. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findſt him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vppe-ſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouſlie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduiſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere. *Maluolio, Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens reſtore: endeauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble

Mal. Sir *Topas*

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir Topas: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I ſee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree: I prethee be goue.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your needes to ſuſtaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle ſhe gaue me, I do feel't, and ſee't,
[illegible]gh tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so;
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated roofe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most iealious, and too doubtfull soule
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio. and Lords.

Duke Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. how dost thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Du. Iust the contrary. the better for thy friends.

Clo. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused. so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counsell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come agen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my desire of having is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 *Offi. Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theese,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before.
. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme seruiceable?
Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.
Vio. Madam.
Du. Gracious *Olivia*.
Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would speake my dutie hushes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke.
Du. Still so cruell?
Ol. Still so constant Lord.
Du. What to perverseness? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnaspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol Euen what it please my Lord, that shal become him
Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-breasted Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender dearely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.
Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye
Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?
Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.
Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe: Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.
Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.
Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickely grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do protest.
Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir *Toby*.
Ol. What's the matter?
And. Has broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.
Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew*?
And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.
Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?
And Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir *Toby*
Vio Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did
Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?
To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th end on't: Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?
Clo. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.
To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.
Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?
And Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.
To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Ger him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you.
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere *Anthonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

Ol. Most wondetfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd.
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline: Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirah?

Clo. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staues end as well as a man in his case may do; has here writ a letter to you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue eare.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my iniury *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This sauours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistris

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or ſay, tis not your ſeale, not your inuention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſtie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me ſuch cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſſe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious gecke and gull
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe much like the Charracter
But out of queſtion, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was ſhee
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which heere were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam heare me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice againſt *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iuſtly weigh'd,
That haue on both ſides paſt

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieue greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe throwne vpon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcall. and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Du. Purſue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Cæſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans eſtate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainſt Knaues and Theeues men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c
With toſpottes ſtill had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'l ſtriue to pleaſe you euery day.

FINIS.

The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. Beseech you---

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence---in so rare--I know not what to say---Wee will giue you sleepie Drinkes, that your Senses (vn-intelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot praise vs, as little accuse vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding Instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay yout Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow: I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le patt the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so: There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay, Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*, I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'le ſtay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'vnſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going. Verely
You ſhall not goe; a Ladyes Verely'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſaue your Thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread Verely,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madame:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending:
Which is for me, leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe. Come, Ile queſtion you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?
Pol We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher reard
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould haue anſwer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript ſince
Pol O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations haue ſince then been borne to's: for
In thoſe vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious ſelfe had then not croſs'd the eyer
Of my young Play-fellow
Her. Grace to boot
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queene and I are Deuils. yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le anſwere,
If you firſt ſinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any, but with vs
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le ſtay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requeſt he would not
Hermione (my deareſt) thou neuer ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once
Her What? haue I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me. cram's with prayſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſſe,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting vpon that.
Our prayſes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſſe a thouſand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My laſt good deed, was to entreat his ſtay.
What was my firſt? it has an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpoke to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand
A clap thy ſelfe, my Loue; then didſt thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartineſſe from Bountie, fertile Boſome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe; and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere oh, that is entertainment
My Boſome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Copy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo Thou want'ſt a rough paſh & the ſhoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing.) But were they falſe
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: ſweet Villaine,
Moſt dear'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-ioyne with ſomething, and thou do'ſt,
(And that beyond Commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeemes vnſettled.
Pol How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernesſe? and make it ſelfe a Paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and law my selfe vo-breech'd,
In my greene Velues Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: Statesman; all:
He makes a Julyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your grauer steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too
How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes she has been sluyc'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bohemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice, I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for jeast.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes,nor Eares,nor Thought,then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe,deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench,that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't,and iuſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by,to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo,without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate,were ſin
As deepe as that,though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes
Kiſſing with in-ſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter,with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres,Minutes? Noone,Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web,but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World,and all that's in't,is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing,*Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing,nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord,be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion,and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be,'tis true.
Cam. No,no,my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye,you lye
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*,and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt,a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a houering Temporizer,that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull,hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who,if I
Had Seruants true about me,that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor,as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing: I,and thou
His Cup-bearer,whom I from meaneſt forme
Haue Bench'd,and rear'd to Worſhip,who may'ſt ſee
Plainely,as Heauen ſees Earth,and Earth ſees Heauen,
How I am gall'd,might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me,were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this,and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram,that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly,like Poyſon. But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy queſtion,and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy,ſo vnſeiled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue,is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades,Thornes Nettles,Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th' Prince,my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine,and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeue you(Sir)
I doe,and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided,that when hee's remou'd,your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene,as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake,and thereby for ſeaſling
The Iniurie of Tongues,in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne,and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor,none.
Cam My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts,keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't,and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart:
Do't not,thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't my Lord.
Leo. I wil ſeeme friendly,as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*,and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe,will haue
All that are his,ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe,nor Stone,nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't,or no,is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince,and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himſelfe: euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement,when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary,and falling
A Lippe of much contempt,ſpeedes from me,and
So leaues me,to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How,dare not? doe not? doe you know,and dare not?
Be intelligent to me.'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe,what you doe know,you muſt,
And cannot ſay,you dare not. Good *Camillo*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration,finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't
Cam. There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper,but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe,and it is caught
Of you,that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not answere.

Pol. A Sickenesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That has's beene blew, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

2. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, comē ſit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly, Yond Crickets ſhall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer Saw I men ſcowre ſo on their way: I eyed them Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How bleſt am I In my iuſt Cenſure? in my true Opinion? Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd, In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drinke; depart, And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge Is not infected) but if one preſent Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his ſides With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and ſeene the Spider. *Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pandar: There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crowne; All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe Villaine, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him: He ha's diſcouer'd my Deſigne, and I Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick For them to play at will: how came the Poſternes So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority, Which often hath no leſſe preuail'd, then ſo, On your command.

Leo. I know't too well. Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him: Though he do's beare ſome ſignes of me, yet you Haue too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her, Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelfe With that ſhee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes* Ha's made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'ld ſay he had not; And Ile be ſworne you would beleeue my ſaying, How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords) Looke on her, marke her well: be but about To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and The iuſtice of your hearts will thereto adde 'Tis pitty ſhee's not honeſt: Honorable; Prayſe her but for this her without-dore-Forme, (Which on my faith deſerues high ſpeech) and ſtraight The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands That Calumnie doth vſe; Oh, I am out, That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will ſeare Vertue it ſelfe) theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's, When you haue ſaid ſhee's goodly, come betweene, Ere you can ſay ſhee's honeſt: But be't knowne (From him that ha's moſt cauſe to grieue it ſhould be) Shee's an Adultreſſe.

Her. Should a Villaine ſay ſo, (The moſt repleniſh'd Villaine in the World) He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord) Doe but miſtake.

Leo. You haue miſtooke (my Lady) *Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing, (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place, Leaſt Barbariſme (making me the precedent) Should a like Language vſe to all degrees, And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leaue out, Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue ſaid Shee's an Adultreſſe, I haue ſaid with whom: More; ſhee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is A Federarie with her, and one that knowes What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelfe, But with her moſt vild Principall: that ſhee's A Bed-ſwaruer, euen as bad as thoſe That Vulgars giue bold'ſt Titles; I, and priuy To this their late eſcape.

Her. No (by my life) Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you, When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus haue publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord, You ſcarce can right me throughly, then, to ſay You did miſtake.

Leo. No: if I miſtake In thoſe Foundations which I build vpon, The Centre is not bigge enough to beare A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Priſon: He who ſhall ſpeake for her, is a farre-off guiltie, But that he ſpeakes.

Her. There's ſome ill Planet raignes: I muſt be patient, till the Heauens looke With an aſpect more fauorable. Good my Lords, I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew Perchance ſhall dry your pitties: but I haue That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes Worſe then Teares drowne: beſeech you all (my Lords) With thoughts ſo qualified, as your Charities Shall beſt inſtruct you meaſure me; and ſo The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heare.

Her. Who is't that goes with me? beſeech your Highnes My Women may be with me, for you ſee My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles) There is no cauſe: When you ſhall know your Miſtris Ha's deſeru'd Priſon, then abound in Teares, As I come out; this Action I now goe on, Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord) I neuer wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry, now I truſt I ſhall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaſt your Iuſtice Proue violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer, Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord) I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir) Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queene is ſpotleſſe I'th'eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane In this, which you accuſe her.)

Antig. If it proue Shee's otherwiſe, Ile keepe my Stables where I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her: Then when I feele, and ſee her, no farther truſt her. For euery inch of Woman in the World, I, euery dram of Womans fleſh is falſe, If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we ſpeake, not for our ſelues. You are abus'd, and by ſome putter on. That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him: be ſhe honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldeſt is eleuen;
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſome fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my ſelfe, then they
Should not produce faire iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe, no more.
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and ſee withall
The Inſtruments that feele.

Anti. If it be ſo,
We needeno graue to burie honeſty.
There's not a graine of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true. then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might

Leo. Why what needs we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull inſtigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counſailes. but our naturall goodneſſe
Imparts this: which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth, like vs: informe your ſelues,
We needeno more of your aduice. the matter,
The loſſe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Anti. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had onely in your ſilent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groſſe, as euer touch'd conieCture,
That lack'd ſight onely, nought for approbation
But onely ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made vp to'th deed) doth puſh-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitteous to be wilde) I haue diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd-ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpirituall counſaile had
Shall ſtop, or ſpurre me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am ſatisfide, and needeno more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Giue reſt to th'mindes of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confinde,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to ſpeake in publique: for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe vs all.

Anti. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul The Keeper of the priſon, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expreſſe commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do, to locke vp honeſty & honour from
Th'acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?

Gao. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your ſelues

Gao. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.

Pau. Well. be't ſo, prethee.
Here's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliuer'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau I dare be ſworne:
Theſe dangerous, vnſafe Lunes i'th'King, beſhrew them:
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter,
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queene,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th'Childe:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking failes.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodneſſe is ſo euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot miſſe
A thriuing yſſue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; pleaſe your Ladiſhip
To viſit the next roome, Ile preſently
Acquaint the Queene of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Pau

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant
Paul. You neede not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeue it.
Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords

Leo Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhee,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd
Leo To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heauings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do, come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. Who noyſe there, hoe?
Paul. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can: In this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruent, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your bleſſing
Leo Out.
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay: giue't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he ha's put vpon't
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Not I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he,

The

The ſacred Honor of himſelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was ſound.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſſe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſſe *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaſt the ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groſſe Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your ſelfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moſt vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moſt cruell vſage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) ſomthing ſauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea ſcandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Iouis* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp ſtraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimonie) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braynes with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly ſeru'd you, and beſeech
So to eſteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge.
(As recompence of our deare ſeruices
Paſt, and to come) that you doe change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foule Iſſue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blowes:
Shall I liue on, to ſee this Baſtard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It ſhall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſaue this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To ſaue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblencſſe impoſe: at leaſt thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To ſaue the Innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: ſeeſt thou for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be
Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by ſtrange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iuſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I ſweare to doe this: though a preſent death
Had beene more merciſull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inſtruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolues and Beares, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſauageneſſe aſide) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleſſing
Againſt this Crueltie, fight on thy ſide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loſſe.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Serv. Pleaſe your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre ſince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.

Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene abſent: 'tis good ſpeed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the grane Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaff ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th' euent o'th' Journey
Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clearc, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers. Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Prisoner.
Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the prosence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne. a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a derriuative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came on your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrant, I
Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or wit
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to game-say what they did,
Then to performe it first.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd.
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence.
Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You ſpeake a Language that I vnderſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which I'le lay downe.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt ſeele out Iuſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Looke for no leſſe then death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Ioy,
And firſt Fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt vnluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milke in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My ſelfe on euery Poſt
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what bleſſings I haue here aliue,
That I ſhould feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Vpon ſurmizes (all proofes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Iealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.
Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether iuſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but ſee
The flatneſſe of my miſerie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.
Officer. You here ſhall ſweare vpon this Sword of Iuſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This ſeal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo Dio. All this we ſweare.
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione *is chaſt*, Polixenes *blemeleſſe*, Camillo *a true Subiect*, Leontes *a iealous Tyraut, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall liue without an Heire, if that which is loſt, be not found.*
Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo*.
Her. Prayſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) euen ſo as it is here ſet downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meere falſehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the buſineſſe?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes ſpeed, is gone
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themſelues
Doe ſtrike at my Iniuſtice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Looke downe
And ſee what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Iealoufies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt
Vnclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himſelfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gliſters
Through my Ruſt? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart, (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What ſtaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muſt I receiue? whoſe every word deſerues
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealoufies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Foole, inconſtant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt haue poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a groſſe and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy anſwere: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I haue ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Paul. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I haue deſeru'd
All tongues to talke their bittereſt.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the buſineſſe goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldneſſe of your ſpeech
Paul. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that haue minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a fooliſh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (vnto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to vſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath toucht vpon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia*.
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.
Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.
Ant. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I neuer ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this vngentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhrieks
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer ſaw
The heauens ſo dim, by day. A ſauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. *Exit purſued by a Beare.*
Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, ſtealing, fighting hearke you now; would any but theſe boyled-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde then the Maiſter; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) ſure ſome Scape; Though I am not bookiſh yet I

can

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behinde-doore worke: they were wamer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee 'em and not to ſee 'em: Now the Shippe boating the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe: thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Golde.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go. Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'light of him.

Clowne. Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
Ore ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and giue my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th'effects of his fond iealouſies, ſo greeuing
That he ſhuts vp himſelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daughter.
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Country: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I o'reweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the needs I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, ſhall bee my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Country Sicillia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, punniſhes me with the remembrance

of that penitent (as thou calſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſſe of his moſt precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizell* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe vnhappy, their iſſue, not being gracious, then they are in looſing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (miſsingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my ſeruice, which looke vpon his remouednesſe: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is ſeldome from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I haue heard (ſir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue ſome queſtion with the ſhepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I thinke it not vneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thether. Prethe be my preſent partner in this buſines, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in ỹ winters pale.

The white ſheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King

The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thruſh and the Iay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue ſeru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſeruice.

But ſhall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone ſhines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch it.

My Trafficke is ſheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewiſe a ſnapper-vp of vnconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Capariſon, and my Reuennew is the ſilly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I ſleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me ſee, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde ſhilling: fifteene hundred ſhorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this ſiſter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Miſtris of the Feaſt, and ſhe layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Noſe-gayes for the ſhearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Meanes and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalmes to horne-pipes. I muſt haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, ſeuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyſons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee. plucke but off theſe ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore ſoule, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offend mee, more then the ſtripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put vpon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (ſweet ſir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horſemans Coate, it hath ſeene very hot ſeruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore ſoule.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I feare (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deere ſir: good ſir, ſoftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeſt lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I haue a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I ſhall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart

Clow What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (ſir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a ſeruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices you would ſay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſeruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauiſh profeſſions) he ſetled onely in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then farthee well, I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your vnuſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts
In euery Meſſe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt with a Cuſtome, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſternneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themſelues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their tranſformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th'powre of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'ſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Liſt vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: ſern'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is,
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on mee
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th'day: you're welcome ſir.
Giue me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piedenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Scion, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twer well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Marioram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I think they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Coarse?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wisedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.
Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on: strike vp.
Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shepheardesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*
Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters them as he had eaten ballads and all mens eares grew to his Tunes:
Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede and sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes: No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloues: he has the prettieſt Loue-ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdrie (which is ſtrange,) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcall, would (as it were) meane miſcheefe, and breake a foule gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to anſwere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, doe me no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groſſe: Inckles, Caddyſſes, Cambrickes, Lawnes. why he ſings 'em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeſſes: you would thinke a Smocke were a ſhee-Angell, he ſo chaunts to the ſleeue-hand, and the worke about the ſquare on't

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of theſe Pedlers, that haue more in them, then you'l'd thinke (Siſter.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypreſſe blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as ſweete as Damaske Roſes,
Maskes for faces, and for noſes
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Leads, to giue their deere:
Pins, and poaking-ſtickes of ſteele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy.
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that,' or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to giue him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts?' Tis well they are whiſpring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of ſweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money,

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome: I loue a ballet in print, life, for then we are ſure they are true

Aut Here's one, to a very doleſull tune, how a Vſurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleſſe me from marrying a Vſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Miſt. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or ſix honeſt Wiues, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads We'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fiſh, that appeared vpon the coaſt, on wenſday the foureſcore of April, fortie thouſand fadom aboue water, & ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe wold not exchange fleſh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fiue Iuſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more then my packe will hold.

Clo Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretry one.

Mop. Let's haue ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's ſcarſe a Maide weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou ſhalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I muſt goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goeſt to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou doſt ill.*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou haſt ſworne my Loue to be,*
Mop *Thou haſt ſworne it more to mee.*
Then whether goeſt? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this ſong out anon by our ſelues: My Father, and the Gent. are in ſad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the firſt choice; ſolow me girles. *Aut:* And you ſhall pay well for em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin's't, fin's't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. *Exit*

Seruant. Mayſter, there is three Carters, three Sheepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made

themſelues all men of haire, they cal themſelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't · but they themſelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie thoſe that refreſh vs: pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King · and not the worſt of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in · but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at doore Sir

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's ſimple, and tols much. How now (faire ſhepheard) Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take Your minde from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes I would haue ranſackt The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and haue powr'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ſtraited For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are: The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and locke Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it ſhould ſeeme) Hath ſometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as Doues-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the ſan'd ſnow, that's bolted By th'Northerne blaſts, twice ote.

Pol. What followes this? How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out, But to your proteſtation: Let me heare What you profeſſe.

Flo. Do, and be witneſſe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all; That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch Thereof moſt worthy: were I the fayreſt youth That euer made eye ſwerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans. I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her ſeruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This ſhewes a ſound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeake So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine; And friends vnknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe to't: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muſt bee I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I ſhall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore theſe Witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beſeech you, Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt That beſt becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reaſonable affayres? Is he not ſtupid With Age, and alring Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare? Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate? Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir · He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeede Then moſt haue of his age

Pol By my white beard, You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong Something vnfilliall. Reaſon my ſonne Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon The Father (all whoſe ioy is nothing elſe But faire poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile In ſuch a buſineſſe

Flo I yeeld all this; But for ſome other reaſons (my graue Sir) Which yis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this buſineſſe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choice

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not · Marke our Contract

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong ſir) Whom ſonne I dare not call: Thou art too baſe To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can but ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muſt know The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty ſcratcht with briers & made More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou doſt but ſigh, That thou no more ſhalt neuer ſee this knacke (as neuer I meane thou ſhalt) we'l barre thee from ſucceſſion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wot-

Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuiſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Per. Euen here vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines vpon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Will pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhouels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you ſo vpon me?
I am but ſorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which I do gheſſe
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hatefully
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it:
I thinke *Camillo.*

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twet knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The Violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reaſon:
If not, my ſences better pleas'd with madneſſe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muſt thinke it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſſion: Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who here I cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Reſolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ſerue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore ſeruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deſerv'd: It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled proiect
May ſuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall haue ſuch receiuing
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enioy your Miſtris; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeuours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more then man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelues to be the ſlaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your fayre Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;

Shee

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Trompperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was senceles se; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this. omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita:* what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo preuaile,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed vs.
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I vnderſtand the buſineſſe, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Sences. I ſee this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere connive at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeſtie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aſide, aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood ha's not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, diſcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne, not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court? Receiues not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, at toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a pe*; and one that will eyther puſh-on, or pluck-back, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Buſineſſe, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdaine

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble, in being fantaſticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which hee ſhall know within this houre, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall haue, the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Thinke you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Iermane to him (though remou'd fifrie times) ſhall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſarie. An old Sheepe-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay hee ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne. who ſhall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquauite, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then, taw as he is (and in the hoteſt day Prognoſtication proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitall?

Tell

Tell me(for you seeme to be honest plainemen)what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd,Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes: and if it be in man, besides the King,to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the inside of your Purse to the outside of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you(Sir)to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittifull one,I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort,good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir,I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed,and remaine(as he sayes)your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge,and follow you.

Clow We are blest'd,in this man: as I may say, euen blest'd.

Shep. Let's before,as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest,I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion:(Gold,and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which,who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales,these blind-ones,aboord him. if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proofe against that Title,and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them,there may be mettet in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes,Cleomines,Dion,Paulina,Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir,you haue done enough,and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence then done trespas: At the last
Doe,as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them,forgiue your selfe.

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her,and her Vertues. I cannot forget
My blemishes in them,and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome,and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of.true.

Paul. Too true(my Lord)
If one by one,you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are,tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely,to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue,as in my Thought. Now,good now,
Say so but seldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue spoken a thousand things,that would
Haue done the time more benefit,and grac'd
Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pitty not the State,nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers,by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome,and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer,then for Royalties repayre,
For present comfort,and for future good,
To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who,on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O,that euer I
Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then,euen now,
I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich,for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wiues,therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better vs'd,would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps,and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin,why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had iust such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Paul. I

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Ild bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then Ild shricke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina*.
Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath
Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.
Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuse your Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Traine?
Ser. But few,
And those but meane.
Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, liuing.
Leo Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'aduenture of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So ſacred as it is) I haue done ſinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me,
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſtie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Ha's theſe poore men in queſtion. Neuer ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
Forſweare themſelues as often as they ſpeake:
Bohemia ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen ſets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife:

Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as ſorry,
Your Choiſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemie,
Should chaſe vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath ſhe to change our Loues. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris,
Which he counts but a Triſle

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in theſe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Antolicus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednes) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

Ant. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the buſineſſe; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeered in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow: but in the extremitie of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Moſt true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'le ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieſtie of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you loſt a Sight which was to bee ſeene, cannot bee ſpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himſelfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Loſſe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiueneſſe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of ſuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's deſcription to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will haue matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which ſeemes much) to iuſtifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which ayded to expoſe the Child, were euen then loſt when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhee would pin her to her heart, that ſhee might no more be in danger of loſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how ſhee came to't brauely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiueneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble, there changed colour: ſome ſwownded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could haue ſeen't, the Woe had beene vniuerſall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remoued Houſe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceſſe? euery winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be borne: our Abſence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (ſo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myſterie remained vndiſcouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thoſe I haue done good to againſt my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloſſomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman borne. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and thinke me ſtill no Gentleman borne: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been ſo any time theſe foure houres.

Shep. And ſo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeſſe (my Siſter) call'd my Father, Father; and ſo wee wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that euer we ſhed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clow. I: or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worſhip, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will ſweare to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſweare it.

Clow. Not ſweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Franklins ſay it, Ile ſweare it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile ſweare to the Prince thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile ſweare it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Maſters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchſaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laſt to anſwere.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We bonor you with trouble: but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As ſhe liu'd peereleſſe,
So her dead likeneſſe I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhewes-off
Your wonder: but yet ſpeake, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething neere?
Leo. Her naturall Poſture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding: for ſhe was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this ſeemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by ſome ſixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liu'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Euen with ſuch Life of Maieſtie (warme Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maieſtie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kiſſe.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore laid-on,
Which ſixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: ſcarce any Ioy
Did euer ſo long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelfe much ſooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, haue powre
To take-off ſo much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himſelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not haue ſhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leaſt your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thoſe veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. Maſterly done:
The very Life ſeemes warme vpon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almoſt ſo farre tranſported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke ſo twentie yeeres together:
No ſetled Senſes of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſſe. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I haue thus farre ſtir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction ha's a taſte as ſweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſſe her.
Paul Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddineſſe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kiſſe it; ſtayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: ſhall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not theſe twentie yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit preſently the Chappell, or reſolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to ſpeake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all ſtand ſtill:
On: thoſe that thinke it is vnlawfull Buſineſſe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot ſhall ſtirre.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: deſcend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: ſtirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numneſſe (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue ſhe ſtirres:
Start not: her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not ſhun her,
Vntill you ſee her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your Hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law-

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If ſhe pertaine to life, let her ſpeake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liu'd,
Or how ſtolne from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is liuing,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares ſhe liues,
Though yet ſhe ſpeake not. Marke a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haſt thou bin preſeru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou waſt in being, haue preſeru'd
My ſelfe, to ſee the yſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Leaſt they deſire (vpon this puſh) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) ſaid many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not ſeeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and heere iuſtified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyſurely
Each one demand, and anſwere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſeuer'd: Haſtily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillius, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } Foure
Cleomines. } Lords of Sicillia.
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardeſſes.

FINIS.

The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.

Now say *Châtillon*, what would *France* with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of France,
In my behauiour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of *England* heere.

Eliz. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,
Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anioue*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Sgueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.

Exit Chat and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

K Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your strong possessio much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of *Cordelion* Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. Iohn Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, & dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he slanderd me with bastardy.
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be iudge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Eli. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

K.John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K.John. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate.
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the bazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.
Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele-skins stuft, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.
Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K.John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun.
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.
K.John. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.
Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho?
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K.John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Bast Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traueller,
He and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Abcy booke:
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your seruice sir:
No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the riuer *Po*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of obseruation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour vp and downe.
Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. *Iames Gournie*, wilt thou giue'vs leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue good *Philip*.
Baſt. *Philip*, ſparrow. *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'le tell thee more.
Exit Iames.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confeſſe
Could get me ſir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
What meanes this ſcorne, thou moſt vntoward knaue?
Baſt. Knight, knight good mother, Baſiliſco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my ſhoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
I haue diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a *Faulconbridge*?
Baſt. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
Lady. *King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge,
That art the iſſue of my deere offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly vrg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wiſh a beſter father:
Some ſinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And ſo doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Againſt whoſe furie and vnmatched force,
The awleſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaſily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, Ile ſend his ſoule to hell.
Come Lady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſayd him nay, it had beene ſinne;
Who ſayes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Auſtria, Conſtance. Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Paleſtine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his poſteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vſurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Engliſh *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
Arth. God ſhall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of vnſtained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forreine purpoſes,
Euen till that vtmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Conſt. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to giue him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Auſt. The peace of heauen is theirs ỹ lift their ſwords
In ſuch a iuſt and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne,
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt aduantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it ſubiect to this boy.
Con. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt vnaduis'd you ſtaine your ſwords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhedde.
Enter Chattilion.
King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,
What *England* ſaies, ſay breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chatilion* ſpeake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtirre them vp againſt a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iuſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the aduerſe windes

Whoſe leiſure I haue ſtaid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as ſoone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces ſtrong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace ſtirring him to bloud and ſtrife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
And all th'vnſetled humors of the Land,
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons ſpleenes,
Haue ſold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyſe of dauntleſſe ſpirits
Then now the *Engliſh* bottomes haue waſt o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the ſwelling tide,
To doe offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendome:
The interruption of their churliſh drums
Cuts off more circumſtance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Auſt By how much vnexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occaſion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baſtard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. Iohn. Peace be to *France*: If France in peace permit
Our iuſt and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace aſcend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* ſake,
With burden of our armor heere we ſweat:
This toyle of ours ſhould be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing *England* art ſo farre,
That thou haſt vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
Theſe eyes, theſe browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey* and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his ſonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in theſe temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maſtereſt?
K. Iohn. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion
To draw my anſwer from thy Articles? (*France*
Fra. Frō that ſupernal Iudge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any beaſt of ſtrong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and ſtaines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy
Vnder whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe helpe I meane to chaſtiſe it.
K. Iohn. Alack thou doſt vſurpe authoritie.
Fran. Excuſe it is to beat vſurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou doſt call vſurper *France*?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy vſurping ſonne.
Queen. Out inſolent, thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou maiſt be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy ſonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a baſtard? by my ſoule I thinke
His father neuer was ſo true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou were his mother. (ther
Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
Conſt. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Heare the Cryer.
Auſt. What the deuill art thou?
Baſt. One that wil play the deuill ſir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile ſmoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.
Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the backe of him,
As great *Alcides* ſhooes vpon an Aſſe:
But Aſſe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders cracke.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafes our eares
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall doe ſtrait.
Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *Iohn*, this is the very ſumme of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee.
Wilt thou reſigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
Iohn. My life as ſoone: I doe defie thee *France*,
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conſ. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.
Qu. Mo. His mother ſhames him ſo, poore boy hee
Con. Now ſhame vpon you where ſhe does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers ſhames
Drawes thoſe heauen-moouing pearles fro his poor eies,
Which heauen ſhall take in nature of a fee:
I, with theſe Chriſtall beads heauen ſhall be brib'd
To doe him Iuſtice, and reuenge on you.
Qu. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monſtrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me ſlanderer, thou and thine vſurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſonnes ſonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy ſinnes are viſited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Remoued from thy ſinne-conceiuing wombe.
Iohn. Bedlam haue done.
Con. I haue but this to ſay,
That he is not onely plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſinne and her, the plague
On this remoued iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her ſinne,
All punish'd in the perſon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Que. Thou vnduteous ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ſonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeemes this preſence to cry ayme
To theſe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walles
Theſe men of Angiers, let vs heare them ſpeake,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
Fra. Tis Prance, for England.
Iohn. England for it ſelfe.
You men of Angiers, and my louing ſubiects.
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs firſt.
Theſe flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and proſpect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walles:
All preparation for a bloody ſiedge
And merciles proceeding, by theſe French.
Comfort yours Cities eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin diſhabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to ruſh vppon your peace.
But on the ſight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To ſaue vnſcratch'd your Cittles threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking feuer in your walles,
They ſhoote but calme words, folded vp in ſmoake,
To make a fairhleſſe errour in your eares,
Which truſt accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
France. When I haue ſaide, make anſwer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeale,
In the releeſe of this oppreſſed childe,
Religiouſly prouokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'inuoluerable clouds of heauen,
And with a bleſſed and vn-vext retyte,
With vnhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that luſtie blood againe,
Which heere we came to ſpout againſt your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of Warre,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we giue the ſignall to our rage,
And ſtalke in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands ſubiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteene thouſand hearts of Englands breed
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.
Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgiue the ſinne of all thoſe ſoules,
That to their euerlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of euening fall, ſhall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And ere ſince ſits's on's horſebacke at mine Hoſteſſe dore
Teach vs ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lionneſſe,
I would ſet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
Fra. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right. *Exeunt*
Heere after excurſions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.
F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſonnes lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband grouelling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth,
And victorie with littie loſſe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *John*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ſtucke no plume in any Engliſh Creſt,
That is remoued by a ſtaffe of France.
Our colours do returne in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth
And like a iolly troope of Huntſmen come
Our luſtie Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retyre:
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured: (blowes.
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anſwerd
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One muſt proue greateſt. While they weigh ſo euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at ſeuerall doores.

John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the currant of our right rome on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his native channell, and ore-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd euen thy confining ſhores,
Vnleſſe thou let his ſilver Water, keepe
A peaceſull progreſſe to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haſt not ſau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſweare
That ſwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iuſt-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, gainſt whom theſe Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the ſcroule that tels of this warres loſſe,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baſt. Ha Maieſty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteele,
The ſwords of ſouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why ſtand theſe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the ſtained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled ſpirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirme
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whoſe party do the Townesmen yet admit?

Fra. Speeke Citizens for England, whoſe your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

John. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare poſſeſſion of our Perſon heere,
Lord of our preſence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares reſolu'd
Be by ſome certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baſt. By heauen, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their battelments, (kings:
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preſences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ieruſalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your ſharpeſt Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaſt and Weſt let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their ſoule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The ſtiffe rib bes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incеſſantly vpon theſe Iades,
Euen till vnfenced deſolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diſſeuer your vnited ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour ſhe ſhall giue the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counſell mighty States,
Smackes it not ſomething of the policie.

John. Now by the ſky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuiſh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcie walles,
And when that we haue daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our ſelues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

John. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſome.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From North to South:
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each others mouth.
Ile ſtirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without ſtroke, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If luſtie loue ſhould go in queſt of beautie,

Where

Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as shee,
And she a faire diuided excellence,
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such siluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion shall do more then batterie can
To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Bast. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood.
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He giues the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough.
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
Thy now vnsur d assurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Anglers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.

Fra. What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whisper: with Blanch.

Bast. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine.
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your
Iudge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.

Iohn. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my
Neece?

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisedome still vouchsafe to say.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her most vnfainedly.

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volquessen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poyctiers, and *Anion*, these fiue Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne.
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands

Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would haue interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill vp the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we as well as haſt will ſuffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition:
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly diuel,
That Broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That daily breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to looſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe Prouinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but left
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breaſt of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them falſe,
That giue you cauſe to proue my ſaying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the furie of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Ar. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe-blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vncle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maieſtie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that vſurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forſworne?
Euenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maiſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope,
To me and to the ſtate of my great greefe,
Let kings aſſemble: for my greefe's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in *France* shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Const A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valueless: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the dates in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloudy spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, & coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And soothst vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs

Aust Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Arshbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea.
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominons.
But as we, vnder heauen, are supreame head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course.
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law.
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of *France* vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Deuill, left that *France* repent,

And

And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall.
Baſt. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket vp theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
John. *Philip*, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heauy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaſier.
Bla. That s the curſe of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likeneſſe of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Bla The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
John. The king is moud, and anſwers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and anſwere well.
Auſt. Doe ſo king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calues skin moſt ſweet lout.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward ſoules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vowes,
The lateſt breath that gaue the ſound of words
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were beſmear'd and ouer-ſtaind
With ſlaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? ſo ſtrong in both,
Vnyoke this ſeyſure, and this kinde regreete?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo leſt with heauen,
Make ſuch vnconſtant children of our ſelues
As now againe to ſnatch our palme from palme:
Vn-ſweare faith ſworne, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoaſt,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deuiſe, ordaine, impoſe
Some gentle order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To doe your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formeleſſe, Order orderleſſe,
Saue what is oppoſite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mothers curſe, on her reuolting ſonne:
France thou maiſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed Lion by the mortal' paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fra. I may diſ-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre ſetſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heauen, firſt be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſworſt, is ſworne againſt thy ſelfe,
And may not be performed by thy ſelfe,
For that which thou haſt ſworne to doe amiſſe,
Is not amiſſe when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better Act of purpoſes miſtooke,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falſhood, falſhood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the ſcorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haſt ſworne againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear ſt
And mak'ſt an oath the ſuretie for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth, thou art vnſure
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,
Elſe what a mockerie ſhould it be to ſweare?
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe:
And better conqueſt neuer canſt thou make,
Then arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curſes light on thee
So heauy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off
But in deſpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums
Clamors of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did here pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Againſt mine Vncle.
Conſt. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy loue, what motiue may
Be ſtronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
Dolph. I muſe your Maieſty doth ſeeme ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe vpon his head.
Fra. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall frō thee.
Conſt. O faire returne of baniſh'd Maieſtie.
Elea. O foule reuolt of French inconſtancy.
Eng. *France*, ỹ ſhalt rue this houre within this houre.

Baſt

Baſt. Old Time the clocke ſetter, y bald ſexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Bla. The Sun's orecaſt with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-ſunder, and diſmember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winne:
Vncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
Iohn. Coſen, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but bloud,
The bloud and deereſt valued bloud of *France*.
Fra. Thy rage ſhall burne thee vp, & thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in ieopardie.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe miſchiefe. *Auſtrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is aſſayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her,
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So ſhall it be: your Grace ſhall ſtay behinde
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, looke not ſad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Coſen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our comming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, impriſoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vſe our Commiſſion in his vtmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Booke, & Candle, ſhall not driue me back,
When gold and ſiluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray,
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your taire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinſman, harke, a worde.
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this boſome, deerely cheriſhed.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I haue of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Maieſty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt haue: and creepe time nere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And where ſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doſt thou vnderſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And Ile keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Maieſty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Graue.
Hub. He ſhall not liue.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well.
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Maieſty.
Ele. My bleſſing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Coſen, goe.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward *Calice*, hoa.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted ſaile
Is ſcattered and diſ-ioyn'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? diuers deere friends ſlaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch aduice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could finde ſome patterne of our ſhame:

Enter Conſtance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a ſoule,
Holding th'eternall ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Con. Lo; now: now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance*.
Con. No, I defie all Counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true Redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottenneſſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperitie,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries Loue,
O come to me.
Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies ſeeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderne Inuocation.
Pand. Lady, you vtter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall,)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of greefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliuer'd of theſe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
Fra. Binde vp thoſe treſſes: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haires;
Where but by chance a ſiluer drop hath ſaine,
Euen to that drop ten thouſand wiery fiends
Doe glew themſelues in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
Con. To *England*, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.
Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne
As they haue giuen theſe hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poore childe is a priſoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe;
For ſince the birth of *Cayne*, the firſt male-childe
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eat my bud
And chaſe the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And ſo he'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I ſhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of greefe.
Conſt. He talkes ſo me, that neuer had a ſonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my abſent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme
Then, haue I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes cure. *Exit.*
Fra. I feare ſome out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe
Euen in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew euill:
What haue you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All dayes of glory, ioy, and happineſſe.
Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearely wonne:

Are

Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
Iohn hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines
The misplac'd-*Iohn* should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
That *Iohn* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pan. You in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pan. How greene you are, and fresh in this old world?
Iohn layes you plots: the times conspire with you.
For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.
This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small aduantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abbortiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *Iohn*.
Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.
Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn*.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.
Hub Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.
Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.
Art. Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.
Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
In sooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I must.
Art. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes.
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
Hub. I haue ſworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborne-hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Art. O ſaue me *Hubert*, ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.
Art. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill.
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe
I will not ſtirre, nor winch, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.
Hub. Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.
Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.
Art. Is there no remedie?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong
Art. *Hubert*, the viterance of a brace of tongues.
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
Hub. I can heare it, Boy
Art No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye
For all the Treaſure that thine Vncle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.
Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more Adieu,
Your Vncle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.
John. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh.
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.
Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pem. When Workemen ſtriue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breach'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſſe will.

John.

Iob. Some reasons of his double Coronation
I haue possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear:
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iohn. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickneſſe was past cure.
Pem: Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.
Iob. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchiu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Mes. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.
Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?
Mes. My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.
Iohn. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?
Mes. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.
Iohn. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames.
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.
Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.
Iohn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the graue
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your (suggestion.
Iohn. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haſte: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no ſubiect enemies,
When aduerſe Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of ſtout inuaſion.
Be Mercurie, ſet feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. *Exit*
Iohn. Spoke like a ſprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps ſhall neede
Some Meſſenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay fiue Moones were ſeene to night:
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Iohn. Fiue Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the ſtreets
Do propheſie vpon it dangerouſly:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the eare.
And he that ſpeakes, doth gripe the hearers wriſt,
Whilſt he that hearkes, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his hammer (thus)
The whilſt his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth ſwallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Io. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſſe me with theſe feares?
Why vrgeſt thou ſo oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him. I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
H No had (my Lord) why did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody houſe of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderſtand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maieſty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd reſpect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Iob. Oh, when the laſt accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and Seale
Witneſſe againſt vs to damnation.
How oft the ſight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'ſt not thou beene by
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to doa deede of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
Iob. Had'ſt thou but ſhooke thy head, or made a pauſe
When I ſpake darkely, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expreſſe words:
Deepe ſhame had ſtruck me dumbe, made me breake off,
And thoſe thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me
But, thou didſt vnderſtand me by my ſignes,
And didſt in ſignes againe parley with ſinne.
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name
Out of my ſight, and neuer ſee me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoſtilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conſcience, and my Coſins death.
Hub. Arme you againſt your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your ſoule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimſon ſpots of blood,
Within this boſome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue ſlander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howſoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O haſt thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my paſſion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous then thou art
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt,
I coniure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to dye and go; as dye, and ſtay.
Oh me, my Vnckles ſpirit is in theſe ſtones,
Heauen take my ſoule, and England keep my bones *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
It Is our ſafetie, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France.
Whoſe priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then theſe lines import.

Big.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd Lords,
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-beſtained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes
Returne, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Baſt. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were beſt.
Sal. Our greeſes, and not our manners reaſon now
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your greeſe.
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his maſter, no mans elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty.
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himſelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almoſt thinke, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme ſuch another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Creſt: or Creſt vnto the Creſt
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloudieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt Sauagery, the vildeſt ſtroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the teares of ſoft remorſe.
Pem. All murthers paſt, do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holineſſe, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten ſinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-ſhed, but a ieſt,
Exampled by this heynous ſpectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The graceleſſe action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would enſue?
It is the ſhamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the king:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoule,
Kneeling before this ruine of ſweete life,
And breathing to his breathleſſe Excellence
The Incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuerſant with Eaſe, and Idleneſſe,
Till I haue ſet a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worſhip of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our ſoules religiouſly confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you,
Arthur doth liue, the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Muſt I rob
Baſt Your ſword is bright ſir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, ſtand backe I ſay:
By heauen, I thinke my ſword's as ſharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your ſelfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leaſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatneſſe, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'ſt thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me ſo:
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſo ere ſpeakes falſe,
Not truely ſpeakes: who ſpeakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Baſt. Keepe the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Baſt. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or ſtirre thy foote,
Or teach thy haſtie ſpleene to do me ſhame,
Ile ſtrike thee dead. Put vp thy ſword betime,
Or Ile ſo maule you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his ſweete liues loſſe.
Sal Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without ſuch rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeeme
Like Riuers of remorſe and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſoules abhorre
Th'vncleanly ſauours of a Slaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſinne.
Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſſe reach of mercie,
(If thou didſt this deed of death) art damn'd *Hubert*.
Hub Do but heare me ſir.
Baſt. Ha? Ile tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is ſo blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet ſo vgly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this childe.
Hub. Vpon my ſoule.
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruell Act: do but diſpaire,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt thred
That euer Spider twiſted from her wombe
Will ſerue to ſtrangle thee: A ruſh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldſt thou drowne thy ſelfe,
Put but a little water in a ſpoone,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villaine vp.
I do ſuſpect thee very greeuouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the ſtealing that ſweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and looſe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſeamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed: Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not. for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp.
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope.
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land:
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day: did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off? euen ſo I haue:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreet
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
Baſt. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew.
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you ſad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to beecome the field:
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
Baſt. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes Inuaſiue? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And finde no cheeke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Saliſbury, Meloune, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance:
Returne the preſident to thoſe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sal. Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many: Oh it grieues my ſoule,
That I muſt draw this meaſle from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of ſterne Iniuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the ſonnes and children of this iſle,
Was borne to ſee ſo ſad an houre as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Vpon her gentle boſom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I muſt withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere.
What heere? O Nation that thou couldſt remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy ſelfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haſt fought
Between compulſion, and a braue reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That ſiluerly doth progreſſe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre, blowne vp by tempeſt of the ſoule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I ſeene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Saluburie*)
And with a great heart heaue away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That neuer ſaw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping:
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelfe: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinewes to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell ſpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himſelfe to *Rome*, his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the ſauage ſpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion foſtered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in ſhewe.

Dol. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or vſefull ſeruing-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaſtiz'd kingdome and my ſelfe,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that ſame weake winde, which enkindled it
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this Land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muſt I backe,
Becauſe that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* ſlaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition ſent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vndergoe this charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And ſhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my ſoule it neuer ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-ſide of this worke.

Dol. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not returne
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueſt, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon vs?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am ſent to ſpeake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I doe know the ſcope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppoſite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly ſaies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Baſt. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth ſaies well. Now heare our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth ſpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon to he ſhould,
This apiſh and vnmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd Maske, and vnaduiſed Reuell,
This vn-heard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troopes,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crouch in litter of your ſtable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in cheſts and truncks,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeeke ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To sowse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leaue to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Plead for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeede your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-tib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
Weakenesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King *Iohn* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceiue,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and deuout desires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankneese and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set
But stayd, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah foule, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleeue
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast, Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer.

Bast Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestie.

Bast. With hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes haue deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuisible, and his seige is now
Against the winde, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselues. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme vpon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Iohn. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome, nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort, and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releeue you.

Iohn. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Washes* all vnwarily.
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde.
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land.
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our very heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we.
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Our selues well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue we make
To rest without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt*

The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLd *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good ſ boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the ſkie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech.
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuiſe.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniuſtly fight.

King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thouſand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſuruey'd by Engliſh eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the toongleſſe cauernes of the earth)
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayeſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyar.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-ſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule.
He is our ſubiect (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech, and fearleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that Lye. For Glouſters death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my greeued ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſt whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun.
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age.
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duties owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood.
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit, in a loyall breſt.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coozin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſin.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare.
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues ſhall anſwer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchеſſe of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouſters blood,
Doth more ſolicite me then your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.

But

But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Were as ſeuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouſter,
One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaſes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is diſpaire,
In ſuff ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butchet thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breſt:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Glouſters death.
Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.
Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my ſelfe?
Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Coſine Herford, and ſell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carteere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muſt end her life.
Gau. Siſter farewell: I muſt to Couentree,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit mee.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, ſay who & art,
And why thou com'ſt thus knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comſt & hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heauen.
Bul. Harry of Herford. Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do ſtand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour)
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kiſſe your hand, and take his leaue.
Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreete
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy bleſsings ſteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furniſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſty hauiour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer heauen or fortune caſt my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More then my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battell, with mine Aduerſarie.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieſt,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. Harris of *Herford, Lancaſter.* and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1. *Har. Harry* of *Herford, Lancaſter.* and *Derbie*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here ſtandeth *Tho: Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford, Lancaſter.* and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deere blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd vp with boyſtrous vntun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Coſin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The flye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauy ſentence, my moſt Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I haue learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My natiue Engliſh) now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more,
Then an vnſtringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument caſ'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries ligh
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall ſword, your baniſht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by adui'ed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.
Bull. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this frayle ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*
Rich. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home, from baniſhment:
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton ſprings
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeeres to liue,
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Ric. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gaun. Things ſweet to taſt, proue in digeſtion ſowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich. Coſine farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*
Flouriſh.
Au. Coſine farewell: what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou returnſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaun. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bull. Ioy abſent, greefe is preſent for that time.
Gaun. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone?
Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.
Gaun. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaun. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
by thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gines but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth euer rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaun. Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.
Rich. We did obſerue. Coſine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him ſo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell: and for my hart diſdained ỹ my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of Farwels,
but ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues;
Wooing poore Craftſ-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.

Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort·
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters.
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houſe.

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gaun. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his vnſtaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare

Gaun. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort.
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?

Ri. What comfort man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaun. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Car. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Car Oh no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.
Rich. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Car. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Coſine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,
And———
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſoroundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withe'rd flowre.
Liue in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.
Yor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſtie.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The tipeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yor. How long ſhall *I* be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Haue euer made me ſowre *my* patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneyes generall, to ſue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke
Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe. to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*
Manet North. Willoughby, & Roſſ
Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew
Nor. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſ My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind. & let him ne'r ſpeak more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wil Tends that thou dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſ. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not.
But baſely yeelded vpon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlauiſh yoake.
Imp out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne.
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Rauenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as feating to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them & feare
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.
Buſh. Madam, your Maieſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a chearefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe me King, I did. to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*: yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadowes
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſtie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eie, (ſeene:
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo: but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heauy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and wel met Gentlemen: I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.

Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into diſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Buſh Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.

Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of careſull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable words:

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a ſeruant

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why ſo: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring

Ser My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeue you to report the reſt.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woſull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit.
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*

Buſh. The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſsible.

Gr. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.

Ba And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle:
The Earle of Wiltſhire is alreadie there.

Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hateſull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.

Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord.
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearieſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tedioufneſſe, and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe;
And hope to ioy, is little leſſe in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter*: Whence ſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolu'd, when we laſt ſpake together.

Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barkely, to diſcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approued ſeruice, and deſert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And, as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus ſeales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traytor; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Roſſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.

Willo. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Native Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duetie is deceiuable, and falſe.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

York. Tut, tut Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why foolifh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Euen in Condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alriue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Diſcent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee muſt winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weed, and plucke away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Haue ſtoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vnckle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heauens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendowre*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scœna

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for joy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous sence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies,
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my senceless Conjuration, Lords;
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth!
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name forty thousand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high:
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:
So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, coueting your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beadf-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eughs against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wilshire? where is *Baget*?
What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, eaſily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their ſpotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I ſee) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe vncurſe their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Haue ſelt the worſt of Deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Buſhie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?

Scroope. Yea all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt out Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerues as Paſte, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome haue been depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they haue depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wiues, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſſe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Caſtle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemne Reuerence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taſte Griefe, need Friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne're waile their preſent woes,
But preſently preuent the weyes to waile:
To feare the Foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe, ſtrength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome,
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vncle with his Power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in, to deſpaire:
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlaue, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this Coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes: only to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Haue beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Miſtake not (Vncle) farther then you ſhould.

York. Take not (good Couſin) farther then you ſhould.
Leaſt you miſtake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vncle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Caſtle yeeld?

Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally: Why, it containes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carliſle.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perſon: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vſe th'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.
Parle without, and anſwere within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.
See ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieſtie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew
Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd vs from our Stewardſhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereſt of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be ruſh'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie:
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpefull Swords
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond prowd man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou prowd heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since Foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King doe now: muſt he ſubmit:
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe.
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Iewels for a ſett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I liue;
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
We'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd there lyes
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where mounting Larks should sing.
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Cousin.
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth prowd with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
Rich. Well you deseru'd:
They well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Vncle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London.
Cousin, is it so?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeate;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame Ile sing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.
La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State; for euery one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is forerunne with Woe.
Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too lofftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.
Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie*, *Greene*.

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of duetie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What Eue? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then euery one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may neuer grow. *Exit.*
G. Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, ſowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honor ſoyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers poinc.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To preue it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*;
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heauen,
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy;
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants your differẽces ſhal all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name. Ile aſcend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake.
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.
North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge.
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tutore me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what ſeruice, am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize § Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'ſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne.
Rich My Crowne I am: but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bull Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares ſet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I,no; no,I: for I muſt nothing bee:
Therefore no,no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now, maike me how I will vndoe my ſelfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I waſh away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releaſe all dutious Oathes,
All Pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare:
My Manors,Rents,Reuennes,I forgoe;
My Acts,Decrees,and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me,that nothing haue,with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd,that haſt all atchieu'd.
Long may'ſt thou liue in *Richards* Seat to ſit,
And ſoone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God ſaue King *Henry*,vn-King'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State,and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them,the Soules of men
May deeme,that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee,in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou finde one heynous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot,damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay,all of you,that ſtand and looke vpon me,
W'hil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you,with *Pilate*,waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

North. My Lord diſpatch,reade o're theſe Articles

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares,I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-Water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay,if I turne mine Eyes vpon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt:
For I haue giuen here my Soules conſent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soueraignrie,a Slaue;
Prowd Maieſtie, a Subiect; State,a Peſant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine,thou haught-inſulting man;
No,nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name,no Title;
No,not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vſurpt; alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now,what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh,that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops.
Good King,great King,and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſtie.

Bull. Goe ſome of you,and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.

North. Read o're this Papet,while ỹ Glaſſe doth come.

Rich. Fiend,thou torments me,ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more,my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my ſinnes are writ,and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe

Giue me that Glaſſe,and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow ſtrucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperitie,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this Face,the Face
That euery day,vnder his Houſe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne,did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face,which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Gloty ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory,is the Face,
For there it is,crackt in an hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King,the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.

Bull. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow: ha,let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely ſhadowes,to the vnſeene Griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie,that not onely giu'ſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone,and trouble you no more
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it,faire Couſin.

Rich. Faire Couſin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King,my flatterers
Were then but ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great,I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I haue?

Bull. You ſhall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will,ſo I were from your ſights.

Bull. Goe ſome of you,conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wedneſday next,we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation: Lords,prepare your ſelues. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come,the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents,but alſo to effect

What

What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe.
I ſee your Browes are full of Diſcontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint Boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let vs reſt, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to dew,
And waſh him freſh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou moſt beaureous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am ſworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Neceſſitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue ſtricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with baſe Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beaſts?

Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed: if aught but Beaſts,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenſeleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome coale-black,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vſurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deſerued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a Kiſſe 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiuering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Qu. And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand my Loue) and heart fro heart.

Qu. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two, together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longeſt Way ſhall haue the longeſt Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one ſtep Ile groane, the Way being ſhort,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Griefe:
One Kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt, let Sorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Ducheſſe.

Duch. My Lord you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theatet, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him.
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,
Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be crept before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those lusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it

Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthrifte Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they ſay) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe Companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our paſſengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince.
And told him of theſe Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Per. His anſwer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'ſt creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Bul. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Coſin, that hee ſtares
And lookes ſo wildely?

Aum. God ſaue your Grace. I do beſeech your Maieſty
To haue ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone?
What is the matter with our Coſin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a Pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy deſire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vrkle) ſpeak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruſe this writing heere, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors boſome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſiluer fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.

Yorke. So ſhall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftleſſe Sonnes, their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his diſhonor dies,
Or my ſham'd life, in his diſhonor lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheſſe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens ſake let me in.

Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King
My dangerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come, to pray for your foule ſin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoſoeuer pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiueneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd ioynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſſe.

Dut. O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it ſelfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt y make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Riſe vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer ſee day, that the happy ſees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Againſt them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt ſtand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not ſay ſtand vp.
But Pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort: but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) ſay *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet's the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearſe.

Bul. Good Aunt, ſtand vp.

Dut. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen ſhall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heauen make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words hee ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou were't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May reare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue helpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeſt of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iaunting *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is staie, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument.
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.
Exton strikes him downe.
That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scœna Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.
Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.
Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY
Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooses
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious cloze of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a twelue-month old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord.
Farre more vncuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Athell*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteth*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Vncles teaching. This is Worceste
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte haue none.

Prin What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianates* Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade. Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague, haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Antricke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury similes, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man should speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a King's sonne in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theeſe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prooue a falſe theeſe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farewell the lattet Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a leſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*. *Roſſill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we wil ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Metall on a ſullen ground:
My reformation glittering o'te my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too; which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thoſe

Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmeden* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was deliuered to your Maieſty:
Who either through enuy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Hatueſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
He gaue his Noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady terme
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greeſe, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God ſaue the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
That villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably dye, and neuer riſe.
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Prouiſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*:
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon, and indent with Feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeyted themſelues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him ſterue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes ſedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran faſtefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his craſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſland'red with Reuolt.
King. Thou do'ſt belye him *Percy*, thou doſt belye him;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne.
Send vs your Priſoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vncle. *Enter Worceſter.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all theſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone
Hot. He will (forſooth) haue all my Priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountaines ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake, wore the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtill King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſh'd Honors, and reſtore your ſelues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay——
Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Diſcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimme:
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So Honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more ſtirres
To rouze a Lyon, then to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an eaſie leap,
To pluckе bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Fgures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend:
Good Couſin giue me audience for a-while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scottes
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he ſhall not haue a Scot of them:
No if a Scot would ſaue his Soule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes aſleepe,
And in his eare, Ile hollo *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Couſin: a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would haue poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouſterſhire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I firſt bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a candle deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did profeſſe me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Couſin:
O, the Diuell take ſuch Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to't againe,
We'l ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done infooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imply'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And only ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a Noble plot,

And

He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braines is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly
In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:
Speake termes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuetin,
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;
And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them current too. Gods me, my horse.
What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you loue me not
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hatke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom Dicke*, and *Francis* They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast loſt much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penyworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillings and ſix pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, Anon ſir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe Moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prythee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: ſtep aſide, and I'le ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I'le be ſworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon ſir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I would it had bene two.

Prin I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurſday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Baſtard is your only drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doſt thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and heare ſuch a cal-

ling? Looke to the Gueſts within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines.*

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the ſonne of a Woman. His induſtry is vp-ſtaires and down-ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotſpurre of the North, he that killes me ſome ſixe or ſeauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſaies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſweres, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, ſayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poin Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the ſweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing all manner of ſongs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Woolſack, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne: If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: Call you

Hang

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for. I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou saydst but two, euen now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack.*

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Falſt. Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth our of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſt. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falſt. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theeſe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (by Lady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulter's Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roasted Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Iacke* and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle sticke: what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sheriffe and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sheriffe, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sheriffe

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriffe, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sheriffe, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answere thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oily Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe?* fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets. He

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce. iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item. Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, we'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit downe?
And Vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had neuer beene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
if you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pinch't and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe.
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men
I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye.
And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I sent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto
By South and East is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet;
Nor shall wee needs his helpe these fourteene dayes:
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants Friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he bearес his course,
And runnes me vp with like aduantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hotsp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Ditty, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a raying Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Than feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements.
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a staine
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, she'le not part with you,
She'le be a Souldier too, she'le to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate heere:
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welſh as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauiſhing Diuiſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne madde.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mort. With all my heart Ile ſit, and heare her ſing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.
Hotſp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gooſe.

The Muſicke playes.

Hotſp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderſtands Welſh,
And 'tis no maruell he is ſo humorous:
By'rlady hee's a good Muſitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors.
Lye ſtill ye Theefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hotſp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Iriſh.
Lady. Would'ſt haue thy Head broken?
Hotſp. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill
Hotſp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotſp. To the Welſh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotſp. Peace, ſhee ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.

Hotſp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hotſp. Not yours, in good ſooth?
You ſweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ſooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and, as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch Sarcenet ſuretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velure-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hotſp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breſt teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe two howres: and ſo come in, when yee will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but ſeale,
And then to Horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee ſhall preſently haue neede of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heauen will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done;
That in his ſecret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'ſt in thy paſſages of Life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To puniſh my Miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prince So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
Which ott the Eare of Greatneſſe needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe Newes-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'de;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And dresst my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is a-wearie of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tenderneſſe.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battailes, and to bruising Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars*, in swathling Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayſed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worthip of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, wee our selues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you shall march

Through Glocestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence.
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph

Falst. *Bardolph*, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy-Song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times: liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard Why, you are so fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill, in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falſt. There's no more faith in thee then a ſtu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falſt. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Falſt. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, ſir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt true Hoſteſſe, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſayde this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſt. A thouſand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'ſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But ſirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horſon impudent imboſt Raſcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houſes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but theſe, I am a Villaine: And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee:
Go make ready Breakfaſt, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts:
Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beefe:
I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with vnwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynouſly vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horſe: for thou, and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* ſtands on hye,
And either they, or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hoſteſſe, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotſpurre, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldiour of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor.
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyſure to be ſicke now,
In ſuch a iuſtling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe Gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.
Hotſp. Sicke now? droope now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis carching hither, euen to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to vs.
Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good, to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope
The very Liſt, the very vtmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and ſo wee ſhould;
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
Hotſp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuiſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltie, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, wee of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hotſp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.
Hotſp. No more, no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frolly ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomeſday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour. and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowe't-Gurner: I haue miſ-vs'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had beene aſk'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as liefe heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſ-carded vniuſt Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers. Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more diſ-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their ſeruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeues: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones, or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack*? how now Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better. tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotſp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Couſin be aduis'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being me of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*.
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maiestie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his duteous Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold.
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.
Hotsp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and termes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotsp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Counceli-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.
Wee'le with-draw a while.
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Brieue
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well opposd

Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blustring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such termes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seare of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our side: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune shewring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

Do make against it: No good Worster, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What needs I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it insensible then? yea to the dead. But will it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults.
Suppositions, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors.
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cosin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking. Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earne, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſalch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus ſ crooſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my ragg of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Nobleman likes ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreuenged. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile. Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and daily now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can ſaue, ſo. if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and there's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P Iob. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iob. We breath too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come.

Prin. By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's head:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.
They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton* Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creft,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for——

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great hearts
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alriue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderneffe.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*
Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow.
'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue saued my life. I am afraide of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:
yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*
Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely hast thou fleshi
thy Maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, *we* will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Per-*
cy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee belee-
ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gild it with the happiest tearmes I haue.
A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.
King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
Exit Worceſter and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our Aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death : and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Indvction.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares : For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports.
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of Safety) wounds the World :
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Ieloufies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes craftie ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe than True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde : Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh :
The King is almoſt wounded to the death :
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine out-right : and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*,)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra.

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Umfreuill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgliеſt Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne and thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Douglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and theſe newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Cains*

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end.
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisedom from you

Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane on your health, the which if you giue o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp,
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greese had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Manu'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What a yong knaue and beg? Is there not warres? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on

on any ſide but one, it is worſe then to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that which growes to me? If thou get'ſt any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by aduiſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Maieſtie is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Maieſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highneſſe is falne into this ſame whorſon Apoplexie. (you.

Iuſt. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greeſe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Phyſitian

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Pouertie: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeede, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to come ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduiſed by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Well, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.

Iuſt. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhould haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtermongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Reckthings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals. & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and euery part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and will you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heauen ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſeuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot laſt euer.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Iuſt. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Coſin Weſtmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and lecherie: but the Gowt galles the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can ger no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Vrsula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'orher playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puissence of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed Fire of Iniuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is, we should nor step too farre
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
Conieture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should nor be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flatt'ring himselfe with Project of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giue not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde our-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Model
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we survey
The plot of Situation, and the Model;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Model of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne: and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolf*.
For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harris Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agiue,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.*
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is entred.
Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*..
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
Host. I good M. *Snare*, I haue entred him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab
Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombard-street, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'doff, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly*.
Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head. throw the Queane in the Channel.
Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. *Fang* A rescu, a rescu.
Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.
Page Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian. Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iustice.*
Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.
Ch. Iust. How now sir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?
Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Iust.* For what summe?
Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.
Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.
Ch. Iust. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?
Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?
Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst ꝙ deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby ꝙ didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did ſ ꝙ not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?
Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.
Iust. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*. I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.
Host. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with current repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remebred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.
Falst. Come hither Hostesse. *Enter M. Gower*
Ch. Iust. Now Master *Gower*; What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.
Falst. As I am a Gentleman.
Host. Nay, you said so before.
Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it
Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Host. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper. You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tearesheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Iust. I have heard better newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Iust. Come all his Forces backe?

Mes. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Iust. You shall have Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iust. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch. Iust. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre?*

Ch. Iust. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *Iohn?*

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Iust Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got. for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings thou hast (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inventorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for use. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keep'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talke so idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Peintz?*

Poin Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and perssistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to *Falstaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horſon vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea's* dreame, away.

Prin. Inſtruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Bloſſome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is ſixpence to preſerue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes ſhall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good reſpect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyſitian: but that moues not him: though that bee ſicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falſtaffe Knight: (Euery man muſt know that, as oft as hee hath occaſion to name himſelfe:) Euen like thoſe that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſay, there is ſom of the kings blood ſpilt. How comes that (ſayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Coſin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter: —*Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Be not too familiar with* Poinz, *for he miſuſes thy Fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to marrie his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe *with my Familiars:* Iohn *with my Brothers and Siſters: & Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vſe me thus *Ned*? Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worſe Fortune. But I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the ſpirits of the wiſe, ſit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Maſter heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where ſuppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Epheſians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miſtris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Tears-ſheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſters.

Prin. Euen ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we ſteale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelfe to night, in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declenſion: It was Ioues caſe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low tranſformation, that ſhall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the viſage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleſome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeak no more,
Do what you will: your Wiſedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens ſake, go not to theſe Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy when my heart-deere-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it ſtucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelues.
He had no Legges, that practis'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe,
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Copy, and Booke.
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you.
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King.
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Mindes
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolue for Scotland. there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these six dry, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; Mistris *Tearesheets* would faine haue some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Poines*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis* it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marueilous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When Arthur first in Court—(emptie the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*. How now Mistris *Dol*?

Host Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falst Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toastes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you. you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke* Thou art going to the Warres. and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither. it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere. I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore. I pray you.

Falst Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Ualst. Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick*, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue (ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters, how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Baſket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Prunes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Torture vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late; I beſeeke you now, aggreauate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Canibails, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, giue me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a threwd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art.

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slaue, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſique.

Page. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſiluer.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines diſgui'ſ'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Habet-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. Saturne and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me euen now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhee is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſpraiſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with vs? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to bee eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers doe ſo: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter, And there are twentie weake and wearied Poſtes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And aſking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads. Giue me my Sword, and Cloake: *Falſtaffe*, good night. *Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and wee muſt hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently, A dozen Captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrha: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol*. You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of Action is cal'd on. Farewell good Wenches: If I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeake: if my heart bee not readie to burſt—— Well (ſweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come Peſcod-time, but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man—— Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Teare-ſheet*.

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade theſe Letters, And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subiects Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe? Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs, Vpon vneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee, And huiſht with buſſing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State, And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde, In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch, A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the viſitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them With deafning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes? Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repoſe To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude: And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maieſtie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Haue you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How ſoule it is: what ranke Diſeaſes grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd, Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine: My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And ſee the reuolution of the Times Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of ſolide firmneſſe) melt it ſelfe Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee The beachie Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone, Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends, Did feaſt together; and in two yeeres after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres ſince, This *Percie* was the man, neereſt my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires, And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot: Yea, for my ſake, euen to the eyes of *Richard* Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by (You Couſin *Neuil*, as I may remember) When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*) Did ſpeake theſe words (now prou'd a Prophecie:) *Northumberland*, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreatured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt i'th Clowt at Twelue-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and fourteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I thinke)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo:* very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Shal. It is very iuſt: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worſhips good hand: Truſt me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good M. *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my Coſin *Sdence*: in Commiſſion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we ſir: Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo: Let mee ſee, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaide Sir *Iohn*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you ſhall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other ſir *Iohn*: Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to ſit vnder: he's like to be a cold ſouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers ſonne, Sir.

Falſt. Thy Mothers ſonne: like enough, and thy Fathers ſhadow: ſo the ſonne of the Female, is the ſhadow of the Male: it is often ſo indeede, but not of the Fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir *Iohn*?

Falſt. Shadow will ſerue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of ſhadowes to fill vppe the Muſter-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falſt Where's he?

Wart. Heere ſir.

Falſt. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *Iohn*?

Falſt. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it ſir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere ſir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, ſir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou haſt done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will ſir, you can haue no more.

Falſt. Well ſaid, good Womans Tailour: Well ſayde Courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Pricke the womans Taylour well Maſter *Shallow*, deepe Maiſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that he might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands Let that ſuffice, moſt Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice

Falſt. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalfe of the Greene.

Falſt. Yea marry, let vs ſee *Bullcalfe*.

Bul. Heere ſir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bullcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ſt thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you muſt haue but foure heere ſir, and ſo I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, doe you remember ſince wee lay all night in the Winde mill, in S Georges Field.

Falſtaffe. No more of that good Maſter *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: ſhe would alwayes ſay ſhee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: ſhee was then a *Bona Roba*. Doth ſhe hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chooſe but be

old: certaine shee's old: and had *Robin Nights-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, Let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue sortie, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, sir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falst. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Tayler, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab. hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bounce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shallow*. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same starv'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and I'le be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and 't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast Wee

Hast. Wee haue sent forth already.
Bish. Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?
Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.
West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaster.
Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Military men
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
West. There is no neede of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should haue an inch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue staid
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were ſet on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

Weſt. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee ſhall admit no Parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee ſhall ſtand vpon?

Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.

Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grieuances:
Each ſeuerall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.

Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe-deriued Cauſe,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That euen our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and ſuch picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life,
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Hiſtorie his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſ-doubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Armes,
That was vprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſticement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Biſh. Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, iuſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here (my coſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſee you heere an Iron man
Cheering a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death.
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his fauor,
Would hee abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Miſchiefes might hee ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is euen ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it ſelfe;
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeue,
But you miſ-vſe the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a falſe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes diſ-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-swarmed them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
Hie thee Captaine *Exit.*

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus. some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is rendred: hearke how they showt.

Mow. This had been cheerefull, after Victorie.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie loser.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismis'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*
Enter Falstaffe and Collenile.

Falst What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Collenile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Collenile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collenile* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Collenile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*?

Falst. As good a man as he Sir, who ere I am. doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland.*
Now *Falſtaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake ſome Gallowes back.

Falſt. I would bee ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibilitie. I haue ſwounded nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Collenile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and glorious Enemie: But what of that? hee ſaw mee, and yeelded: that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collenile* kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Collenile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collenile.*

Falſt. And a famous true Subiect tooke him

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ſt thy ſelfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Iohn. Send *Collenile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
Exit with Collenile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is ſore ſicke.
Our Newes ſhall goe before vs, to his Maieſtie,
Which (Couſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glouceſterſhire: and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falſtaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerue. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no marualle, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth ſo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudde Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable ſhapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) glues warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land petite Spirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffe vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that ſkill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that ſets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, ſtirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*
How now *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Armie is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh;
Onely wee want a little perſonall Strength:
And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie
Shall ſoone enioy.

King. Hum-

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in preſence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*) Thou haſt a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cheriſh it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, Nor looſe the good aduantage of his Grace, By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be obſeru'd: Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie: Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd: Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently, When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, giue him Line, and ſcope, Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themſelues with working. Learne this *Thomas*, And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in: That the vnited Veſſell of their Blood (Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in) Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)

Clar Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poines*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes: And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes, And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke vpon, When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors. For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counſailors, When Meanes and lauiſh Manners meete together; Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye Towards fronting Peril, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but ſtudies his Companions, Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, 'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd, Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no farther vſe, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes, The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time, Caſt off his followers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure, liue, By which his Grace muſt mete the liues of others, Turning paſt-euills to aduantages.

King. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's heere? *Weſtmerland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineſſe Added to that, that I am to deliuer. Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand: *Mowbray*, the Biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebels Sword vnſheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where. The manner how this Action hath beene borne, Here (at more leyſure) may your Highneſſe reade, With euery courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the haunch of Winter ſings The lifting vp of day

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieſtie: And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall, As thoſe that I am come to tell you of. The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*, With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots, Are by the Sheriffe of Yorkeſhire ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes Make me ſicke? Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words ſtill in foulеſt Letters? Shee either giues a Stomack, and no Foode, (Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt, And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich, That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.) I ſhould reioyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill

Glo Comfort your Maieſtie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſt. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your ſelfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, thoſe Fits Are with his Highneſſe very ordinarie. Stand from him, giue him ayre: Hee'le ſtraight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: theſe pangs, Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in, So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerue Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seaſons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found ſome Moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene: And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did ſo, a little time before That our great Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into ſome other Chamber. ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made (my gentle friends)
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper Muſicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Muſicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar I am here (Brother) full of heauineſſe.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.

Glo Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be ſicke with ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Phyſicke.

War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeake lowe.
The King your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleepe.

Clar Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War Will't pleaſe your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No. I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleepe with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deepely ſweete,
As hee whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maieſtie!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downy feather which ſtirres not:
Did hee ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleepe is ſound indeede: this is a ſleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneſſe,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriues it ſelfe to me. Loe, heere it ſits,
Which Heauen ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant Arme,
It ſhall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwicke Glouceſter. Clarence.

Clar Doth the King call?

War What would your Maieſtie? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee ſee him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee ſtayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe ſeeke him out.
Is hee ſo haſtie, that hee doth ſuppoſe
My ſleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my diſeaſe, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are!
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their ſleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they haue ingroſſed and pyl'd vp
The canker'd heapes of ſtrange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueſt
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taſte yeelds his engroſſements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his Friend Sickneſſe hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Waſhing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanure, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quaff't but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*

P Hen. I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.

King. Thy wiſh was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weatie thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O fooliſh Youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſſe, that will ouer-whelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with ſo weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifeſt, thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtonie heart,
To ſtab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead
Let all the Teares, that ſhould bedew my Hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you ſage Counſailors, hence:
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſſe.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that ſwill ſweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, ſhall double gill'd, his trebble guile.
England, ſhall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe pluckes
The muzzle of Reſtraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall fleſh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (ſicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moſt Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witneſſe with me, when I heere came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Maieſtie,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſſe, dye,
And neuer liue, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead.
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I ſpake vnto the Crowne (as hauing ſenſe)
And this vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſſe fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preſeruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts, to any ſtraine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreſt Vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harrie*, ſit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very lateſt Counſell
That euer I ſhall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my ſelfe know well
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the ſoyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in mee,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boyſt'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Feares,
Thou ſeeſt (with perill) I haue anſwered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer ſort.
So thou, the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſiuely.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince greeſes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends
Haue but their ſtings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt aduanc'd,
And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe diſplac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoſe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my *Harrie*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Minds
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Warwicke

King Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter:

Iohn Health, Peace, and Happineſſe,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and Peace
(Sonne *Iohn*:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſſe makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life must end.
It hath beene propheſi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What *Dauy*, I say.
Ful. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow.*
Shal I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serue: you shall not be excus'd.
Why *Dauie*
Dauie. Heere sir.
Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (*Dauy*) let me see: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shal not be excus'd.
Dauy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee seru'd. and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?
Shal With red Wheate *Dauy*. But for *William* Cook: are there no young Pigeons?
Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.
Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall not be excus'd.
Dauy Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre?
Shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell *William* Cooke.
Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
Shal Yes *Dauy*:
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dauy*, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.
Dauy No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they haue marueilous fowle linnen.
Shallow. Well conceited *Dauy*: about thy Businesse, *Dauy*.
Dauy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, against that *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.
Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir: But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.
Shal. Go too,
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy*.
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.
Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master *Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn*.
Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would curry with Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of six Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums*. O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.
Shal. Sir *Iohn*.
Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warwicke How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?
Ch. Iust. How doth the King?
Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.
Ch. Iust I hope, not dead.
Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.
Ch. Iust I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life.
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch.Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaſter, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Iſſue of dead *Harrie*:
O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile, to Spirits of vilde ſort?
Ch.Iuſt. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
Iohn. Good morrow Coſin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Coſin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to ſpeake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
Iohn. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
Ch.Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leaſt we be heauier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue loſt a friend indeed:
And I dare ſweare, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Wel, you muſt now ſpeake Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of Quality.
Ch.Iuſt. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer ſhall you ſee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-ſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Torch, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Maſter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath ſent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iuſt. Good morrow: and heauen ſaue your Maieſty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maieſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneſſe with ſome Feare:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be ſad (good Brothers)
For (to ſpeake truth) it very well becomes you
Sorrow, ſo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be aſſur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Harrie's* dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* liues, that ſhall conuert thoſe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineſſe.
Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maieſty.
Prin. You all looke ſtrangely on me: and you moſt,
You are (I thinke) aſſur'd I loue you not.
Ch.Iuſt. I am aſſur'd (if I be meaſur'd rightly)
Your Maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate mee.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch.Iuſt. I then did vſe the Perſon of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The Maieſty, and power of Law, and Iuſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, ſet your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iuſtice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Queſtion your Royall Thoughts, make the caſe yours:
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Sonne,
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadfull Lawes, ſo loſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelfe, ſo by a Sonne diſdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, ſoft ſilencing your Sonne:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeake in your State,
What I haue done, that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Lieges Soueraignтie.
Prin. You are right Iuſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honors may encreaſe,
Till you do liue, to ſee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I liue, to ſpeake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man ſo bold,
That dares do Iuſtice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leſſe happy, hauing ſuch a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatneſſe ſo,
Into the hands of Iuſtice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartiall ſpirit
As you haue done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will ſtoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wiſe Directions
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beſeech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, ſadly I ſurviue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maieſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs chooſe ſuch Limbes of Noble Counſaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Cosin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, spread *Dauie*: Well said *Dauie*.

Falst. This *Dauie* serues you for good vses: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe. Come Cosin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie yeere. when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M *Bardolfe*: some wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shroueride. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Dauie.

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. *Silence*

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome. If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Dauie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir *Iohn*, 'saue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base, I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King *Cotsha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*? And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nalle in doore.
The things I ſpeake, are iuſt.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horſe.
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Maſter *Silence* to bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee ride all night. Oh ſweet Piſtoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Piſtoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuiſe ſomething to do thy ſelfe good. Boote, boote Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horſſes: The Lawes of England are at my commandment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let Vultures vil'de ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why heere it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſſe Quickly, Dol Teare-ſheete, and Beadles.

Hoſteſſe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawne my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Conſtables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and ſhee ſhall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcall, if the Childe I now go with, do miſcarrie, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Hoſt. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miſcarry.

Officer. If it do, you ſhall haue a dozen of Cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piſtoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will haue you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd, Ile forſweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'recome might. Wel of ſufferance, comes eaſe.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iuſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come you ſtarv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raſcall.

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue ſounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falſtaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

Piſtol. Bleſſe thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falſt. Come heere *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore ſhew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe in affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certaine.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affayres in oblition, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*: for *obſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hall'd thither by moſt Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Piſtol, ſpeakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Piſtol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Falſt. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Piſt. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, moſt royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my ſweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

Ch. Iuſt. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeake?

Falſt. My King, my Ioue; I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Ieſter?

I haue

I haue long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleſſe you ſhould giue me your Doublet, and ſtuffe me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night

Ch. Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone:
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſperа me contento.
Exit. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are baniſht, till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe, and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falſtaffe ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Caſtle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

RVMOVR the Prefentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *Iohn* of Lancaſter. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Humphrey of Glouceſter. }
Thomas of Clarence. }

Northumberland. }
The Arch Byſhop of Yorke. }
Mowbray. }
Haſtings. } Oppoſites againſt King *Henrie* the
Lord Bardolfe. } Fourth.
Trauers. }
Morton. }
Coleuile. }

Warwicke. }
Weſtmerland. }
Surrey. } Of the Kings
Gowre. } Partie.
Harecourt. }
Lord Chiefe Iuſtice. }

Pointz. }
Falſtaffe. }
Bardolphe. } Irregular
Piſtoll. } Humoriſts.
Peto. }
Page. }

Shallow. } Both Country
Silence. } Iuſtices.
Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie. }
Shadow. }
Wart. } Country Soldiers
Feeble. }
Bullcalfe. }

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoſteſſe Quickly.
Doll Teare-ſheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelfe,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heeles*
(Leaſht in, like Hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnraiſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect: Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Attеſt in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whoſe high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Houres glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtorie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. ***Exit.***

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuenth yere of § laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to releiſe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what preuention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Neuer was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currance ſcowring faults:
Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did looſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

Turne him to any Cause of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
His Companies vnlettered, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet crescive in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part.
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Suites not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Conjuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishoneſt manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* The Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The stone vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more than she can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home,
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor
Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.

King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there we'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Coſin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaſſie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubiect
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainneſſe,
Tell vs *Dolphins* minde

Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.

King. What Treaſure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with vs,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderſtand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widowes
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe:
And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
His Ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of euery man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings.
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſumme is payd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the Sceſſe
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we conuey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow ſeas
To giue you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three ſworne brothers to France: Let't be ſo good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will liue ſo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, kniues haue edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaſte *Piſtoll*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, cal'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nell* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put vp your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt mereuailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is vp, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Piſtoll, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I ſay: Hee that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Giue me thy fiſt, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy ſpirites are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the ſpittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſid* kinde, *Doll Teare-ſheete*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely ſhee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to goe to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the diuel ſhould we keep knices to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let floods ore-ſwell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I will haue: that's the humor of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhal compound: puſh home. *Draw*

Bard. By this ſword, hee that makes the firſt thruſt, Ile kill him: By this ſword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muſt haue their courſe

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too: prethee put vp.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou haue, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* ſhall liue by me, is not this iuſt? For I ſhal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall haue my Noble?

Piſt. In caſh, moſt iuſtly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Piſt. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.

Piſt. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and euen they do beat themſelues,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head aſſembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.

King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty; there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greeſe and vneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.

Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.

Scro. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.

King. We Iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.

King. O let vs yet be merciſull.

Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

King Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Oriſons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preſeruation of our perſon
Wold haue him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you looſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs vpon their maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furniſh with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne vnto the practiſes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of all my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?
May it be poſsible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtands off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in an naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhmans.
Oh, how haſt thou with iealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they graue and learned:
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerueing with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare.
And but in purged iudgement truſting neither,
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes, God iuſtly hath diſcouer'd,
And I repent: my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in ſufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull ſubiect more reioyce
At the diſcouery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my ſelfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your ſentence
You haue conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would haue ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſeruitude,
His Subiects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender
Whoſe ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt nor of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. 'Prythee honey ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, towſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſle thy Courage vp: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and wee muſt erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted eu'n iuſt betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deules incarnate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumetique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember, a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* be thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe-leeches

leeches my Boyes, to ſucke, to ſucke, the very blood to ſucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hoſteſſe.

Nim. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Huſwifetie appeare: keepe cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſſe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flouriſh.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power vpon vs,
And more theu carefully it vs concernes,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, ſhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh,
Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arme vs 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelfe ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no ſhew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhee is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Conſt. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Couering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he ſeemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoyle his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, looke you ſtrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene fleſht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie ſtraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Paths:
Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtrucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ſtanding
Vp in the Ayre, crow n'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Native mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maieſtie.

King. Weele giue them preſent audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſinne,
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old Oblition rake,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonſtratiue;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euenly deriu'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe what followes?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaſtie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controuerſie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meſſage:
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here;
To whom expreſſely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Maieſtie;
He'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and returne your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. He'le make your Paris Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mightie Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
Flouriſh.

Exe. Diſpatch vs with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You ſhalbe ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leſſe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you haue ſeene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order giue
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuiſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing:
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Either paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Caualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back;
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnpro fitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the diuelliſh Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humilitie:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune vp the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtfull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobliſh Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooſe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Haue in theſe parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now attеſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lyms were made in England; ſhew vs here
The mettell of your Paſture: let vs ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſter in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Caſe of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Piſt. The plaine-Song is moſt iuſt: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafetie.

Piſt. And

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nym. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obserud these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuersarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is dig himselfe soure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch Captaine *Iamy* is a marueilous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes: haue the Pioners giuen o're.

Irish. By Christ Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Christ saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that sall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Christ saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Christ do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it: ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There

Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men prowd of deſtruction,
Defie vs to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut vp,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his ſmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſt and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelues are cauſe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command
Vpon th enraged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leviathan*, to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle *and* Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Deſire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the ſiluer Beards,
And their moſt reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayſe ſo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

Flouriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as eſte en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie m'enſignier, il faut que ie apprend a parlen. Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me ſouemera le doyts ie penſe qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, on de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand Ie doyts le Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.

Kath. I'ay gaynie dix mots d'Anglois vitſement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous mayes, apprins des a preſent.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots auſi droitt, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'aue vos y deſia oublie ce que ie vous a enſignie.

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans voſtre honeur d'Elbow.

Kath. Auſi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il ſont le mots de ſon mauvais corruptible groſſe & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'uſer: Ie ne voudray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon enſembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'eſt aſſes pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. Tis certaine he hath paſt the Riuer Some.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and ſauage Stock,
Spirt vp ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a ſlobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-ſhotten Ile of Albion.

Conſt. *Dieu de Batailes*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our tich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.

King Where is *Montioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillon, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.

Conſt. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
He'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchiuement, offer vs his Ranſome.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.

King Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours; the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu Aunchient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.

Piſt Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vttered as praue words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſeruc.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they tricke

vp

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Suite of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marueilously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleese your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Lenitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountioy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sickneesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the baseft horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

Const. In-

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiſſement eſt la lewye lauee au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your braggs diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt actiue Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is actiuitie, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conſt. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendſhip.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Conſt. You haue ſhot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the firſt time you were ouer-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare ſuch heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, iuſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I.

Orleance. I, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrowdly out of Beeſe.

Conſt. Then ſhall we finde to morrow, they haue only ſtomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, ſhall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me ſee, by ten Wee ſhall haue each a hundred Engliſh men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius

Chorus.

Now entertaine conieCture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veſſell of the Vniuerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receiue
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile ſees the others vmber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luſtie French,
Doe the low-rated Engliſh play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediouſly away. The poore condemned Engliſh,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inueſting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coates,
Preſented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghoſts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayſe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoaſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the weatie and all-watched Night:
But freſhly lookes, and ouer-beates Attaint.
With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Maieſtie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeſſe vniuerſall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineſſe define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With foure or fiue moſt vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. *Gloſter*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford:* God Almightie,
There is ſome ſoule of goodneſſe in things euill,
Would men obſeruingly diſtill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſſe vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himſelfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churliſh turfe of France.

Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their preſent paines,
Vpon example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowſie Graue and newly moue
With caſted ſlough, and freſh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pauilion.

Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Boſome muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry.* *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearefully. *Enter Piſtoll.*

Piſt. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſſe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?

King. Euen ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſſe his durtie ſhooe, and from heart-ſtring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. *Le Roy?* a Cornifh Name: art thou of Cornifh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

King. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinſman too.
Pist. The *Fige* for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*
Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the vniuerſall World, when the true and auncient Prerogatiſes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble babble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeſtie of it, to be otherwiſe.
Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.
Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?
Gow. I will ſpeake lower.
Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*
King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?
Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.
Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall neuer ſee the end of it. Who goes there?
King. A Friend.
Williams. Vnder what Captaine ſerue you?
King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*
Williams. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?
King. Euen as men wracke vpon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?
King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Senſes haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame relliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſ-hearten his Army.
Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here.
King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.
Bates. Then I would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens liues ſaued.
King. I dare ſay, you loue him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoeuer you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being iuſt, and his Quarrell honorable.
Williams. That's more then we know.
Bates. I, or more then wee ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.
Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgean; ſome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; ſome vpon the Debts they owe, ſome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubiection.
King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry vpon the Sea, the imputation of his wickedneſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed vpon his Father that ſent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Maſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maſter the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maſter of his Seruant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſeruices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe neuer ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all vnſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ſicke man in his Bed, waſh euery Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a foolliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap. if euer thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you Engliſh fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh Treaſon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himſelfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We muſt beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneſſe,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whoſe ſence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, ſaue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſticall,
Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,
Neuer ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
Doth riſe and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horſe,
And followes ſo the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in groſſe braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whoſe howres, the Peſant beſt aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their withr'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee.
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les eawes & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Couſin *Orleance.* *Enter Conſtable.*
Now my Lord Conſtable?

Conſt. Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them
'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants,
Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe;
Though we vpon this Mountaines Baſis by,
Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe,
And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.
Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt,
And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes.
The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ſtaues in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyes foule with chaw'd-graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe.
And their executors, the knauiſh Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile,
In life ſo liueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe.

Conſt. They haue ſaid their prayers,
And they ſtay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Suites,
And giue their faſting Horſes Prouender
And after fight with them?

Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on
To the field. I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.

Weſt. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's fiue to one, beſides they all are freſh.

Salisb. Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin *Weſtmerland.* No, my faire Couſin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey loſſe: and if to liue,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coſt:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires.
But if it be a ſinne to couet Honor,
I am the moſt offending Soule aliue.
No 'faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I haue. O, doe not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaime it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoaſt,
That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purſe:
We would not dye in that mans compaſnie,
That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs
This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the Name of *Criſpian.*
He that ſhall ſee this day, and liue old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian.*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot:
But he'le remember, with aduantages,
What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

Harry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here,
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are bravely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Native Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen.
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With rayny Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but those my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.
Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Ie pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. *O prennes misericordie aye pitez de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. *Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.*

Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. *O perdonne moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. *Fer*.

Pist. M. *Fer*: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. *Que dit il Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppes vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: me pardonner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to ſaue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monſieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra ſon Iurement, de pardonner aucune priſonner: neant-mons pour les eſcues que vous layt a promets, il eſt content a vous donnes le liberte le fianchiſement.

Fre. Sur me: genoux ſe vous donnes mailes remercions, et le me eſtime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main. d'vn Cheualier Ie penſe le plus braue valiant et tres diſtinus ſignieur d'Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thouſand thanks, and he eſteemes himſelfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moſt braue, valorous and thrice-worthy ſigneur of England.

Piſt. As I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know ſo full a voyce iſſue from ſo emptie a heart: but the ſaying is true. The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be, if hee durſt ſteale any thing aduentutouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O ſignieur le iour et perdia, toute et perdue.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all, Reproach, and euerlaſting ſhame Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A ſhort Alarum.* *O meſchante Fortune*, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelues: Be theſe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent too, for his ranſome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall ſhame, nothing but ſhame, Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not follow *Burbon* now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a baſe Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilſt a baſe ſlaue, no gentler then my dogge, His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyl'd vs, friend vs now, Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field, To ſmother vp the Engliſh in our throngs, If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng; Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his traine, with Priſoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maieſty

King. Liues he good Vncle? thrice within this houre I ſaw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the ſpurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody ſide, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes. Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes That bloodily did yawne vpon his face. He cryes aloud; Tarry my Coſin Suffolke, My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company to heauen: Tarry (ſweet ſoule) for mine, then flye a-breſt: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chiualrie. Vpon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, ſayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my ſeruice to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes neck He threw his wounded arme, and kiſt his lippes, And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd A Teſtament of Noble-ending-loue: The prettie and ſweet manner of it forc'd Thoſe waters from me, which I would haue ſtop'd, But I had not ſo much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not, For heating this, I muſt perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will iſſue to. *Alarum* But hearke, what new alarum is this ſame? The French haue re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men: Then euery ſouldiour kill his Priſoners, Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſſely againſt the Law of Armes, 'tis an arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Raſcalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd euery ſoldiour to cut his priſoners throat. O'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſaue the phraſe is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my prames, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouth* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: I le tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiesty

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight,
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glow. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Know'st thou not,
That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength for it.
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most praue pattle here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Maieties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleeue your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maieties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

King. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maieties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will: And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

King. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't pease your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (see you now), his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a lacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Wil. So, I will my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I plucke this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeu'd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.
The Glouе which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should
Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch't with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injurie.
Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vncle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glouе?

Flu. Know the Glouе? I know the Glouе is a Glouе.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Trayter.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Glouе which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glouе, heere is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glouе in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Glouе of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Glouе Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vncle *Exeter*, fill this Glouе with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vncle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bonchiqualt*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Iaques of Chatillion, Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanſon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of luſtie Earles,
Grandpree and *Roſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exet. 'Tis wondetfull.
King. Come, goe we in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that prayſe from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Maieſtie, to tell how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ſeene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts & claps-out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath;
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to haue borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-neſſe, and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Ceſar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe haue play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is paſt.
Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſceuld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knaue *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.
Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtoll*: you ſcurule lowſie Knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurule lowſie Knaue, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it.
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knaue, as eate it?
Piſt. Baſe Troian, thou ſhalt dye.
Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

you

you to day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gow. Enough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eare ſome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Piſt. Muſt I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly reuenge I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſt. Quoit thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you ſcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you ſhall eate.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God buy you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition begun vpon an honourable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue ſeene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you finde it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction, teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piſt. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To England will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Coſine *Katherine*;
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriu'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (Engliſh) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loſt their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endeuors,
To bring your moſt Imperiall Maieſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe,
Since then my Office hath ſo farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Viſage?
Alas, ſhee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culterruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke,
Conceiues by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hateſull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekſyes, Burres,
Looſing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that ſeemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,
And bleſſe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuſt demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enſcheduled briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

France. I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently
To ſit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-ſuruey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer.

England. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

England. Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

Kath Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que Je ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.

King. I ſaid ſo, deare *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King. What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to ſay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Giue me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bargaine: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, me vnderſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken. I ſhould quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Jack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woe in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Enemie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Ncke, hardly to be ſhooke off; *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous auez le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let mee ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee my ſpeede) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall neuer moue thee in French, vnleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois que vous parleis, il eſt meilleur que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ſt thou vnderſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night when you come into your Cloſet, you'le queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I haue a ſauing Faith within me tells me thou ſhalt; I get thee with ſkambling, and thou muſt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Engliſh,

that ſhall goe to Conſtantinople, and take the Turke by th Beard. Shall wee not? what ſay'ſt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: doe but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of ſuch a Boy; and for my Engliſh moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batchelet. How anſwer you. *La plus belle Katherine du monds mon treſcher & deuin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Maieſtee aue ſauſe Frenche enough to deceiue de moſt ſage Damoiſeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now ſye vpon my falſe French: by mine Honor in true Engliſh, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not ſweare thou loueſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looſes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt finde the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe veſtre grandeus, en baiſant le main d'une noſtre Seigneur indygnie ſeruiteur excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſe deuant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpretet, what ſayes ſhee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Angliſh.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Maieſtee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curtſie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyſt of a Countreyes faſhion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice faſhion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neythet the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot ſo coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likeneſſe, hee muſt appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roſ'd ouer with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſtie, if ſhee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhee muſt be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Loue for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

England. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt; and in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Maieſtie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occaſion to write for matter of Graunt, ſhall
name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this addi-
on, in French: *Noſtre treſcher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre
Heretere de Fraunce*: and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus
Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*
France. Nor this I haue not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.
England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reſt,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayſe vp
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhores looke pale,
With enuy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witneſſe all
That here I kiſſe her as my Soueraigne Queene.
Flouriſh.
Quee. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in betweene the Pation of theſe Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receiue each other. God ſpeake this Amen.
All. Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.
Sonet *Exeunt*

Enter Chorus

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

LIving be y heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glost. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. *Glocster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæsar*, or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Crop't are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd:
Reynold Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke. Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I musterd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set vpon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouernor,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Florish.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?
Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.
Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.
Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes for him.
Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?
Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.
Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.
Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.
Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.
Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.
Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too weake.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.
Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alanf. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.
Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.
Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?
Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo-

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſaue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhee proue falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter, with his Seruing-man.

Gloſt. I am come to ſuruey the Towet this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloſter.
2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villaines, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We doe no otherwiſe then wee are will'd.
Gloſt. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant ſpeakes within.

Woodu le. What noyſe is this? what Traytors haue wee here?
Gloſt. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Woodvile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I haue expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Wincheſter and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious *Vmphrey*, what meanes this?
Gloſt. Piel'd Prieſt, doo'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I doe, thou moſt vſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Gloſt. Stand back thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriued'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you ſoundly.
Vnder my feet I ſtampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. Gloſter, thou wilt anſwere this before the Pope.
Gloſt. Winchester Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them ſtay?
Thee Ile chaſe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords that you being ſupreme Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould breake the Peace.
Gloſt. Peace Maior, thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his vſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himſelfe King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmiſh againe.

Maior. Naught reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtriſe,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highneſſe Name, to repayre to your ſeuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or vſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.
Gloſt. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloſter, wee'le meet to thy coſt, be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Gloſt. Maior farewell: thou doo'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloſter*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Maior. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks beare,
I my ſelfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'ſt how Orleance is beſieg'd,
And how the Engliſh haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue ſhot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miſs'd my ayme.
M. Gunner. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Maſter Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I muſt doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals haue informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrenched,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence diſcouer, how with moſt aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Sal. *Talbot*, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrane. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls downe.*

Sal. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

Gargr O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side strucke off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My breast Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-

O're-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorne thy ſtrength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-ſtarued men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoake, and Doues with noyſome ſtench,
Are from their Hyues and Houſes driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fierceneſſe, Engliſh Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
A ſhort Alarum.
Hearke Countreymen, either renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons ſtead:
Sheepe run not halfe ſo treacherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-ſubdued ſlaues.
Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all conſented vnto *Salisburies* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroake in his reuenge.
Pucel is entred into Orleance,
In ſpight of vs, or ought that we could doe
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The ſhame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Walls, Pucel, Dolphin, Reignier, Alanſon, and Souldiers.

Pucel. Aduance our waning Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleance from the Engliſh.
Thus *Ioane de Pucel* hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Diuineſt Creature, *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſſe?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteſſe,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befall our State.
Reignier. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
Alanſ. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they ſhall heare how we haue play'd the men.
Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſſe praiſe.
A ſtatelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported, ſhall be at high Feſtiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Denis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Pucel* ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyſe or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by ſome apparant ſigne
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you ſhall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others ſleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſſe, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Diſpairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Pucell* whom they tearme ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martiall?
Bur. Pray God ſhe proue not maſculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and conuerſe with ſpirits.
God is our Fortreſſe, in whoſe conquering name
Let vs reſolue to ſcale their flinty bulwarkes.
Bed. Aſcend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I gueſſe,
That we do make our entrance ſeuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry*, ſhall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make aſſault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their ſhirts. Enter ſeuerall wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie ſo?
Baſt. Vnready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More ventrutous, or desperate then this.
Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sute sauour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensiue Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?
Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.
Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weighty Charge.
Alanſ. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?
Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scattet'd and disperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleanee,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terrot he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape ore the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?
Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.
Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne vnto a peaceful Comick sport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.
Talb. Ne'te trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?
Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will.
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.
Whispers.
Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Mess. Madame, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should haue seene some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
Ile sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
Talb. Prisoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugh'st thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* shadow,
Whereon to practise your seuerities.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I substance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I shew you presently.
Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.
How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse.
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.
Count With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.
York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene vs.
Warw. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
Warw. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.
Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.
Som: Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnleſſe my Studie and my Bookes be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſigne whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloudy red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes:
For pale they looke with feare, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No *Plantagenet:*
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing, to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.
Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet:*
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Creſtleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treaſon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Haue with thee *Poole:* Farwell ambitious *Richard.* *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Glouceſter:*
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roſe.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,
(Vnable to ſupporr this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;
And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* beene obſcur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,
Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vncle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſom ſpend my latter gaſpe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.
And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Rich. Firſt

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which termes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him
Therefore good Vncle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd;
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue installd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppresst.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vncle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Vncle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Only giue order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breast,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet Gloster offers to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it tears it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuis'd?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place cõmands my patiẽce,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernitious Vsurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Treacherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to make my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. Gloster. I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
Or raise my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Glost. Am I not Protector, saucie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloucester*.
Glost. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your durie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.
King. Vnckles of *Glocster*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle *Glocster* mittigate this strife.
1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.
3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.
1. *Serv.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.
Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe.
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?
Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.
Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.
1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2. *Seru.* And so will I.
3. *Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompens'd.
Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the House of *Yorke*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
And humble seruice, till the point of death.
King Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that duties done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*.
Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.
Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my duties springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.
Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.
Glost. Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Glo'ster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
Glost. Your Ships already are in readinesse.
Senet Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and enuious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that hapless time. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with Sacks vpon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peasaunts la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratagem,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.
Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakenesse) which she entred.
Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*
Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*
An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Bastard, and Reignier on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whisper together in counsell.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alanſ. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Peasant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And date not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let vs now perswade you
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Because I euer found them as my selfe.
Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set vpon our boasting Enemie *Exit.*

An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, in such haste?
Falſt Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falſt I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.
Exit.
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Lance,
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.
Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
Alanſ. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
Drumme sounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
Here sound an English March.
There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe.
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her woefull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot*, I'le no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alanſ. *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now lee vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Capraine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolued of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King *Henry* of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I haue vpon especiall cause,*
Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,
Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France
O monstrous Treachery. Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vncle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talk with him,
And giue him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes. But y I am preuented,
I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King Then gather strength, and march vnto him straight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too

Yorke. This is my Seruant, beare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintness of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men,
When for so slight and friuolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise?
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass.

Baſſ. Confirme it ſo, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it ſo? Confounded be your ſtriſe,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate,
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their peruerſe Obiections:
Much leſſe to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelues,
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.

Exet. It greeues his Highneſſe,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongſt a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue diſſention in our lookes,
And that within our ſelues we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Forraigne Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility.
Deſtroy'd themſelues, and loſt the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon if I weare this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpitious
I more incline to Somerſet, than Yorke:
Both are my kinſmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs ſtill continue peace, and loue.
Coſin of Yorke, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerſet, vnite
Your Troopes of horſemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheereſully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that Traiterous rout

Exeunt *Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerſet.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affayres muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Manet Exeter.*

Exet Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſſe thy voice:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I feare we ſhould haue ſeene decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoere, no ſimple man that ſees
This iarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill euent.
'Tis much, when Sceptors are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuiſion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confuſion. *Exit*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds,*

Enter Generall aloft.

Engliſh *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And I le withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, euen with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canſt not enter but by death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canſt thou turne thee for redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparant ſpoyle,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thouſand French haue ta'ne the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Chriſtian ſoule but Engliſh *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou ſtandſt a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glorie of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glaſſe that now begins to runne,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy houre,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Muſicke to thy timorous ſoule,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raſcall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And deſperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they ſhall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your eſpyals were diſcouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were leuied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Neuer ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould wee ſaue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we looſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We looſe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſ. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres ſince,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This ſeuen yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meete where both their lines are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy ſhall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That ſundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poyctiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit*
Meſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe.

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, deſperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you ſent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerſtrie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſwet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your priuate diſcord keepe away
The leuied ſuccours that ſhould lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould haue ſent him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as faſt vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. Yorke lyes: He might haue ſent, & had the Horſe
I owe him little Dutie, and leſſe Loue,
And take foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When ſapleſſe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And Ile direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
John. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done
You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamie.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
John. I rather then lie shame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from ỹ staine.
John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, you selfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talb. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.
Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *Iohn*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lines in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houshold's Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.
John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peasant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word.
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield,* Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeild,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal be reard
A Phœnix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Armiack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Armiacke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
King Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answeres euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For clothing me in these graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is.
But we will presently prouide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you need not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt *Alarum.* *Excursions.*

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye,
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.
Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake.
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.
Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,
Oh stay:

Keeping them priſoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ſeruile vſage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh ſtay: I haue no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, diſable not thy ſelfe:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I: Beauties Princely Maieſty is ſuch,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceiue I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betweene theſe Realmes.
But there remaines a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anion* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a ſecret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he ſeems a knight
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not crauie his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlaue, in baſe ſeruility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Sceprer in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiſcend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam, are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. *Enter Reignier on the Walles.*
See *Reignier* ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honor giue conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her eaſie held impriſonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I deſcend,
To giue thee anſwer of thy iuſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace vnto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt deigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliuer her,
And thoſe two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Becauſe this is in Traffick of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this caſe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farwell ſweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King.
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtie directed,

But

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kiſſe her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe: but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treaſons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayeſt bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I ſought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Peazant auant. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Girle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes.
Stain'd with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No miſconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And heare ye firs: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue.
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Girle: I think ſhe knowes not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath beene liberall and free
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiron you, till Miſcheefe and Diſpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou ſowle accurſed miniſter of Heil.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The vtter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.
Yorke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.
War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chiefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne.
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is berroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glouc. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King.
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.
Exet Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* soonest will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Peazants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peereleſſe feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry*, ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greeſe I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Gloceſter.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But proſper better than the Troian did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one ſide. The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maieſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanſon*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Biſhops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hands, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that euer Marqueſſe gaue,
The Faireſt Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. Suffolke ariſe. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Loue
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lend me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With rudeſt termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did rauiſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Maieſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All Kneel. Long liue Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Flouriſh*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by conſent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Anion, and the County of Main, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered to the King her father.*

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Anion and Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe vs well. Lord Marques kneel down.
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And gitt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till tetme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerſet,
Salisbutie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the reſt.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your ſelues, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Braue *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiued deepe ſcarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vncle *Beauford*, and my ſelfe,
With all the Learned Counſell of the Realme,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Councell houſe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſſe in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counſell dye?
O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Raſing the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This preteroration with ſuch circumſtance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill.

Glo. I Vncle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impoſsible we ſhould.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Anion* and *Mayne*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſſe of his purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonne?

War. For greefe that they are paſt recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anion and *Maine*? My ſelfe did win them both:
Thoſe Prouinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper ieſt, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſts and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould haue ſtaid in France, and ſteru'd in France
Before——

Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy furie: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the Engliſh Crowne.
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewirch your hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Ieſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himſelfe.
Coſin of Somerſet, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyſe Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som Coſin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His inſolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerſet will be Protectors,
Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While theſe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer ſaw but Humfrey Duke of Gloſter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I ſeene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himſelfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateſt fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somerſets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cheriſh Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Yor. And ſo ſayes Yorke,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Salisbury. Then lets make haſt away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.
Yorke. *Anion* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pry into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.
Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
We'll both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Offices-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were crowned,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Messenger.
Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum*
Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of bloud,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.
Elia. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.
Elia. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?
Hume. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albons* we doe make returne,
Wee'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighttie cauſe.
Exit Elianor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Ducheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe asketh ſilent ſecrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheſſe,
And buzze theſe Conjurations in her brayne.
They ſay, A crafty Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt,
Humes Knauerie will be the Ducheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall haue Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.
2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.
Suff. How now fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?
1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.
Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?
1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for incloſing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?
2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Townſhip.
Peter. Againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.
Queene. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?
Peter. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, That he was, and that the King was an Vſurper.
Suff. Who is there?
Enter Seruant.
Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſeuant preſently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*
Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.
Teare the Supplication.
Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.
All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the ſurly *Gloſters* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles
His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queene. Beſide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils*:
Salsbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.
Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madame, my ſelfe haue lym'd a Buſh for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall ſteere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Ducheſſe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, *Warwicke*.
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.
Salib. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it ſo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To giue his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.
Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraignetie.
Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue coſt a maſſe of publique Treaſurie.
Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my Fanne: what, Minion, can ye not?
She gives the Ducheſſe a box on the ears.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.
Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time
She'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter weare no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eleanor* vnreueng'd.
Exit Eleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eleanor*,
And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no ſpurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I ſay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keepe me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.
Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke*.
Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are theſe?
Suff Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the Engliſh Crowne,
And that your Maieſtie was an Vſurper.
King. Say man, were theſe thy words?
Armorer. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſayd nor thought any ſuch matter; God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, he did ſpeake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Maieſtie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneſſe of this; therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie, doe not caſt away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.
King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'te the French,
Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpition;
And let theſe haue a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witneſſe of his ſeruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of man preuayleth againſt me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Hume. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'le ſee thee ſent away.

Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Prieſts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Maſters, the Ducheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.

Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?

Hume. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conuenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be buſie below; and ſo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and groueil on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* teade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft

Elianor Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To this geere, the ſooner the better

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues; That time beſt fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, ſit you, and feare not: whom wee rayſe, Wee will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly · then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Ad ſum.

Witch. Aſmath, by the eternall God, Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at, Anſwere that I ſhall aske: for till thou ſpeake, Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and done.

Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles, Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines, Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Diſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake: False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elianor. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King, Injurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe, And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs. *Stafford* take her to thee. Wee'le ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming. All away. *Exit*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon. Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Deuils Writ. What haue we here? *Reades.*

The Duke yet liues, that Henry *ſhall depoſe:*
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iuſt *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere poſſe.* Well, to the teſt:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?

Let him ſhunne Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.

Come, come, my Lords, Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderſtood. The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albones*, With him, the Husband of this lowely Lady: Thither goes theſe Newes, As faſt as Horſe can carry them: A ſorry Breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace ſhal giue me leaue, my Lord of Yorke, To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord. Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To ſuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch ſhe flew aboue the reſt: To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maieſtie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well, They know their Maſter loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.

Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſore.

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treaſurie of euerlaſting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treaſure of thy Heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere, That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Common-weale.

Gloſt. What, Cardinall? Is your Prieſt-hood growne peremptorie? *Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ*, Church-men ſo hot? Good Vnckle hide ſuch mallice: With ſuch Holyneſſe can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and ſo bad a Peere.

Gloſt. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorſhip.

Gloſt. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine inſolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene, And whet not on theſe furious Peeres, For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make Againſt this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.

Gloſt. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne perſon anſwere thy abuſe.

Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peepe: And if thou dar'ſt, this Euening, On the Eaſt ſide of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Couſin *Gloſter*, Had not your man put vp the Fowle ſo ſuddenly, We had had more ſport. Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloſt. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd? The Eaſt ſide of the Groue: Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter*?

Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt, Ile ſhaue your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence ſhall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipſum*, Protector ſee to't well, protect your ſelfe.

King. The Windes grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords: How irkeſome is this Muſick to my heart? When ſuch Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What meanes this noyſe? Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forſooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his ſight, A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Giues Light in Darkneſſe, Comfort in Deſpaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townſ-men, on Proceſſion, To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his ſight his ſinne be multiplyed.

Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him neere the King, His Highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumſtance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, haſt thou beene long blinde, and now reſtor'd?

Simpc. Borne blinde, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.

Gloſt. Hadſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt haue better told.

King. Where wert thou borne

Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodneſſe hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed paſſe, But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and ofner, In my ſleepe, by good Saint *Albon*: Who ſaid; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth: And many time and oft my ſelfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpc. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou beene blinde?

Simpc. O borne ſo, Maſter.

Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climbe a Tree?

Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloſt. Maſſe, thou lou'dſt Plummes well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simpc. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Gloſt. A ſubtill Knaue, but yet it ſhall not ſerue: Let me ſee thine Eyes: winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simpc. Yes Maſter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simpc. Red Maſter, Red as Blood.

Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpc. Black forſooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer ſee.

Gloſt. But

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpc. Alas Master, I know not.

Glost. What's his Name?

Simpc. I know not.

Glost. Nor his?

Simpc. No indeede, Master.

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

Simpc. *Saunder Simpcoxe*, and if it please you, Master

Glost. Then *Saunder*, sit there,
The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou mightst as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Albons* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpc. O Master, that you could?

Glost. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glost. Then send for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exit.

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Simpc. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Glost. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpc. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Glost. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glost. Let thē be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Glost. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth trremble to vnfold:
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raysing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.

Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers;
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Glester*, see here the Tainture of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thoroughly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.
Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In craning your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster:
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,

And

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse *Richard* was murthered traiterously.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.
Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salub. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.
Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution.
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elianor Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.
Glost. *Elianor*, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would ease.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feere:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child.
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloster.
Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this lofty Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.
Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him ſo much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you ſhall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1 *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou ſhalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Maſter, hee hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forſooth.

Salisb. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Salisb. *Thumpe?* Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans inſtigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Diſparch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Treaſon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
And God in Iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore ſucceedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe:
Vneath may ſhee endure the Flintie Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-ſtayn'd eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffe and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your liues, let her paſſe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Cloſet pent vp, rue my ſhame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Eleanor. Ah *Gleſter*, teach me to forget my ſelfe:
For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in ſhame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I ſtart, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduiſed how I treade
Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this ſhamefull yoake?
Troweſt thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile ſay, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I, his forlorne Ducheſſe,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing ſtock
To euery idle Raſcall follower.
But be thou milde, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lym'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor neuer ſeeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloſt. Ah *Nell*, forbeare: thou aymeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleſſe.
Would'ſt haue me reſcue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy ſcandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee ſort thy heart to patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Maieſties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the firſt of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leaue: and Maſter Sheriſe,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.

Sh. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtayes:
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You vſe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Elianor What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Gloſter.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my loy, is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie:
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Ducheſſe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sheriſe farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame.

Sheriffe. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt*

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Saliſbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muſe my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keepes him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerue
The ſtrangeneſſe of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maieſtie he beares himſelfe,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himſelfe.
We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiffe vnbowed Knee,
Diſdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
Firſt note, that he is neere you in diſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Reſpecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſſe Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:
And had I firſt beene put to ſpeake my minde,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheſſe, by his ſubornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuelliſh practiſes:
Or if he were not priuie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high diſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam braine-ſick Ducheſſe,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barkes not, when he would ſteale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloucſter* is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuiſe ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Leuie great ſummes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer ſent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humfrey.*

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayſe: but ſhall I ſpeake my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royall Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's diſpoſed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For

For bee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset:* What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset:* but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Glost. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Glester*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou were more loyall than thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glost. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Glost. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Glost. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannor easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beauforts red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his railing is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely couch't?
As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his State.

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Glester.*

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I *Margaret:* my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miſerable then Diſcontent?
Ah Vncle *Humfrey*, in thy face I ſee
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe ſeeke ſubuerſion of thy harmleſſe Life.
Thou neuer didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Euen ſo remorſeleſſe haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmleſſe young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings loſſe,
Euen ſo my ſelfe bewayles good *Gloſters* caſe
With ſad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytot? *Gloſter* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords·
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of fooliſh pittie: and *Gloſters* ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wiſe then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he ſhould dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour ſtill to ſaue his Life,
The Commons haply riſe, to ſaue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then miſtruſt, that ſhewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, ſo faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and ſpeake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were ſet,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madneſſe then,
To make the Fox ſurueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted ouer,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be ſtayn'd with Crimſon blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And doe not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So be he dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suff. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And ſo ſay I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poſte.

Poſt. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To ſignifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Engliſhmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient ſtoppe.
What counſaile giue you in this weightie cauſe?

Yorke. That *Somerſet* be ſent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky Rulet be imploy'd,
Witneſſe the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in ſtead of me,
He neuer would haue ſtay'd in France ſo long.

Yorke. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done.
I rather would haue loſt my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of diſ-honour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſkarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, doe ſeldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this ſparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadſt thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worſe then his.

Yorke. What, worſe then naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.

Somerſet. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie ſome,
And trie your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Maieſtie.

Suff. Why, out Authoritie is his conſent,
And what we doe eſtabliſh, he confirmes:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now returne we to the falſe Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble vs no more:
And ſo breake off, the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I muſt talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene dayes
At Briſtow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ſhippe them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile ſee it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, ſteele thy fearfull thoughts
And change miſdoubt to reſolution;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art;
Reſigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faſter the Spring-time ſhowres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more buſie then the laboring Spidet,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoaſt of men:
I feare me, you but warme the ſtarued Snake,
Who cheriſht in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nouriſh a mightie Band,
I will ſtirre vp in England ſome black Stotme,
Shall blowe ten thouſand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes tranſparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minſtet of my intent,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of Aſhford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In Ireland haue I ſeene this ſtubborne *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelfe againſt a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought ſo long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reſcued, I haue ſeene
Him caper vpright, like a wilde Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuerſed with the Enemie,
And vndiſcouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the Houſe and Clayme of *Yorke*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him ſay, I mou'd him to thoſe Armes.
Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reape the Harueſt which that Raſcall ſow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue diſpatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didſt euer heare a man ſo penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you diſpatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.
Suff. Why that's well ſaid. Goe, get you to my Houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerſet, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vncle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suff. Ile call him preſently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Vncle *Gloſter*,
Then from true euidence, of good eſteeme,
He be approu'd in practiſe culpable.
Queene God forbid any Malice ſhould preuayle,
That faultleſſe may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpition.
King. I thanke thee *Nell*, theſe wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Vncle? what's the matter, *Suffolke?*
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloſter* is dead.
Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods ſecret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not ſpeake a word.
King ſounds.
Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Noſe.
Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heauenly God.
Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Rauens Note,
Whoſe diſmall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceiued ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents ſting.
Thou balefull Meſſenger, out of my ſight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maieſtie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Baſiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death, I ſhall finde ioy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloſter's* dead.
Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death:
And for my ſelfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-conſuming ſighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by ankward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Elianor*.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duskie ſky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my necke,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancie)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

Noyſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traitorouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beauſfords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.

War. That ſhall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chaſe his palie lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling.
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,

Bed put forth.

And to ſuruey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

King. That is to ſee how deepe my grsue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace:
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemn tongue:
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vp rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruſſe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſignes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the Duke death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyter dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thouſand times.

Warw. Madame be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some ſterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlippe, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Nevils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soueraignes preſence makes me milde,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thy ſelfe waſt borne in Baſtardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and ſend thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe ſome ſeruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.

Exeunt.

King. What ſtronger Breſt-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuſt;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe Conſcience with Iniuſtice is corrupted.

A noyſe within.

Queene. What noyſe is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mighty Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisb Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſlike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait Edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glyded towards your Maieſtie,
It were but neceſſarie you were wak't.
Leaſt being ſuffer'd in that harmefull ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe inuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht Hindes,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure, my thoughts doe houerly propheſie,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſtie I ſweare,
Whoſe farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes ſpace thou here bee'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.

Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Eye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and ſoft harted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy.
Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore ſhould I curſſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter ſearching termes,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
I, euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curſe them. Poyſon be their drinke.
Gall, worſe then Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a groue of Cypreſſe Trees:
Their cheereſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſiliskes:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lyzards ſtings:
Their Muſicke, frightfull as the Serpents hiſſe,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell———
Q. Enough ſweet Suffolke, thou torment'ſt thy ſelfe,
And theſe dread curſes like the Sunne 'gainſt glaſſe,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy ſelfe.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a Winters night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To waſh away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt thinke vpon theſe by the Seale,
Through whom a thouſand ſighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greeſe,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd, whiles thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Aduenture to be baniſhed my ſelfe:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiſſe, and take ten thouſand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wilderneſſe is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelfe,
With euery ſeuerall pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My ſelfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? What newes I prethee?
Vaux. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſodainly a greeuous ſickneſſe tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and ſtare, and catch the aire,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his ouer-charged ſoule,
And I am ſent to tell his Maieſtie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.
Qu. Go tell this heauy Meſſage to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are theſe?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my ſoules Treaſure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encreaſe, mine for my ſorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my ſoule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhould'ſt thou eyther turne my flying ſoule,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liu'd in ſweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in ieſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull coroſiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France ſweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that ſhall finde thee out.
Suf. I go.
Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Saliſbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.
Ca If thou beeſt death, Ile giue thee Englands Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.
King. Ah, what a ſigne it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is ſeene ſo terrible.
War. Beauford it is thy Soueraigne ſpeakes to thee.
Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſſe.
Aliue againe? Then ſhew me where he is,
Ile giue a thouſand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.

Comb

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule.
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie meddling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke diſpaire.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be
Lord Cardinall, if thou think'ſt on heauens bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgiue him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.
King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolues arouſe the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their miſty Iawes.
Breath foule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1. Gent. What is my ranſome Meſter, let me know?
Ma. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay down your head
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you giue, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you ſhall:
The liues of thoſe which we haue loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſumme.
1. Gent. Ile giue it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2. Gent. And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might haue my will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him liue.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? What doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell reuenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.
Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but theſe ragges are no parts of the Duke.
Lieu. But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a iaded Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-faine,
I, and allay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain.
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he harh me.
Suf. Baſe ſlaue, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne
Lieu. *Poole*? Sir *Poole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſiluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſſe windes ſhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleſſe King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuelliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anion* and *Maine* were ſold to France.
The falſe reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlaine their Gouernors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing vp in armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriuing to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lieut. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt haue cauſe to feare before I leaue thee. What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ſtoope.

1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we ſhould honor ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And ſooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then ſtand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſlaue
Murder'd ſweet *Tully* *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Caſar*. Sauage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we haue ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liueleſſe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp theſe two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Clothier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealth and turne it, and ſet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was neuer merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came vp.

Beuis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Beuis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſſ's* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee ſhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, ſo tearm'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before vs, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & ſold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A muſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I haue ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He needs not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeuen halfe peny Loaues ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Felony to drink ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no mony, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribeld ore, ſhould vndoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, tis the Bees waxe: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous.

Wea. We tooke him ſetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. *Emanuell.*

But. They vſe to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou vſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like a honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin ſo well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight preſently; Riſe vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome. The King is merciſull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaues I paſſe not, It is to you good people, that I ſpeake, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Plaiſterer, And thou thy ſelfe a Sheereman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurſe, Was by a begger-woman ſtolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, & the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Words, that ſpeakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Saye's* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I aſk but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not preuayle, Aſſaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*, That thoſe which flye before the battell ends, May euen in their Wiues and Childrens ſight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me: Now ſhew your ſelues men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooen, For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine. Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

But. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou hadſt beene in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt haue a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſſe. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors ſword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greeſe ſoftens the mind, And

And makes it feareſull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall,
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lowely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly.
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

King. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels would be ſoone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firſt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sould. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

Buc. If this Fellow be wiſe, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hum. I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

Dic. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

Iohn. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Maieſty, for giving vp of Normandie vnto Mounſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by theſe preſence, euen the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, inerecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that vſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreouer, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cauſe they haue beene moſt worthy to liue. Thou doſt ride in a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt too, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare mee where'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Ceſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would looſe my life:
Iuſtice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with diuelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I ſtruck
Thoſe that I neuer ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. Monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nodds at vs, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be euen with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moſt?
Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it bee but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he ſpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *Iames Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelues:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules.
And therefore yet relent, and ſaue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, vnleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braue?
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giuing vp
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with theſe borne before vs, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kiſſe. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley

What noiſe is this I hears?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. Iheere they be, that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and ſay, God ſaue his Maieſty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paſſe by.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye ſo braue? And you baſe Pezants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out theſe Armes til you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to liue in ſlaueric to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houſes ouer your heads, rauiſh your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſſe light vppon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the ſpoile,
Vnleſſe by robbing of your Friends, and vs
Wer't not a ſhame, that whilſt you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart ore-ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thouſand baſe-borne *Cades* miſcarry,
Then you ſhould ſtoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue loſt:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coaſt:
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly.
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather ſo lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred miſchiefes, and makes them leaue mee deſolate. I ſee them lay their heades together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for heere is no ſtaying: in deſpight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middeſt of you, and heauens and honor be witneſſe, that no want of reſolution in mee, but onely my Followers baſe and ignominious treaſons, makes me betake mee to my heeles *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt ſome of them.

Follow me ſouldiers, wee'l deuiſe a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerſet on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maieſty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneſſe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen ſet ope thy euerlaſting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praiſe.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And ſhew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Aſſure your ſelues will neuer be vnkinde.
And ſo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſſe you to your ſeuerall Countries.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Enter a Meſſenger

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be aduertiſed,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puiſſant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along.
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerſet, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that hauing ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men diſpierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to ſecond him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reaſon of theſe Armes.
Tell him, Ile ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Somerſet. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my ſelfe to priſon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any caſe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deale,
As all things ſhall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curſe my wretched raigne.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt*
Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambition: fie on my ſelfe, that haue a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe fiue daies haue I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might haue a Leeſe of my life for a thouſand yeares, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eate Graſſe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to coole a mans ſtomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good. for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet muſt ſerue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy ſuch quiet walkes as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my ſtate,
And ſends the poore well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entering his Fee-ſimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with theſe ſawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the beſt blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate theſe fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall nere be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy legge a ſticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwer's words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou ſleepe in thy Sheath, I beſeech Ioue on my knees thou mayſt be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they fight.

O I am ſlaine Famine and no other hath ſlaine me, let ten thouſand diuelles come againſt me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the vnconquered ſoule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy moſt vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſtas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it haue, haue I a ſoule,
On which Ile toſſe the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to diſturbe me?
The king hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meaneſt wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworne,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarſe can I ſpeake, my Choller is ſo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abiect tearmes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I ſpend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more ſtrong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no anſwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cauſe why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priſoner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Priſoner.
Yorke. Then Buckingham I do diſmiſſe my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: diſperſe your ſelues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You ſhall haue pay, and euery thing you wiſh.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſonne, nay all my ſonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile ſend them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde ſubmiſſion,
We twaine will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
Yorke doth preſent himſelfe vnto your Highneſſe.
K. Then what intends theſe Forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo meane condition
May paſſe into the preſence of a King:
Loe, I preſent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iuſt art thou?
Oh let me view his Viſage being dead,
That liuing wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maieſty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Eſquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſeruice.
King. *Iden*, kneele downe, riſe vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thouſand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit ſuch a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerſet.

K. See Buckingham, Somerſet comes with th'Queene
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thouſand Yorkes he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now? is Somerſet at libertie?
Then Yorke vnlooſe thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuſe?
King did I call thee? No thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, muſt round engirt theſe browes of mine,
Whoſe Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the ſame to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Would'ſt haue me kneele? Firſt let me aſk of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my ſonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their ſwords of my infranchiſement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-beſpotted Neopolitan,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The ſonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtak'ſt me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelfe againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is attreſted, but will not obey:
His ſonnes (he ſayes) ſhall giue their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glaſſe, and call thy Image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the ſtake my two braue Beares,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chaines,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salsbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Beares? We'l bate thy Beares to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft haue I ſeene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And ſuch a peece of ſeruice will you do,

If

If you oppoſe your ſelues to march Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigeſted lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
Yor. Nay we ſhall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaſt by your heate you burne your ſelues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forget to bow?
Old Salsbury, ſhame to thy ſiluer haire,
Thou mad miſleader of thy brain-ſicke ſonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeeke for ſorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſht from the froſtie head,
Where ſhall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And ſhame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doeſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue, with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue conſidered with my ſelfe
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke,
And in my conſcience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall ſeate.
King. Haſt thou not ſworne Allegeance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Ki. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heauen for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſinne, to ſweare vnto a ſinne:
But greater ſinne to keepe a ſinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſſe Virgins Chaſtitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her cuſtom'd right,
And haue no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemne Oath?
Qu. A ſubtle Traitor needs no Sophiſter.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were beſt to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſed Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Creſt,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar ſhewes,
That keepes his leaues inſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And ſo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Cheritie for ſhame, ſpeake not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſu Chriſt to night.
Yo Clif. Foule ſtygmaticke that's more then thou canſt tell.
Ric. If not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beaſt he loued ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick ſeek thee out ſome other chace
For I my ſelfe muſt hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightſt:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me Yorke?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing ſhould I be in loue,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemie.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſſe want praiſe & eſteeme,
But that 'tis ſhewne ignobly, and in Treaſon.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in iuſtice, and true right expreſſe it.
Clif. My ſoule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addreſſe thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y' art ſtill,
Peace with his ſoule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confuſion all is on the rout,
Feare frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O Warre, thou ſonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no ſelfe-loue: nor he that loues himſelfe,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premiſed Flames of the Laſt day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and pettie ſounds
To ceaſe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To looſe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduiſed Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and rhy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. Yorke, not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abſirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchyſes* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly ſhoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing ſo heauy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerſet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albons*, Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. *Excurſions.*

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* ſtay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to ſecure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.
If you be taen, we then ſhould ſee the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future miſcheefe ſet,
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you muſt: Vncureable diſcomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions, and all bruſh of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loſt.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salsbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day
By th'Maſſe ſo did we all. I thanke you *Richard*
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repayring Nature.

York. I know our ſafety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament:
Let vs purſue him ere the Writs go forth.
What ſayes Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountagus, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of § North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battailes Fronr: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires blood
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nor. Such hope haue all the line of *John of Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.
Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.
Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.
Norf. Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye.
Plant. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
They goe vp.
Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.
Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The prowdest hee that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
Resolue thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.
Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs assayle the Family of *Yorke*.
North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?
Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly flye.
Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vse.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yorke. I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.
Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you looſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoreſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhal ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.
He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiers ſhew themſelues.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enioy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpayring *Henry*.
Clifford. How haſt thou iniur'd both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter*.
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.
Senet. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my follower.
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.
Henry. Exeter so will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there.
Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should haue tost'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vtter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.
Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, we'le after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reuenged may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of these three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee leaue.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.
Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.
Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Witty, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Policie strengthen themselues,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not:
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

Iohn. Shee shall not needs, wee'le meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with fiue thousand men?

Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a needs.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

Yorke. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. *Exit.*

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes.
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore---

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pitty me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore dye.

Rutland. Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthy Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.
A short Alarum within.
Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage.
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.
Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick
Yorke My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Fauleons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou *Northumberland*.
Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
Northumb So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.
Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*.
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King.
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire,
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me you should not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.
Queene Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes
Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France.
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.
I would assay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shameless.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee nor, prowd Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, ſterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.

Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions moues me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue ſtayn'd with blood:
But you are mote inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heauie ſtorie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.

Queene. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.
Flouriſh. *Exit.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we ſhould haue heard the newes;
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould haue heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould haue heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be reſolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeperated with the racking Clouds,
But ſeuer'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skye.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures ſome event.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should not withſtanding ioyne our Lights together
And ouer-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire ſhining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I ſpeake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?

Meſſ. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I haue heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

Meſſ. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to odds:
And many ſtroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford* thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be cloſed vp in reſt:
For neuer henceforth ſhall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer ſhall I ſee more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For ſelfe-ſame winde that I ſhould ſpeake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breſt,
And burnes me vp with flames, that teares would quench.
To weepe, is to make leſſe the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marqueſſe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we ſhould recomp
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our fleſh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguiſh then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, drown'd theſe newes in teares
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
Ie come to tell you things ſith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe.
Tydings, as ſwiftly as the Poſtes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loſſe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertiſed
That ſhe was comming with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succeſſion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſſe.
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threſher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſtrucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In haſte, poſt haſte, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *Georges* from Burgundy to England?

War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praiſes in Purſuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildneſſe, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me ſpeake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax.
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'ſt the louing Welſhmen can'ſt procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thouſand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beſtride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick ſpeake:
Ne're may he liue to ſee a Sun-ſhine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him ſtay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou failſt (as God forbid the houre)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which peril heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we paſſe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haſt ſhewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then ſtrike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puiſſant Hoaſt, And craues your company, for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That ſought to be incompaſt with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack, To ſee this ſight, it irkes my very ſoule: With hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmfull pitty muſt be layd aſide: To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaſt, that would vſurpe their Den. Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth licke? Not his that ſpoyles her yong before her face. Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting? Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe. The ſmalleſt Wotme will turne, being troden on, And Doues will pecke in ſafegard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry browes. He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King, And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne, Did'ſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him: Which argued thee a moſt vnlouing Father. Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe wings, Which ſometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their neſt, Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence? For ſhame, my Liege, make them your Preſident: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long heereafter ſay vnto his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My careleſſe Father fondly gaue away. Ah, what a ſhame were this? Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promiſeth Succeſſefull Fortune ſteele thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But *Clifford* tell me, did'ſt thou neuer heare, That things ill got, had euer bad ſucceſſe. And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whoſe Father for his hoording went to hell: Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate, As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe, Then in poſſeſſion any iot of pleaſure. Ah Coſin Yorke, would thy beſt Friends did know, How it doth greeue me that my head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your ſpirits, our foes are nye, And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint: You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne, Vnſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently. *Edward*, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight, And learne this Leſſon; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe, For with a Band of thirty thouſand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him, Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the field, The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere theſe Noble Lords, And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence: Vnſheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace? And ſet thy Diadem vpon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his conſent.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne, Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reaſon too, Who ſhould ſucceede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeake.

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee, Or any he, the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou *Henry*, Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you ſpeak?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare When you and I, met at S. *Albons* laſt, Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor *Clifford* droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently, Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine The execution of my big-ſwolne heart Vpon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy Father, call'ſt thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Daſtard, and a trescherous Coward,
As thou dtdd'ſt kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunſet, Ile make thee curſe the deed:

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me ſpeake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to ſpeake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.

Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword:
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, ſhall I haue my right, or no:
A thouſand men haue broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iuſtice put's his Armour on.

Pr.Ed. If that be right, which Warwick ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.

War. Whoeuer got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull ſtings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-borne heart.

Ed. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reueil'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowre for him,
That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claime, vntill another Age.

Cla. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increaſe,
We ſet the Axe to thy vſurping Roote:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou, ſince we haue begun to ſtrike,
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'ſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or elſe a Graue.

Qu. Stay *Edward*.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ſtay,
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ſtrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad diſpaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counſaile giue you? whether ſhall we flye?

Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why haſt withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horſe, becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in ieſt, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawſe againe, neuer ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath cloſ'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me meaſure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my ſoule to thine:
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beſeeching thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with woe,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.

War. Away, away:
Once more ſweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ſtay:
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to vs:
And if we thriue, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreſlow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

They Fight Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſpet beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To ſit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, vnder a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting ſuch Euents.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blewes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriuing Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand liues muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe woful chances,

Miſ-thinke

Miſ-thinke the King, and not be ſatisfied?
Son. Was euer ſonne, ſo rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was euer Father ſo bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King ſo greeu'd for Subiects woe?:
Much is your ſorrow; Mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fath. Theſe armes of mine ſhall be thy winding ſheet:
My heart (ſweet Boy) ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing breſt, ſhall be thy Funerall bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loſſe of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes;
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I ſhould not kill. *Exit*
Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere ſits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke rages like a chaſed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purſuite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke poſt amaine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteele graſpt in their yreſull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ſtay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancaſter! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'ſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had ſcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'ſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houſe of Yorke,
They neuer then had ſprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſſe Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ſt kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherriſh Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſſe are Plaints, and Cureleſſe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileſſe, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deſeru'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood, doth make me faint:
Come *Terke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtab'd your Fathers boſomes; Split my breſt.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauſe,
And ſmooth the frownes of War, with peaceſull lookes:
Some Troopes purſue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guſt
Command an Argoſie to ſtemme the Waues.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſsible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue,
And whereſoere he is, hee's ſurely dead. *Clifford groanes*
Rich. Whoſe ſoule is that which takes her heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vſed.
Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy. for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down ye head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In ſtead whereof, let this ſupply the roome,
Meaſure for meaſure, muſt be anſwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmall threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke is vnderſtanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees, nor heares vs, what we ſay.
Rich. O would he did, and ſo (perhaps) he doth,
Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Becauſe he would auoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.
Cla If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deuiſe excuſes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuiſe fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'ſt loue Yorke, and I am ſon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pitied'ſt Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all deſpight) might rayle at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off: & with the iſſuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whoſe vnſtanched thirſt
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not ſatisfie
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ſtands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.
Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For In thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Glostor,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:
Richard, be Duke of Glostor: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.

(our selues:
Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scatre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.
Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters preasse to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?
Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with moving words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pitried much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left side, crauing aide for *Henrie*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more.
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that seldome Kings enioy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?
Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King *Edward*.
King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were seated as king *Edward* is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Edward, Glostor, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Glostor, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlaine,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conquetor,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe thoſe Lands,
Which wee in Iuſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.

Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe well to graunt her ſuit
It were diſhonor to deny it her.

King. It were no leſſe, but yet Ile make a pawſe.

Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolue me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.

Rich. You ſhall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue you Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my ſelfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would ſuſtayne ſome harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maieſtie.

King. Ile tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.

Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſeruice.

King. What ſeruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canſt doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muſt melt.

Wid. Why ſtoppes my Lord? ſhall I not heare my Taske?

King. An eaſie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's ſoone perform'd, becauſe I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thouſand thankes.

Rich. The Match is made, ſhee ſeales it with a Curſie.

King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another ſence.
What Loue, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane ſuch loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highneſſe aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Priſon.

King. Why then thou ſhalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honeſtie ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.

King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, either with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhee knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the bluntſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modeſty,
Her Words doth ſhew her Wit incompatable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, ſhee is for a King,
And ſhee ſhall be my Loue, or elſe my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubiect fit to jeaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſweare to thee,
I ſpeake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes ſhould call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for ſhift.

King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat wee two haue had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for ſhee lookes very ſad.

King. You'ld thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould marrie her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be terme dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, leaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Towet:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore, where hee would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne, being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betweene me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne;
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Vluſſes* could,
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Macheuill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona. his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle, and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honot layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſpringes this deepe deſpaire?
Marg. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest Friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Hee descends. Shee ariseth.*
Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
Warw. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.
Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?
Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of *Lancaster.*
Warw. And I the House of *Yorke.*
Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vse further conference with *Warwicke.*
They stand aloofe.
Marg. Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes be witch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister *Bona.*
Warw. Such it seemes,
As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heate your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to Warw.*
When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
Our Sister shall be *Edwards.*
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.
Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret.*
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

When

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſſe Warwicke,
Proud ſetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conueyance, and thy Lords falſe loue,
Poſt blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelfe-ſame Feather.
Lewes. Warwicke, this is ſome poſte to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poſte.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick.*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Montague.*
Theſe from our King, vnto your Maieſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you: *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were nettled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he ſeekes with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorne vs in this manner?
Mar. I told your Maieſty as much before:
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwickes honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelfe, for my Deſert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loſt for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwicke,
Theſe words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few Bands of choſen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him.
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diſtreſſed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall Poore *Henry* liue,
Vnleſſe thou reſcue him from foule diſpaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queens, are one.
War. And mine ſaire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmely am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue ayde.
Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, returne in Poſte,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is ſending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower ſhortly
I weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battaile:
And as occaſion ſerues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt.
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, ſhe is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
He giues his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhalbe leuied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waſt them ouer with out Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turne his Ieſt to Sorrow.
I was the Cheeſe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheeſe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,
How

How could he ſtay till *Warwicke* made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staffford, Haſtings: foure ſtand on one ſide, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſiue, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are ſo weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they le take no offence at our abuſe.

King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicke*, and muſt haue my will.

Rich. And ſhall haue your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſtie Marriage ſeldome proueth well.

King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſeuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to ſunder them,
That yoake ſo well together.

King. Setting your ſcornes, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* become your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now diſ-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch inuention as I can deuiſe?

Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more haue ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forraine ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Haſt. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it ſelfe,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelfe?

Mount. But the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Haſt. 'Tis better vſing France, then truſting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our ſelues:
In them, and in our ſelues, our ſafetie lyes.

Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerues
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But to your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Or elſe you would not haue beſtow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe ſpeede elſewhere.

King. Alas poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chuſing for your ſelfe,
You ſhew'd your iudgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I ſhortly minde to leaue you.

King. Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maieſtie
To raiſe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelfe haue had like fortune
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with ſorrow.

King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnleſſe they ſeeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet ſay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poſte.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?

Poſt. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But ſuch, as I (without your ſpeciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?

Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Goe tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Poſt. Theſe were her words, vtt'red with mild diſdaine
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower ſhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.

King. I blame not her; ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that ſhe was there in place.

Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?

Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Maieſtie,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, ere't be long.

King. Ha? durſt the Traytor breath out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall haue Warres, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Poſt. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.
You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.
Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by vs?

Rich. I, in despight of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;
Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,
Thy Brother being carelessely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie:
That as *Vlysses*, and stout *Diomede*,
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but onely to surprize him,
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.
They all cry, Henry.
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand:
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,
Till *Warwicke*, or himselfe, be quite suppresst.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. *Watch.* I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Souldiors, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dyest.
Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme. Warwicke and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.
Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Hastings flyes ouer the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard* and *Hastings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd,
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vse your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea,

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King.

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Riuers, and Lady Grey.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?
Grey. Why Brother *Riuers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward*?
Riu. What losse of some pitcht battell
Against *Warwicke*?
Grey. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne slaine?
Grey. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderstand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loose that now hath wonne the day.
Grey. Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waine me from dispaire
For loue of *Edwards* Off-spring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Grey. I am inform'd that he comes towards London
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Guesse thou the rest. King *Edwards* Friends must downe
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To saue (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Glocster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether shall we then?
Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Well guest beleeue me, for that was my meaning
K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.
Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.
K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.
K. Ed. Bishop farwell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *exeunt*

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'raine:
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.
K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres.
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warw. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.
Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King. Warwick and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.
Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.
Warw Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined
Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.
King But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of liberrie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.
King My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?
Somerſ. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond
King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head.
If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie
Warw. Vnfauorie newes. but how made he escape?
Poste. He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him.
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.
Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide *Exeunt*

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*.
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.
Oxf I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.
Som It shall be so. he shall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs.
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues,
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*.
Edw. But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noſe,
Hee'le ſoone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Haſt. Why, Maſter Maior, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captaine, and ſoone perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoone perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reaſon.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.
Edw. So, Maſter Maior: theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie with Drumme and Souldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of ſtorme,
As every loyall Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie*
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke:
Drumme ſtrike vp, and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what ſafe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
Edw. When wee grow ſtronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wiſdome to conceale our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Armes muſt rule.
Rich. And ſearceleſſe minds clyme ſooneſt vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vſurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhal be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flouriſh. Sound.
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whoſoe're gainſayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ſerue me, Ile requite this kindneſſe.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne ſhall rayſe his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it beſeemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War. What counſaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With haſtie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thoſe will I muſter vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt ſtirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ſt.
And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector* and my Troyes true hope
Clar. In ſigne of truth, I kiſſe your Highneſſe Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
Oxf. And thus I ſeale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, ſweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.
Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordſhip?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine
Exet. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not ſtopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuites with ſlow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneſſe hath allay'd their ſwelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd,
Then why ſhould they loue *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer ceaſe to follow him.
Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Exet. Heatke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.
Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount that makes ſmall Brookes to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeake.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne ſhines hot, and if we vſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Meſſengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague*?
Meſſ. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troope.
Enter Somerſule.
War. Say *Somerſule*, what ſayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somer. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here ſome two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.
War. Who ſhould that be? belike vnlook'd for friends
Somer. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flourriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the leaſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
Ile doe thee ſeruice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
Edw. But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteale the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Biſhops Pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis euen ſo, yet you are *Warwicke* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare ſo low a ſayle, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canſt,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, faſt wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of ſmall defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Euen with the deareſt blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde preſageth happy gaine, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
Haue ſolde their Liues vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence ſweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall Inſtruments of Warre

Againſt

Againſt his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then *Iephah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And ſo, prowd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwicke and his compania follower.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Montague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie. *Exit.*

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gaue ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were like'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ſt thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

Warw. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe haue time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewkſbury.
We hauing now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe,
But chearely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtrie and Courage might haue ſau'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you ſamiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'ſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,
Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State vſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt

Qu. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake.
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolu'd

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnduteous:
Laſcinious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie

Clar. ſtabs him

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth ſhee ſwowne? vſe meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. Clarence excuſe me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter, Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy. Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers! They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed were by, to equall it. He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe, And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe. What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake, And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt. Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Cannibalies, How ſweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt: You haue no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would haue ſtirr'd vp remorſe, But if you euer chance to haue a Childe, Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off As death ſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

King Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, diſpatch me heere: Here ſheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe. 'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity. What wilt thou not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*? Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou? Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſ-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

Ed. Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit Queene*

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head. Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares, By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather, Tis ſinne to flatter. Good was little better: 'Good Gloſter, and good Deuill, were alike, And both prepoſterous therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

Hen. So flies the weakleſſe ſhepherd from the Wolfe: So firſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath *Roſcius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty minde, The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh, With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh; And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird, Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye, Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of Creet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*, Thy Father *Minos*, that dem'de our courſe, The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy. Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory. But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art, If murthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume. Thou had'ſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand, Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare, And many an old mans ſighe, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents timeles death, Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne. The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne, The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time, Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees: The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine, And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigeſted and deformed lumpe, Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree. Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne, To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world: And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard, Thou cam'ſt——

Rich. Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabbes him.*

For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this. O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted. See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe. If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither. *Stabs him againe.*

I that haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare, Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of: For I haue often heard my Mother ſay, I came into the world with my Legges forward. Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt, And ſeeke their Ruine, that vſurp'd our Right? The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then ſince the Heauens haue ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to anſwer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keept'ſt me from the Light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad ſuch Prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit*

Flouriſh. *Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, Nurſe, and Attendants.*

King. Once more we ſit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*.
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we ſwept Suſpition from our Seate,
And made our Footſtoole of Security.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my Boy:
Kong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my ſelfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers ſcalding heate,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſſe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blaſt his Harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome waight, or breake my backe.
Worke thou the way, and that ſhalt execute.
King. *Clarence* and *Gloſter*, loue my louely Queene,
And 'tis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The dury that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this ſweet Babe.
Cla. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree frõ whence ỹ ſpring'ſt
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the Fruite,
To ſay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Cld. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ieruſalem,
And hither haue they ſent it for her ranſome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what teſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting ioy *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

NOw is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want-loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp
About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row plucks the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodeuille her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich

Rich. Euen ſo, and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no Treaſon man; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſsing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Miſtris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'ſt thou betray me?

Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or elſe lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.

Cla. I muſt perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*

Rich Go treade the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience (Noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you.

Haſt. More pitty, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haſt. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Haſtings.*

He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſsle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes youngeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe, in theſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappineſſe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gleſter

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it down.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines ſet downe the Coarſe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen

Cen. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell.
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Foulet then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe current,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch diſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by diſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Theſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;

For

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which neuer ſhed remorſefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhooke his ſword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe:
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedaſh'd with raine. In that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare:
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.
She lookes ſcornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breſt,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
He layes his breſt open, ſhe offers at with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that ſet me on.
She falls the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falſe.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That ſhalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I liue in hope.
An. All men I hope liue ſo.
Vouchſafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompaſſeth thy Finger,
Euen ſo thy Breſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe you leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repayre to Crosbie Houſe:
Where (after I haue ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you,
For diuers vnknowne Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Berkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farwell.
An. 'Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Not to White Friars, there attend my comming.
Exit Corſe.
Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I, no Friends to backe my ſuite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and diſſembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three monthes ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A ſweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That crept the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a woefull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Vpon my life ſhe findes (although I cannot)
My ſelfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſſe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maleſty
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of *Richard Glouſter*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Riu. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maieſty ioyfull, as you haue bin
Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my Lo. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeue
The enuious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Maieſty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he deſires to make attonement;
Betweene the Duke of Glouſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlye, inſinuating Iackes?
Grey. To who in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt nor Honeſty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elſe)
Aiming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloſter
God grant we neuer may haue need of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment
Riu. She may my Lord, for——
Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*. why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, I marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Ric. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſeruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be ſent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood. I ſpent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And *Riuers*, ſo were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Q.M. A murth rous Villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.
Q.M. High thee to Hell for ſhame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.
Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler.
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhee, and altogether ioyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In ſharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (ſight?
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Were thou not baniſhed, on paine of death?
Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you vſurpe, are mine.
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of pretie *Rutland*:
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe, that ere was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your harred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe preuaile ſo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my wofull Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeuiſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curſes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfer dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by ſome vnlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Haue done thy Charme, thou hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leaue out thee? ſtay Dog, for thou ſhalt beare me,
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troublet of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liu'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou eliuiſh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Natiuitie
The ſlaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted--
Rich. *Margaret.*
Q.M *Richard.* *Rich* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Rich 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.
Haſt. Falſe boding Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhee is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace Maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneſſe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither chatity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes tage.
Buc. Haue done, haue done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with out blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
Mar I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to faſting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riu A vertuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Rich. So do I ever, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloſter.
Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grecuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But ſoft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted whete he is.
Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But firs be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be aſſur'd:
We go to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day.
Cla. O, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dales:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wrackes:
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All ſcattred in the bottome of the Sea.
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leyſure in the time of death
To gaze vpon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtriue
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wandring ayre;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule.
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake aloud: What ſcourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord falſe *Clarence?*
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dreame.

Keep No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done theſe things
(That now giue euidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and repoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would ſt thou Fellow? And how cam'ſt thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I haue reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Far you well.

2 What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes.

1 No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he ſhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then hee'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorſe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2 Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet within mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward,

1 Where's thy conſcience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouſters purſe.

1 When hee opens his purſe to giue vs our Reward, thy Conſcience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It filles a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſſe of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to truſt to himſelfe, and liue without it.

1 'Tis

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me? What lawfull Queſt haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death, Before I be conuict by courſe of Law? To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou ſhalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For falſe Forſweating, and for murther too: Thou did'ſt receiue the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede? For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake. He ſends you not to murther me for this: For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I. If God will be auenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe, To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter, When gallant ſpringing braue *Plantagenet*, That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter: Who ſhall reward you better for my life, Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouſter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip: Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milſtones, as he leſſoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt: Come, you deceiue your ſelfe, 'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs, That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why ſo he doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules, To counſaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diuelliſh: My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes: O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee, A begging Prince, what begget pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do. *Stabs him.* Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht: How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands Of this moſt greeuous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you haue beene.

2. *Mur* I would he knew that I had ſau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scœn Prima.

Flouriſh.
Enter the King ſicke the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet. Riuers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why ſo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Loue.
Haſt. So thriue I, as I truly ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I, as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one againſt the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
Qu. There *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I, and mine.
King. Dorſet, imbrace him:
Haſtings, loue Lord Marqueſſe.
Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere proteſt
Vpon my part, ſhall be inuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeale ✠ this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my ſickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen,
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmize
Hold me a Foe. If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue,
Firſt Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my Noble Coſin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be ſo flowted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerſt.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble, and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my ſeruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Der. I will not riſe, vnleſſe your Highnes heare me.
King Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſts.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me:
And ſaid deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. & Queen.*

Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?

Dut. My pretty Cofins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vncle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Dut. Peace childten peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vncle Gloſter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke;
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe, become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teates?

Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What ſtayes had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe,

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, ſo doth not ſhee:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Power all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaſt,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I marueil that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue ſpent our Harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the Harueſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riuers. Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riu. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all.
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To giue your cenſures in this buſineſſe. *Exeunt*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iourries to the Prince,
For God ſake let not vs two ſtay at home:
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away ſo faſt?

2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarſely know my ſelfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes by'rlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.

1. Giue you good morrow ſir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death

2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that s gouern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So ſtood the State, when *Henry* the ſixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wo
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike graue Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother

3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread

3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct, mens mindes miſtruſt

Enſuing

Purſuing danger: as by proofe we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
2 Marry we were ſent for to the Iuſtices.
3 And ſo was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-biſhop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
Ha's almoſt ouertane him in his growth.
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it ſo.
Dut. Why my good Coſin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouſter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowres are ſlow, and Weeds make haſt.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and ſo leyſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Vnkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Ieſt.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſſe.
Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere ÿ waſt borne.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too ſhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meſſenger: What Newes?
Meſ. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.
Qu How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newes?
Meſſ. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Glouſter* and *Buckingham*.
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and aweleſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loſt his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt
For me to ſoy, and weepe, their gaine and loſſe.
And being ſeated, and Domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themſelues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themſelues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, ſelfe againſt ſelfe: O prepoſtorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treaſure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and ſo beride to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Coſin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Vnkle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heaule.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too senceleſſe obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haste you may.
Say, Vncle *Gloucester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Prince. What say you, Vncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntili I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my fare Cousin, I must not say so.

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yorke. I pray you, Vncle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vncle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What,

Torke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it ſo.
Torke. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Torke. Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghoſt:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
A Sonet. Exeunt Prince, Torke, Haſtings, and Dorſet.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Think'ſt you, my Lord, this little prating *Torke*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile Mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtallment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? Will not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe,
And ſummon him to morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou do'ſt finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too, and ſo breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Miſtreſſe *Shore* one gentle Kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we ſleepe?
Cates. You ſhall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* Houſe, there ſhall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my Lord,
What ſhall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to heue it yeelded with all kindneſſe.
Come, let vs ſuppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digeſt our complots in ſome forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Meſſenger to the Doore of Haſtings.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes?
Meſſ. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Haſt. What is't a Clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* ſleepe theſe tedious Nights?
Meſſ. So it appeares, by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your Noble ſelfe.
Haſt. What then?
Meſſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had raſed off his Helme:
Beſides, he ſayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure,
If you will preſently take Horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the North,
To ſhun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Haſt. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeperated Councell:
His Honor and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are ſhallow, without inſtance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's ſo ſimple,
To truſt the mock'ry of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore purſues,
Were to incenſe the Bore to follow vs,
And make purſuit, where he did meane no chaſe.
Goe, bid thy Maſter riſe, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Bore will vſe vs kindly
Meſſ. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early ſtirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeue will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How weare the Garland?
Doeſt thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frō my ſhoulders,
Before Ile ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſ-plac'd:
But canſt thou gueſſe, that he doth ayme at it?
Cates. I.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now.
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away

Enter a Pursuiuant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purse.
Purs. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuiuant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.
Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.
Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.
Hast Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not
Come, will you goe?
Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.
Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-after.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is falne vpon our Heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.
Riuers. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.
Riuers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham Derby, Haſtings, Biſhop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe. Lovell, with others, at a Table.

Haſt. Now Noble Peeres, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeake, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Derb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, ſhould ſooneſt know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I preſume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Couſins all, good morrow:
I haue beene long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſigne,
Which by my preſence might haue beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q. my Lord,
William, Lord *Haſtings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Biſhop.
Rich. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſtie Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head, ere giue conſent
His Maſters Child, as worſhipfully he tearmes it,
Shall loſe the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your ſelfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Derb. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too ſudden,
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloſter?
I haue ſent for theſe Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man In Chriſtendome
Can leſſer hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
Derb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerue,
That doe conſpire my death with diuelliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward, in this Princely preſence,
To doome th'Offendors, whoſoe're they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they haue deſerued death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blaſted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I ſweare,
I will not dine, vntill I ſee the ſame.
Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The reſt that loue me, riſe, and follow me.

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haſtings.

Haſt Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did roweſe our Helmes,
And I did ſcorne it, and diſdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt, that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure, in grace and fauour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heauie Curſe
Is lighted on poore *Haſtings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Maſt,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſſe to exclaime.
Haſt. O bloody *Richard*: miſerable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'ſt time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marueilous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Couſin,
Canſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ſtop againe,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly Lookes
Are at my ſeruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reaſon we haue ſent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Haſtings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnſuſpected *Haſtings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chriſtian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiſtorie of all her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he dawb'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuerſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertſt ſheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt beleeue,
Were not, that by great preſeruation
We liue to tell it, that the ſubtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloſter.

Maior. Had he done ſo?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deſeru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne falſe Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould dye,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the louing haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, haue preuented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor ſpeake, and timorouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well haue ſignify'd the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhal ſerue,
As well as I had ſeene, and heard him ſpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iuſt proceedings in this caſe.

Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'auoid the Cenſures of the carping World.

Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you heare we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Couſin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſte:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for ſaying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beaſtiall appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or ſauage heart,
Without conroll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelfe: and ſo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Penker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take ſome priuie order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to giue order, that no manner perſon
Haue any time recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairely is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*.
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue ſpent to write it ouer,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres *Haſtings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is ſo groſſe, that cannot ſee this palpable deuice?

Yet

Yet who ſo bold, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeuerall Doores

Rich. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Rich. Touch't you the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome renne voyces cry'd, God ſaue King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome, and your loue to *Richard*:
And euen here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Catesby

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignetie thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what ſayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And ſo once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Biſhops.

Maior. See where his Grace ſtands, 'tweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no ſuch Apologie:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your faulr.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you reſigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maieſticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock;
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken ro our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulneſſe, and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe ro take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of rhis your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as ſucceſſiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and louing friends,
And by rheir vehement inſtigation,
In rhis iuſt Cauſe come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or birrerly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to anſwer, you mighr haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare rhe Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reproue you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeake, and to auoid rhe firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not ro incurre the laſt,
Definitiuely rhus I anſwer you.
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable, ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirir,
So mightie, and ſo manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſſe,
Being a Barke ro brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruir,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing howres of time,
Will well become rhe Seat of Maieſtie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witneſſe to his Vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to rhe King of France.
Theſe both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue,
I giue a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall ſelfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and rhe Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtrie
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maieſtie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your rendernеſſe of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne ſhall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downe-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the reſt.
Couſin of Buckingham, and ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I muſt haue parience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from rhe deſire of this.
Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, wee ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay rhe truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you pleaſe, for you will haue it ſo.

Buck, To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
And ſo moſt ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Couſins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Ducheſſe of Glouceſter, the Ducheſſe of Yorke, and Marqueſſe Dorſet.

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloſter?
Now, for my Life, ſhee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Siſter: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Siſter thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them,
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he ſet bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who ſhall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will ſee them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it ſo:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may haue ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Deſpightfull tidings, O vnpleaſing newes.
Dorſ. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Deſtruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-ſtrip Death, goe croſſe the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wiſe care, is this your counſaile, Madame:
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the howres:
You ſhall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwiſe delay.
Duch. Yorke. O ill diſperſing Winde of Miſerie,
O my accurſed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatcht to the World,
Whoſe vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillingneſſe will goe.
O would to God, that the incluſiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to ſeare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I ſay I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wiſh: Be thou (quoth I) accurſt,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haſt made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curſe againe,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Womans heart
Groſſely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne Soules Curſe,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Dorſ. Farewell, thou woefull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore ſoule, that tak'ſt thy leaue of it.
Du. Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and reſt lye with mee.
Eighteene odde yeeres of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe, old ſullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.
Rich. Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?
Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would speake.
Buck. Say on my louing Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.
Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* liues.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter consequence!
That *Edward* still should liue true Noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?
Buc. Giue me some little breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positiuely speake in this:
I will resolue you herein presently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*.
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.
Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke,
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.
Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.
Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit.
Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmotheted
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.

Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.

Tir. I did my Lord.

Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.

Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leaue.

Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is In the field, and ſtill his powet encreaſeth.

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night

Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?

Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my ſweet Sonne.

Dut Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graues due, by life vſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt affoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſigneurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'ſt to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues.
O vpright, iuſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reſeru'd their Factor, to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his pittious and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſodainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of liſe, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and ſay, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt prophecie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou waſt, a garniſh Flagge
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot,
A ſigne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doſt thou Ioy?
Who ſues, and kneeles, and ſayes, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Iuſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I ſlip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a-while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſſe, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Duc. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery ſucceeders of inteſtine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Duc. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sonnes ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Duc. O ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where'r ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-ſlaue, where are my Children?
Duc. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Duc. Where is kinde *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare theſe Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Duc. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I. I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Duc. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Duc. O let me ſpeake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Duc: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Duc. Art thou ſo haſty? I haue ſtaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Duc. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A grecuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, deſp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Duc. I prythee heare me ſpeake.

Rich.

Rich. You ſpeake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word:
For I ſhall neuer ſpeake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuſt ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age ſhall periſh,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt greeuous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the aduerſe party fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* Children,
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſſe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I muſt talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And muſt ſhe dye for this? O let her liue,
And I'le corrupt her Manners, ſtaine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed:
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.
Qu. To ſaue her life, I'le ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Deſtiny.
Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Cosins?
Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whoſe hand ſoeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that ſtill vſe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of ſailes and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.
Rich. Madam, ſo thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſſe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell m ,what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canſt thou deuiſe to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thon drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule
So from thy Soules loue didſt thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doſt thou meane ſhall be her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who elſe ſhould bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen ſo: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts; thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will ſhe weepe:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which ſay to her did dreyne
The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deale vnaduiſedly ſometimes,
Which after-houres giues leyſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, I'le giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine yſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſteppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, ſaue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Goiden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And she shalbe sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Allianee.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may commend, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But she your Subiect, loathes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all:
If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ote-past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay;
It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes ?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Moſt mightie Soueraigne, on the Weſterne Coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie : to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnreſolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall :
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to ỹ Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee ?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haſte.

Rich. Catesby come hither, poſte to Salisbury:
When thou com'ſt thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke ?

Cat. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſſe pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. *Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I doe at Salisbury ?

Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou doe there, before I goe ?

Rat. Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſte before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd :

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you ?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to pleaſe you with ỹ hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou runne ſo many miles about,
When thou mayeſt tell thy Tale the neereſt way ?
Once more, what newes ?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him ſinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueſſe.

Rich. Well, as you gueſſe.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie ? is the Sword vnſway'd ?
Is the King dead ? the Empire vnpoſſeſt ?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee ?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire ?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas ?

Stan. Vnleſſe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.

Rich. Vnleſſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back ?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers ?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes ?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerue their Soueraigne in the Weſt ?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.

Rich. I, thou would'ſt be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not truſt thee.

Stan. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.

Rich. Goe then, and muſter men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley* : looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his Heads aſſurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtriketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Meſſ. The newes I haue to tell your Maieſtie,
Is, that by ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Armie is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie :
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduiſed friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marqueſſe *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in Yorkeſhire are in Armes :
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſſe,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aske thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no ?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie : he miſtruſting them,
Hoys'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittaine.

Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt newes : that the Earle of Richmond

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they muſt be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reaſon here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and loſt:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the reſt march on with me. *Florish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtye of the moſt deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is franke vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my preſent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall ſay, that the Queene hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford Weſt in Wales.
Der. What men of Name reſort to him.
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſſe his hand,
My Letter will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient
Buc. *Haſtings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Riuers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented ſoules,
Do through the clowds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my deſtruction.
This is All-ſoules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then All-ſoules day, is my bodies doomſday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this All-ſoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reſpit of my wrongs.
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt, what I begg'd in ieſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Maſters boſomes.
Thus *Margarets* curſe falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth ſhe) ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſſe:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm Fellowes in Armes, and my moſt louing Frends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vſurping Boare,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waſh, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boſomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Iſle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leiceſter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of ſharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his deereſt neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Boſworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looke.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we muſt haue knockes:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traitors?
Nor Six or ſeuen thouſand is their vtmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Beſides, the Kings name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall beare my Standard:
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his ſeuerall Charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And your Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the Morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull Note.

Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And ſo God giue you quiet reſt to night.

Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs conſult vpon to morrowes Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Cloeke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

King. I will not ſup to night,
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels,

Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*

Rich. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Purſuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Looke that my Staues be found, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Souldiers.

King. So, I am ſatisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Perſon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.
In breefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroakes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leyſure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell vpon:
God giue vs leyſure for theſe rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vſurping Helmets of our Aduerſaries:
Make vs thy miniſters of Chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the ſixt.

Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow:
Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Diſpaire therefore, and dye.

Ghoſt to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Diſpaire, and dye,
Harry the ſixt, bids thee diſpaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Liue, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Riu Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: diſpaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, diſpaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings: diſpaire, and dye.

Haſt. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two yong Princes.

Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee diſpaire and dye.

Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoſt to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye:

Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire; diſpairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horſe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe ſpeake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a ſeuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whoſe bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on *Victory*:
I promiſe you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing Countrymen,
The leyſure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ſtand before our Faces.
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the meanes to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falſely ſet:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do ſweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the Tyrant being ſlaine:
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid Surrey then?
Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke ſtrikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine: for by the Booke
He ſhould haue bran'd the Eaſt an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to ſomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeene to day,
The ſky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the ſelfe-ſame Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell ſhal be ordred.
My Foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the mid'ſt;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine Battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ſt thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne.
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our ſoules:
For Conſcience is a word that Cowards vſe,
Deuis'd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne braſely, let vs to't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, and Run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Aduentures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing Lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coſt,
A Milke-ſop, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouer-weening Ragges of France,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Aduance our Standards, ſet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie ſits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horſe

Rich. Slaue, I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine.

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond. Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.

Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere theſe long vſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter Towne,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?

Der. *Iohn* Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſsion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Roſe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelfe;
The Brother blindely ſhed the Brothers blood;
The Father, raſhly ſlaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided, in their dire Diuiſion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to taſte this Lands increaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That ſhe may long liue heere, God ſay, Amen. *Exeu*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGVE.

COme no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scœnes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deſerue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be ſtill and willing,
Ile vndertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: Then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile ſay,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.

GOod morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laſt we ſaw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sunnes of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one aboue it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that ſtood,
Shew d like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maſke
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them Him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Sunnes
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compaſſe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now ſeene, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was beleeu'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As *I* belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honor, Honeſty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer looſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who ſet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueſſe:
One certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The diuell ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ends:
For being not propt by Auncеſtry, whoſe grace
Chalkes Succeſſors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Aber. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let ſome Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelfe.
Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon; and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that haue
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that neuer
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poore iſſue.
Nor. Grceningly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous ſtorme that follow'd, was
A thing Inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Propheſie; That this Tempeſt
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.
Aber. Is it therefore?
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Aber. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Buſineſſe
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduiſe you
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous ſafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharpe edge: It's long, and't may be ſaide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome vp my counſell,
You'l finde it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduiſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his paſſage, fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdaine.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Heere ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon, ready?
Secr. I, pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall leſſen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe ſteepe hilles
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduiſe me like you: Be to your ſelfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This *Ipſwich* fellowes inſolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be aduiſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it do ſindge your ſelfe. We may out-runne
By violent ſwiftneſſe that which we run at;
And loſe by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it. be aduiſ'd;
I ſay againe there is no Engliſh Soule
More ſtronger to direct you then your ſelfe;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *July*, when
Wee ſee each graine of gravell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King Ile ſay't, & make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolſe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is ſubtile, and as prone to miſchiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That ſwallowed ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſſe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himſelfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to ſee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him ſome preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I trow
Which I doe well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And breake the foreſaid peace. Let the King know
(As ſoone he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and ſell his Honour as he pleaſes,
And for his owne aduantage.
Norf. I am ſorry
To heare this of him; and could wiſh he were
Somthing miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham* and Earle
Of *Herford Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of High Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soueraigne King.
Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I ſhall periſh
Vnder deuice, and practiſe:
Bran. I am ſorry,
To ſee you tane from liberty, to looke on
The buſines preſent. Tis his Highnes pleaſure
You ſhall to th'Tower
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid.
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Councellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*?
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surueyor: is falſe. The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpand already:
I am the ſhadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whoſe Figure euen this inſtant Cloud puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himſelfe vnder the Kings feete on his right ſide

King. My life it ſelfe, and the beſt heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care. I ſtood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
Ile heare him his confeſſions iuſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maiſter,
He ſhall againe relate.
A noyſe within crying roome for the Queene. vſher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her vp, kiſſes and placeth her by him.
Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to, vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Maiesty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardmall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Master (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vproare,
And danger serues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.
Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rauinous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Acts: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feat'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the grieued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prone
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recoune
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold Spirit relate what you
Moſt like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was vſuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the *Cardinall.*
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſſe note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliuer all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poyne haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I repliede,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after vnder the Commiſſions Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, ſhould vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtriue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your nobler Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile ſpeake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, vntill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer* (uant.
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſer-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th' Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould iuggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
L. San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be neuer ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer ſee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th' haue worne out Chriſtendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To thinke an Engliſh Courtier may be wiſe,
And neuer ſee the *Louure*.

Lou. They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leaue thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a ſorreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faſhion they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Trauell;
And vnderſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it
They may *Cum Priuilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. 'Tis time to giue 'em Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne ſo catching.

L. Cham. What a looſe out Ladies
Will haue of theſe trim vanities?

Lou. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Haue got a ſpeeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow

L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by't Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.

L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?

L San. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I haue a ſtumpe.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.

L Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome I'le aſſure you.

Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.

L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet heere for examples.

L. Cham True, they are ſo;
But few now giue ſo great ones.
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A ſmall Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies & Gentlewomen as Gueſts at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you. None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham You are yoong Sir *Harry Guilford*.

San. Sir *Thomas Louell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of faire ones.

Lou O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.

San. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſie pennance.

Lou. Faith how eaſie?

San. As eaſie as a downe bed would affoord it

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that ſide, I'le take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betweene theſe Ladies.

San By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your leaue ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iuſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely ſeated: Gentlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.

Card Y'are welcome my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue ſuch a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And ſaue me ſo much talking.

Card. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours.
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen.
Whose fault is this?
San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands*.
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.
An. B. You cannot shew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharg'd.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.
All rise, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shower a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, vsher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
They haue done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.
Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.
Musicke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highnesse women.
Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?
Lou. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies euery one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God saue ye:
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile saue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what has happen'd.
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.
2. I am sorry for't.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how past it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of diuers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancelliour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchiefe.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And ſo his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himſelfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomthing ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelfe againe, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: Firſt *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leaſt he ſhould helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall inſtantly will finde imployment,
And ſarre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o' my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and dote on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipſtaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeake of.
2 Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus ſarre haue come to pitty me;
Heare what I ſay, and then goe home and loſe me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name muſt dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conſcience, let it ſincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no malice for my death,
T'has done vpon the premiſes, but Iuſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in miſchiefe;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You ſew that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.
Louell. I doe beſeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgiue me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy ſhall make my Graue,
Commend mee to his Grace.
And if he ſpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill vp one Monument.
Lou To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace:
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming. See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuites
The Greatneſſe of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane for't
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Vſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Seruant *Banifter*,
Being diſtreſt; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus ſarre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by thoſe Men we lou'd moſt:
A moſt vnnaturall and faithleſſe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to ſinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomthing that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I have done; and God forgiue me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an enſuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not:
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumor; and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it
2. But that ſlander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will vndoe her. To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this buſines.
1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Archbiſhopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpoſ'd.
2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
We are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and more power tooke 'em from me, with this reaſon: his maiſter would bee ſeru'd before a Subiect, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine*.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imployd?
Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conſcience.
Suff. No, his Conſcience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like the eldeſt Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himſelfe elſe.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Betweene vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Diuorce, a loſſe of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his neckc, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroake of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from ſuch councel: 'tis moſt true
Theſe newes are euery where, euery tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into theſe affaires, ſee this main end,
The French Kings Siſter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long haue ſlept vpon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his ſlauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, ſo Ile ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſines, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King ha's ſent me otherwhere: Beſides
You'l finde a moſt vnfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and fits reading pensiuely.
Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (ſelues
Kin. Who's there I ſay? How dare you thruſt your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way.
Is buſineſſe of Eſtate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleaſure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of buſineſſe:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolſey and Campeius with a Commiſſion.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Moſt learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome.
Vſe vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of priuate conference.
Kin. We are buſie; goe.
Norff. This Prieſt ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to ſpeake of:
I would not be ſo ſicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another.
Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a Preſident of wiſedome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voyce of Chriſtendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Muſt now confeſſe, if they haue any goodneſſe,
The Tryall, iuſt and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurſe of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble ſelfe, hath ſent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iuſt and learned Prieſt, Cardnall *Campeius*,
Whom once more, I preſent vnto your Highneſſe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue ſent me ſuch a Man, I would haue wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerue all ſtrangers loues,
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſe hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke*, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Buſineſſe. (ted
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene ſhall be acquain-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?
Wol. I know your Maieſty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of leſſe Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her:
Kin. I, and the beſt ſhe ſhall haue; and my fauour
To him that does beſt, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whoſe hand ha's rais'd me.
Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.
Walkes and whiſpers.
Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes ſurely.
Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then,
Euen of your ſelfe Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not ſticke to ſay, you enuide him;
And fearing he would riſe (he was ſo vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man ſtill, which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.
Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Chriſtian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follower my appointment,
I will haue none ſo neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
Kin. Deliuer this with modeſty to th' Queene.
Exit Gardiner.
The moſt conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For ſuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye ſhall meete about this weighty buſines.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſſe, hauing liu'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Maieſty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thouſand fold more bitter, then
'Tis ſweet at firſt t'acquire After this Proceſſe.
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monſter.
Old La. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoule and bodies ſeuering.
Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a ſtranger now againe.
An. So much the more
Muſt pitty drop vpon her; verily
I ſweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glift'ring griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best hauing.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:
You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which guifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,
If you might please to stretch it
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.
Old. L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for *Carnaruanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchioneesse of *Pembroke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;
I shall not faile t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine
An. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.
An. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tasts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?
An. Come you are pleasant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchioneesse of *Pembrooke*?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and we forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me —— *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short siluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests bearing each a Siluer Crosse Then a Gentleman Vsher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State The two Cardinalls sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. *Henry* King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.
Sir, I deſire you do me Right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir
In what haue I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceede to put me off.
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneſſe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubiect to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ſtroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from hence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againſt mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the foul'ſt Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and ſo giue me vp
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnſettled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and iuſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me:
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who euer yet
Haue ſtood to Charity, and diſplayd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againſt you, nor iniuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtorie,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue theſe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You ſigne your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneſſe fauors,
Gone ſlightly o're lowe ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſticke to you) ſerue your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be iudg'd by him.
She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp

Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine. Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Vſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience. pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highnes,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuſtifi'de? You euer
Haue wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſines, neuer deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft haue hinder'd, oft
The paſſages made toward it: on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conſcience firſt receiu'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and prickt, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th' Biſhop of *Bayon*, then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debaring
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: i'th' Progreſſe of this buſines,
Ere a determinate reſolution. hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a ſpitting power and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caueon. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or dy'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th' World) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How vnder my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mou'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin I haue ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue
To make this preſent Summons vnſolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perſon in this Court;
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of the good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reaſons, drives this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World.
Camp. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineſſe.
Kin. I may perceiue
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.
Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselues when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wolf. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Housewife, (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so euen. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspici-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,
May be absolu'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of gravity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere.
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious 'twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I haue more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heauens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Qu. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all ſuch falſe Profeſſors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchednesſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suſpition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
You'ld feele more comfort. Why ſhould we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For Goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you looſe it not: For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our vtmoſt Studies, in your ſeruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruice to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities ſo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare already.
Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th' King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſettled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once euery houre.
Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,

And

And came to th'eye o th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeue it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coaſts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Phyſicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh my Lord,
For I profeſſe you haue it.
Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſpes that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cauſe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue ſatisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome: ſhortly (I beleeue)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeſſe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He ha's, and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an Arch-byſhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. Tis ſo
Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.
The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerue, obſerue, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did vnſeale them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde; a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutches of Alanſon,
The French Kings Siſter; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Viſage. *Bullen*?
No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wiſh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneſſe of Penbroke?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuſtice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deſeruing? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th'boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is ſprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer ſomthing y would freet the ſtring,
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obſeruing him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops againe,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moone: in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We haue ſeene him ſet himſelfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put vnwittingly)
Forſooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The ſeuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeakes
Poſſeſſion of a Subiect.
Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly stuffe, and bear the Inuentory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which
I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
Her times of preseruation, which perforce
I her frale sonne, amongst my Brethren mortall,
Must giue my tendance to

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine so, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderseruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The foulenesse is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,
That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,
For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?
What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him.
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beare this from his Braines?
I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse
I writ to's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man see me more.

Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,
Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what coarse Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As

As if it fed ye, and how ſleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courſes, men of Malice;
You haue Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gaue it.
Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty houres, Surrey durſt better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then ſaide ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You ſent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pity,
Abſolu'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You haue as little Honeſtie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Royall Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'th'liſe blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? if we liue thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodneſſe
Is poyſon to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you prouoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobilitie, our Iſſues,
(Whom if he liue, will ſcarſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſaue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſtie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Obiections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Haue at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneſſe, and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur Then, That you haue ſent inumerable ſubſtance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgiue him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and wharſoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I haue no power to ſpeake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:
Neuer ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would ſinke a Nauy, (too much Honor)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right vſe of it.

Card. I hope I haue:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Card. God bleſſe him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place

Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe fauour, and do Iuſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-byſhop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell; and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue loſt for euer.
No Sun, ſhall euer vſher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer ſet) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee.
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſeruice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vſe now, and prouide
For thine owne future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leaue you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Beare witneſſe, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaues his Lord.
The King ſhall haue my ſeruice; but my prayres
For euer, and for euer ſhall be yours.

Card. *Cromwel*, I did not thinke to ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence enuious Tongues. Be iuſt, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'ſt, (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the laſt peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but ſeru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſeru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
This generall ioy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure haue ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Neuer greater,
Nor I'le aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
2 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Hoboyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A liuely Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then, two Iudges*
3 *Lord* Chancellor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quirriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet. *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Done, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A* Canopy, *borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London, *and* Wincheſter.
9 *The* Olde Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *firſt paſſing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That ſhould bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleſſe thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtraines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God ſaue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their ioy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such ioy
I neuer ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were wouen
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heauen and pray'd deuoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edwards* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parced,
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.
1 Sir,
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Title's loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd Whire-Hall.
3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 What two Reuerend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?
3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
2 He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good louer of the Archbiſhops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.
3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.
2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maſter o'th'Iewell Houſe,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.
2 He will deſerue more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.
Both. You may command vs Sir. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſicke, led betweene Griffith, her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no eare too't.
Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poore man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Rodes, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, euer ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer
And though he were vnſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Euer witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford; one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall euer ſpeake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſednеſſe of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſtie,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision

Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.
Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me. *Musicke ceases.*
Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——
Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haste made me vnmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.
Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Most willing Madam.
Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deerely.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deerest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardener Biſhop of Wincheſter, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath ſtrooke.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be houres for neceſsities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for vs
To waſte theſe times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether ſo late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas* and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lou. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Louell*: what's the matter?
It ſeemes you are in haſt: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſſe: Affaires that walke
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the buſineſſe
That ſeekes diſpatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your eare
Much waighter then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They ſay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Methinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſayes
Shee's a good Creature, and ſweet-Ladie do's
Deſerue our better wiſhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Louell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and ſhee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Louell. Now Sir, you ſpeake of two
The moſt remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the Iewell-Houſe, is made Maſter
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Time will loade him. Th'Archbyſhop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my ſelfe haue ventur'd
To ſpeake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenſt the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-Heretique, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath ſo farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-ſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefes,
Our Reaſons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I reſt your ſeruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Louel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not perſonally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thankes
In the great'ſt humbleneſſe, and deſir'd your Highneſſe
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is ſhe crying out?
Lou. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuffiance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highneſſe with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'eſtate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I muſt thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſſe
A quiet night, and my good Miſtris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what follows?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byſhop
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?
Den. He attends your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louel ſeemes to ſtay.*
Ha? I haue ſaid. Be gone.
What? *Exeunt Louell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aſpect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do deſire to know wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Pray you ariſe
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I muſt walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I ſpeake,
And am right ſorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and moſt vnwillingly of late

Heard many greeuous. I do ſay my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Haue mon'd Vs, and our Councell, that you ſhall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedome purge your ſelfe,
But that till further Triall, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſſe
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne ſhall flye aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my ſelfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, ſtand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I ſhould haue tane ſome paines, to bring together
Your ſelfe, and your Accuſers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſtie:
If they ſhall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I waigh not,
Being of thoſe Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practiſes
Muſt beare the ſame proportion, and not ouer
The Iuſtice and the Truth o'th' queſtion carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To ſweare againſt you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke.
I meane in periur'd Witneſſe, then your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne deſtruction.

Cran. God, and your Maieſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They ſhall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning ſee
You do appeare before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beſt perſwaſions to the contrary
Faile not to vſe, and with what vehemencie
Th'occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honeſt on mine Honor. Gods bleſt Mother,
I ſweare he is true-hearted, and a ſoule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's ſtrangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneſſe, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and ſhade thy perſon
Vnder their bleſſed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I geſſe thy Meſſage. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleſſe her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promiſes Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for ſuch payement.
I will haue more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or elſe vnſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the iſſue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haſt. All faſt? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace muſt waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall vnderſtand it preſently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. 'Tis *Buts*,
The Kings Phyſitian, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he ſound not my diſgrace: for certaine
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.

King. What's that *Buts*?

Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongſt Purſeuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures.
And at the dore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelues in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cranmer approches the Councell Table
Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures frailes, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach vs,
Haue miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what follows then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe:
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his priuate Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely vrge againſt me
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you. (ment,
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we haue buſines of more mo-
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away: That I ſhall cleere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcouers
To men that vnderſtand you, words and weakneſſe.
Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
However faultly, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound I ſay.
Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.
Cham Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traytor thither?
Gard. Receiue him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maiſter.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our ſelues.
Nor. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gaue me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Diuell
And his Diſciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye. now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheeſe ayme of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kin. You were euer good at ſodaine Commendations,
Biſhop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace; ——
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome vnderſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall neuer haue while I liue.
Cham. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and vſe him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and ſeruice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I haue a Suite which you muſt not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now aliue may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones;
You ſhall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marqueſſe *Dorſet*? will
theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.
Cran. And let Heauen
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,
Kin. Good Man, thoſe ioyfull teares ſhew thy true
The common voyce I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within; Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping:
Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.
Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaues, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raſkalls?
Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Vnleſſe we ſweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You ſee the poore remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſaue her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore cloſe Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Por. What ſhould you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muſter in? Or haue wee ſome ſtrange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege vs? Bleſſe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriſtian Conſcience this one Chriſtening will beget a thouſand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow ſomewhat neere the doore, he ſhould be a Braſier by his face, for o' my conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt mee; hee ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdaſhers Wife of ſmall wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might ſee from farre, ſome forty Truncheoners draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome ſtaffe to me, I deſide 'em ſtil, when ſodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliuer'd ſuch a ſhowre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amongſt 'em I thinke ſurely.

Por. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a Playhouſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouſe, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three dayes, beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall haue
Great ſtore of roome no doubt, leſt for the Ladies,
When they paſſe backe from the Chriſtening?

Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and ſodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtening,
Go breake among the preaſſe, and finde away out
To let the Troope paſſe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marſhalſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Monthes.

Por Make way there, for the Princeſſe.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe vp, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marſhals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowles for the Chriſtening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchioneſſe Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope paſſe once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeakes.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endleſſe goodneſſe, ſend proſperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeſſe of England *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?

Cran Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiſſe, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Goſſips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe ha's ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen ſtill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiſes
Vpon this Land a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which Time ſhall bring to ripeneſſe: She ſhall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodneſſe)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wiſedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp ſuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her.
She ſhall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow.
Good growes with her
In her dayes, Euery Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truely knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leaue her Bleſſednes to One,
(When Heauen ſhal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſſe of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heauen.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt haue her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt vnſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th' ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

King. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye,
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This Little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

'Tis ten to one, this Play can neuer pleaſe
All that are heere. Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
We haue frighted with our Trumpets, ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay 'tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciſull conſtruction of good women.
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd em. If they ſmile,
And ſay twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap

FINIS.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhippes
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſacke Troy, within whoſe ſtrong emures
The rauiſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queene,*
With wanton Paris *ſleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there diſgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The freſh and yet vnbruiſed Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with maſsie Staples*
And correſponſiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but ſuited
In like conditions, as our Argument,
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broyles,
Beginning in the middle, ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Creſsida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding, but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ning.

Troy Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence

Pan. Well.

She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman eſſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I wold ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Pour'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lat'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her. and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter

Troy. Pandarus! *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

Itis too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*. O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum,*

Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd.
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaind & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*. how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſaies here.

Pan True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iuſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*

Pan. Himſelfe? no? hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body: no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'othets not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he is ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Juno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cre. *Troylus* will ſtand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus*? why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee has a maruel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwere.

Cre. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pand That's true, make no queſtion of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaſt, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhal we ſtand vp here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Illium, good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may ſee moſt brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th ſoundeſt iudgement in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus*? Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall haue, more.

Enter Hector

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke yon what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee? Looke you there? There's no ieſting, laying on, take't off, who ill as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not? Why this is braue now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Daphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Sculdiers.

Creſ Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke: the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Creſ There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Creſ. Well weli.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberalny, and ſo forth: the Spiee, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Creſ. I, a mine'd man and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes nor at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Creſ. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheeſeſt of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching

Enter Boy.

Pan You are ſuch another.

Boy Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt Fare ye well good Neece

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by

Creſ. To bring Vnkle

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand*
Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprize:
But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the dooing:
That ſhe belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is
That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
"*Atchiuement*, is *command*; *vngain'd*, *beſeech*.
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greeſe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiue and erant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo fatre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme:
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Metsll is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powreſull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies tich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Neſtor With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and bright neſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſ. Agamemnon.
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vlyſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

And thou moſt reuerend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to heare *Vlyſſes* ſpeake.

Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſſe expect:
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthen
Diuide thy lips; than we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke iawes,
We ſhall neare Muſicke Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyſ. Troy yet vpon his baſis had bene downe.
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themſelues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerue degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid'ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets euill,
And poſtes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable ſhores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that ſtring,
And heare what Diſcord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his Father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre, Iuſtice recides)
Should looſe her names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too.
Then euery thing includes it ſelfe in Power.
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt, eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo euery ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe liues, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* heere diſcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is ſicke.

Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſſe found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedie?

Vlyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Ieſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and o're-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in: and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeemes Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* luſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreameſt ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, rayles on our ſtate of Warre

Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe Gall coines ſlanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How ranke ſoeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no acte
But that of hand: The ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mappery, Cloſſet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true ſwords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuately
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde.
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
The Trumpets ſound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is ruſty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his peril,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtris more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* ſhal honour him:
If none, hee'l ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Euen ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, Ile be he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandſire ſuckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſparke of fire
To anſwer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heauens forbid ſuch ſcarſitie of youth.
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauillion ſhal I leade you firſt:
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlyſſes, and Neſtor.
Vlyſ. *Neſtor.*
Neſt. What ſayes *Vlyſſes*?
Vlyſ. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vlyſſes. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breed a Nurſery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.
Neſt. Wel, and how?
Vlyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How euer it is ſpred in general name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous euen as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little charracters ſumme vp,
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great ſpeede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Vlyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; who may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Palate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to ceme at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choiſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to themſelues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his inſtruments,
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.
Vlyſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech.
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l ſell: If not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eies: what are they?
Vlyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould weare with him:
But he already is too inſolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off,
We'l dreſſe him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to reliſh thy aduice,
And I will giue a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight:
Two Curres ſhal tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

Enter Aiax and Therſites.

Aia. *Therſites?*
Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (full) all ouer generally.
Aia. *Therſites?*
Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt y not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.
Aia. Speake then you whinid'ſt leauen ſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomneſſe.
Ther. I ſhal ſooner rayle thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy Horſe wil ſooner con an Oration, then y learn a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A rad Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.
Aia. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?
Aia. The Proclamation.
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.
Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-ſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.
Aia. I ſay the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumbleſt & raileſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkſt at him.
Aia. Miſtreſſe *Therſites*.
Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.
Aia. Coblofe.
Ther. He would pun thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.
Aia. You hotſon Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.
Aia. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes: An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcuruy valiant Aſſe, thou art heere but to threſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſolde among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. You ſcuruy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.
Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?
Ther. You ſee him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter.
Ther. Nay looke vpon him.
Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who ſome euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euaſions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay this *Aiax* ——

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aiax. O thou damn'd Cutre, I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not.

Aiax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I ſerue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'ne ſo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your ſinnewes, or elſe there be Liars. *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fuſtie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Vlyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to——

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therſites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtiring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoſt, That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes, That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aiax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lotury: otherwiſe Heknew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many houres, liues, ſpeeches ſpent, Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes, Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage elſe (As honour, loſſe of time, trauaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what-els deere that is conſum'd In hot digeſtion of this comorant Warre) Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.

Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels, More ſpungie, to ſucke in the ſenſe of Feare, More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety, Surety ſecure: but modeſt Doubt is cal'd The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* go, Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion, Euery tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes, Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours: If we haue loſt ſo many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs (Had it our name) the valew of one ten; What merit's in that reaſon which denies The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and honour of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſumme The paſt proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe, With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutiue, As feares and reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons, You are ſo empty of them, ſhould not our Father Beare the great ſway of his affayres with reaſons, Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tels him ſo.

Troy. You are for dreames & ſlumbers brother Prieſt You ſutre your gloues with reaſon: here are your reaſons You know an enemy intends you harme, You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous, And reaſon flyes the obiect of all harme. Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds A Grecian and his Sword, if he do ſet The very wings of reaſon to his heeles: Or like a Starre diſorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reaſon, And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue, Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor Should haue hard hearts, would they but fat their thoghts With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect, Makes Liuers pale, and luſtyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will, It holds his eſtimate and dignitie As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe, As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie, To make the ſeruice greater then the God, And the will dotes that is inclineable To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects, Without ſome image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpective ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meere
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſeruice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apollos*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your propet Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we haue ſtolne what we do feare to keepe
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares

Caſ Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis out mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.

Caſ. Cry Troyans.

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophericke teares.

Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troy Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And loue forbid there ſhould be done amongſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights;
You haue the Hony ſtill but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſſion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot parallell.

Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractorie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you touch the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not with a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the armie crept:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites ſolus.

How now *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they haue, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarſe, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers and diuell, enuie, ſay Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that lets thee out ſayes thou art a faire corſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't ſhe neuer ſhrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſeru'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therſites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maiſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You raſcall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſter, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffiſes me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, ſo perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know nor what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vliſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him ſhow vs the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Neſ What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliſ. *Achillis* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Neſ. Who, *Therſites*?

Vliſ. He.

Neſ. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue loſt his Argument.

Vliſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles*.

Neſ. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vliſ. The emitie that wiſedome knits, not folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Vliſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curteſie: His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay he is much ſorry: If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure, Did moue your greatneſſe, and this noble State, To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake; An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*: We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers: But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne, Cannot outflye our apprehenſions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon, Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to looſe their gloſſe; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdſome diſh, Are like to rot vntaſted: goe and tell him, We came to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne, If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud, And vnder honeſt in ſelfe-aſſumption greater Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelfe Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on, Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command: And vnder write in an obſerning kinde His humorous predominance. yea watch His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if The paſſage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, That if he ouerhoid his price ſo much, Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, lye vnder this report. Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue, Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce weele not be ſatisfied, We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.

Exit Vliſſes.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aiax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himſelfe; Pride is his owne Gloſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelfe: is't not ſtrange?

Vliſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none, But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe, Without obſeruance or reſpect of any, In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt, Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs?

Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe, And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe, That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages, And batters gainſt it ſelfe; what ſhould I ſay? He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; 'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.

Vliſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo. Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes, When they goe from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord, That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame, And neuer ſuffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: ſaue ſuch as doe reuolue And ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd, Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit, As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*, That were to enlard his fat already, pride, And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes With entertaining great *Hiperion*. This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid, And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, Ile pheſe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vliſ. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe.

Aia. Can he not be ſociable?

Vliſ. The Rauen chides blackneſſe.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Vliſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Aia. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vliſ. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.

Vliſ. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Drom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vliſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme. Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vliſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horſon dog, that ſhal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian*.

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now——

Vliſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praiſe

Vliſ. I, or ſurley borne

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gaue thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde
To ſunnowie *Aiax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax* and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vliſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicker: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt.
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Boates may ſaile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon: with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida*.

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes.?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe muſt affectionately to you.

Hel You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, I'le make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie : come, giue me an inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no, ſheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue : this loue will vndoe vs all Oh *Cupid*, *Cupid*, *Cupid*.

Pan. Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more :
For O loues Bow,
Shoots Bucke and Doe :
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore :
Theſe Louers cry, oh he they dye ;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he :
So dying loue liues ſtill,
O he a while, but ha ha ha,
O he groanes out for ha ha ha---hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. *Hector*, *Deiphobus*, *Helenus*, *Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene: I long to heare how they ſped to day :
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector* : his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch't,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes : you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris* :
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsida*?

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off,

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Couſin?

Troy. No *Pandarus* : I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waſtage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid*.

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feareit much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what needs you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th hils: why doe you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner: So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there: Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but ſheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your activity in queſtion: what billing againe? here's in witneſſe where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſsida*, how often haue I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Creſ. More

Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee truely.
Creſ. Blinde feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes ſafe footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare: to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter
Creſ. Not nothing monſtrous neither?
Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe ſeas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deuiſe impoſition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlaue to limit.
Creſ. They ſay all Louers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they nor Monſters?
Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe vs as we are taſted, allow vs as we proue: our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerſion ſhall haue a praiſe in preſent: wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what enuie can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*
Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?
Enter Pandarus.
Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? haue you not done talking yet?
Creſ. Well Vncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
Tro. You know now your hoſtages: your Vncles word and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, I le giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.
Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?
Creſ Hard to ſeeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maiſter it; in faith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who ſhall be true to vs
When we are ſo vnſecret to our ſelues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.
Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Creſ. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe:
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.
Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Creſſid*?
Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.
Creſ. Pray you content you.
Troy. What offends yo Lady?
Creſ. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.
Creſ. Let me goe and try.
I haue a kinde of ſelfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.
Cre. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then loue,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not: for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.
Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.
Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right:
True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;
Wants ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.
Creſ Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion ſwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falſehood, when they'aue ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Pandets; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chaleas. Floriſh.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time promps me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſia* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughrer: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Vliſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like heele queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue deriſion medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Alears.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vliſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heare them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other with each others forme
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſſly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeue it:
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblituion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt:
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oredufted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Hand ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therſi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himſelfe.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' combat, heele breake himſelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee; I ſaid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. Ioue bleſſe great *Aiax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too'r.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoeuer, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, vnleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Tickle in a Sheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and ſo long health.
But when contention, and occaſion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* liſe,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A houſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dy
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houſe, and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid*:
Lets haue your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before vs. I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherof, I feare
We ſhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo.
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the ſoule of ſound good fellow ſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moſt?
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſ'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leſſe nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
She hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians ſuffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your ſelfe: the morne is cold.
Creſ. Then ſweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He ſhall vnbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Creſ. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Creſ. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Creſſida*! but that the buſie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Creſ. Night hath beene too briefe. (ſtayes,
Troy. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe
As hidiouſly as hell; but flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary, ſwift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Creſ. Prithee tarry you men will neuer tarry;
O fooliſh *Creſſid*, I might haue ſtill held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Creſ. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Creſſid*?
Creſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what:
What haue I brought you to doe?
Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor ſuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochio*, haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Creſ. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt i'th' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and ſee.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You ſmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here. *Exeunt.*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow
Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you ſo early?
Æne Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what ſhould he doe here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be ſworne: For my owne part I came in late: what ſhould he doe here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Creſſida*.
Troy. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
Æn. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt: the diuell take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon *Anthenor*: I would they had brok'n necke.
Creſ. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me ſweet Vnckle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.
Creſ. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'ſt ne're been borne; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Creſ. Good Vncle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Creſ. O you immertall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not Vncle: I haue forgot my Father:
I know no touch of conſanguinitie:
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no ſoule, ſo neere me,
As the ſweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine!
Make *Creſſids* name the very crowne of falſhood!
If euer ſhe leaue *Troylus*: time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Creſ. Teare my bright heire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart
With ſounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes faſt vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe,
And haſt her to the purpoſe.

Troy. Walke into her houſe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I ſhall pittie, I could helpe.
Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croſſe; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.

Creſ. O *Troylus*, *Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heauie heart, why ſigheſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs caſt away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Troy. *Creſſid*: I loue thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Creſ. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.

Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.

Creſ. Is it poſſible?

Troy. And ſodainely, where iniurie of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iuſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lockt embraſures; ſtranglos our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighes
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues,
With the rude breuitie and diſcharge of our
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haſte
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be ſtars in heauen,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adiew;
And ſcants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken teares. *Enter Æneas.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo
Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye.
Bid them haue patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.

Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.

Creſ. And you this Gloue.
When ſhall I ſee you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Creſ. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon.
Alas, a kinde of godly icalouſie;
Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne:
Makes me affraid.

Creſ. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion
So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor ſweeten talke;
Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we wil not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you,
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, thet's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her ſeruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ile ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blouds
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpitation liſts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is the kindneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Helen* is a maide againe, and his——
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Vliſ. Neuer's my day, and mea kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father
Neſt. A woman of quicke ſence.
Vliſ. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Floriſh.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other; or ſhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone prouok't, nor being prouok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To render obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel diſpos'd there *Aiax.* *trūpets*
Diom. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A couſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexrer cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioues* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſtie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beate hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mitable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowd'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'ſt promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Aiax*, fare well.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance: I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expectors of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſerching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderſtand more cleere
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huskes,
And formleſſe ruine of oblиuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moſt diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke nor, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Glouc
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth: and I haue ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubdument,
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in ſteele)
I neuer ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an old man embrace thee.
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reuerend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we haue heere her Baſe and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your ſauour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hect. I muſt not beleeue you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it
Vlyſ. So to him we leaue it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To Feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand ſaire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great ſpirit flaw. Anſwer me heauens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand againe;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer——
Aiax. Do not chafe thee Coſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres ſince you refus'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leyſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid*.
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhe no Louer there
That wailes her abſence?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, ſhe lou'd; ſhe is, and doorh;
But ſtill ſweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night
Which

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feaſt him to the hight.
Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*
Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?
Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?
Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.
Patr. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what need theſe tricks?
Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.
Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue: What's that?
Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a graueli i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſtrous diſcoueries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?
Ther. Do I curſe thee?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.
Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egge.
Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*
Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a cuter of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thriſty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, ſhold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Aſſe were nothing; hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Aiax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, *Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.
Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.
Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.
Aga. Goodnight.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*.
Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now. goodnight great *Hector*
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company
Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.
Hect. And ſo good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*
Ther. That ſame *Diomed* s a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt vniuſt Knaue; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he perſormes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed,

Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake?
Chal. Who cals?
Dio. *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vliſſes.

Vlif. Stand where the Torch may not diſcouer vs.

Enter Creſsid.

Troy. *Creſsid* comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?
Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian: harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?
Vlyſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.
Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Vlyſ. Liſt?
Creſ. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Creſ. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſwome.——
Creſ. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?
Ther. A iugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Vliſ. How now Troian ?
Creſ. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better muſt.
Creſ. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madneſſe !
Vliſ. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull teatmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vliſ. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee ſtay?
Vliſ. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you ſtay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
Vliſ. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Vliſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe
you will breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.
Vliſ. Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles theſe together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Creſ. In faith I will lo; neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio. Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliſ. You haue ſworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.
Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Vliſ. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
He lou'd me: O falſe wench: giue't me againe.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Creſ. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall haue it.
Creſ. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O ell you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighes, and takes my Gloue,
And gives memoriall daintie kiſſes to it;
As I kiſſe thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did ſweare patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you ſhall not;
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will haue this: whoſe was it?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her ſelfe, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Creſ. You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come? the houre.
Creſ. I; come: O *Ioue!* doe, come: I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, muſt erre: O then conclude,
Minds ſwai'd by eyes, are full of turpirude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vliſ. All's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vliſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſed* here?
Vliſ. I cannot coniure Troian.
Troy. She was not ſure.
Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe?
Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For depravation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid.*
Vliſ. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyle our
mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomids Creſſida*:
If beautie haue a ſoule, this is not ſhe:

If ſoules guide vowes; if vowes are ſanctimonie;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight;
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe: O madneſſe of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By ſoule authoritie: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*:
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth;
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates:
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe:
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke: and that ſhall be diuulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Creſſida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Creſſid*! O falſe *Creſſid*! falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all vntruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe:
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. He bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and deere petition:
purſue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound

Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay: the gods haue heard me ſweare.

Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe;
But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not hold:
Vnarme ſweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus

How now yong man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harneſſe youth:
I am to day i'th'vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them riſe, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way:
But by my ruine

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe.

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell. the gods with ſafetie ſtand about thee. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeue
I come to looſe my armе, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me teade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones; that vnleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvie, doting, fooliſh yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme. I would ſaine ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th' tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raſcals; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbatiſme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian. now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match. Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcurvie railing knaue: a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I doe beleeue thee, liue.

Ther God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle---yet in a ſort, lecherie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them.

Exit

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew. the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Dorcus* priſoner.
And ſtands Coloſſus-wiſe waging his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtrophus and *Cedius*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagitrary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: and he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue touz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe.
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus* — *Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector* *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troylus*, I ſay, wher's *Troylus*?

Aia. What would'ſt thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Aiax* hath tane *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*
Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath,
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about.
In felleſt manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams*

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Baſtard.

Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; I'le take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy ſinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. *Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achilles

Sold. *Achilles, Achilles, Hector's* slaine. *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* slaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aia. If it be so yet bragless let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended.
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deipnœbus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here statue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Hector* is slaine.
All. *Hector?* the gods forbid
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.
Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:
I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*
Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it? let me see.
Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
Good tradersin the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall;
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse;
Till then, Ile sweare, and seeke about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanesse that afflicts vs, the obiect of our misery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would al the rest wer so.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our businesse is not vnknowne to th Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, & now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them
Against the Roman State, whose course will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can euer
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere cat'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsurers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But since it serues my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ft a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer beating
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.

2. Cit. Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2. Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumperer,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2. Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not taſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuets of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o th'Braine,
And through the Cranks and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2. Cit. I ſir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?

2 Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2. Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That tubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.

2. Cit. We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſuter, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay there's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres
Com. It is yout former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behmde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe
you, right worthy you Priority
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garnets. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.
Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſdaines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vnder *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, not more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1. *Sen.* Farewell.
2. *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius : They set them downe on two low stooles and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort : If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame : To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him:
Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man,
Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of *Hecuba*
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yearne she spun in *Vlisses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, against who *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Larcius*, are set down before their Citie *Caruoles*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnesse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

Enter Martius, Titus Larcius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say,ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So,the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile not ſel,nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Cortalus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1 *Senat.* No,nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Heatke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Amongſt your cloven Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hea.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts,and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that tetires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South,light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're,that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beare the ſhapes of men,how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum,and Martius followes them to gates,and is ſhut in.
So,now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me,and do the like.
Enter the Gats.
1.*Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2.*Sol.* Nor I.
1.*Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1.*Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates,he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes,ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wiſh,not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes,and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake,as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding,aſſaulted by the Enemy.
1 *Sol.* Looke Sir.
Lar. O'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off,or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1.*Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2.*Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius,and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere theſe mouers,that do prize their heurs
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions,Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done,packe vp,downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit,wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir,thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir,praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidius* thus,I will appear
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in loue with thee,and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire,with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends,wel fought,we are come off.
Like Romans,neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke
By Interims and conueying guſts,we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes,as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers,with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I fir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frõ a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file. (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Auffidious*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report.
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all ſhout and waue their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs. *Exeunt*

Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. *Exit*
Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeuerall doores.
Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke owues a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.
Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'lt not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle teares with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſtie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Perſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When ſhe do's praiſe me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.

Com. You ſhall not be the Graue of your deſeruing,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I haue ſome Wounds vpon me, and they ſmart
To heare themſelues remembred.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelues with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your onely choyſe.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand vpon my common part with thoſe,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Neuer ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Parraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Wounds:
No more I ſay, for that I haue not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe haue done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſawc'ſt with Lyes.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer!

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire, you ſhall perceiue
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creſt your good Addition,
To th'faireneſſe of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe vs, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Corioles* backe, ſend vs to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I ſhall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I ſometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans houſe: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I requeſt you
To giue my poore Hoſt freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he ſhould
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus.*

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am weary, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Viſage dryes, 'tis time
It ſhould be look't too: come. *Exeunt.*

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auff. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.

Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo, I thinke, ſhould we encounter

As often as we eate. By th'Elements.
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, too triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgusses*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset-seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would infect my Braine, being the Heards-men of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aside.*

Enter

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Eſtate of ſeuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoueraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preſeruatiue, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not haue been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes *yes*, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie ſeuen; euery gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhout, and flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's nerue Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are three, that Rome ſhould dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited.
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*
Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: ſeld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoeuer God, who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him graceſull poſture.

Scicin. On the ſuddaine, I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wiſh no better, then haue him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Scicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Scicin. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſept for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull:
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you. *Exeunt*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Countrey, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giuing it ſelfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues. Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius* it remaines,
As the maine Point of this out after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble ſeruice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Countrey. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reuerend and graue Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himſelfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our ſtates defectiue for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th' People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleaſing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent. Pleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Brutus Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer ſhame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh--

Menen. Pray now ſit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtrucke, then idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue,
And moſt dignifies the haue: if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he beſtrid
An o'te-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtrucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeuenteene Batrailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in Corioles, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport: as Weeds before
A Veſſell vnder ſayle, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths ſtampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot.
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With ſhunleſſe deſtinie: aydeleſſe came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Corioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie ſence: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in flеſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall ſpoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer ſtood
To eaſe his Breſt with panting.

Menen Worthy man.

Senat He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honors which we deuiſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leſſe
Then Miſerie it ſelfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to giue their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People muſt haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely

Menen. Doe not ſtand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to vſe the people.

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter ſeuen or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our ſelues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee ſhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateſull, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelues to be monſtrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ſerue: for once we ſtood vp about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diuerſly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you ſo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ſtay altogether, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs has a ſingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthieſt men haue done't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines loſe by em.

Men. You'l marre all.
Ile leaue you: Pray you ſpeake to em, I pray you
In wholſome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, but mine owne deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall bee yours in priuate. your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. *Enter two other Citizens.*

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conſull, I haue heere the Cuſtomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deſerued Nobly of your Country, and you haue not deſerued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1 You haue bin a ſcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol You ſhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue. I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterſet the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deſirers. Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Country.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterue,
Then craue the higher, which firſt we do deſerue.
Why in this Wooluiſh tongue ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that doe appeere

Their

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuſtome calls me to't.
What Cuſtome wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye vnſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part ſuffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice ſix
I haue ſeene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, ſome leſſe, ſome more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Conſull.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſaue thee, Noble Conſull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Mene. You haue ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inueſted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sicin. The Cuſtome of Requeſt you haue diſcharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Sicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-houſe.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We ſtay here for the People.

Sicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſſe the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scicl. How now, my Maſters, haue you choſe this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deſerue your loues.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock vs.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongſt vs, ſaue your ſelfe, but ſayes
He vs'd vs ſcornefully: he ſhould haue ſhew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Country.

Scicin. Why ſo he did I am ſure.

All. No, no: no man ſaw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee ſaid hee had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in ſcorne,
I would be Conſull, ſayes he: aged Cuſtome,
But by your Voyces, will not ſo permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your moſt ſweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſſe,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were leſſon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a petty ſeruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remaine
Faſt Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curſes to your ſelues. You ſhould haue ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leſſe
Then what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And tranſlate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue ſaid,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had touch't his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or elſe it would haue gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,
And paſs'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did ſollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that ſound.

1. *Cit.* I twice fiue hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They haue choſe a Conſull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe ſo.

Scici. Let them aſſemble: and on a ſafer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: beſides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, vngrauely, he did faſhion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Scici. Say you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do,
Then what you ſhould, made you againſt the graine
To Voyce him Conſull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. I, ſpare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble Houſe o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne.
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.
Scicin. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.
Brut. Say you ne'te had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.
All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerue and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th' People:
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senaters.
Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which cauſ'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.
Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo.
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.
Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?
Latius. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Corio. At Antium liues he?
Latius. At Antium.
Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they doe prancke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.
Scicin. Paſſe no further.
Cor. Hah? what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on: No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mene. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Cominius, no.
Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?
Senat. Tribunes giue way, he ſhall toth' Market place.
Brut. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are theſe your Heard?
Muſt theſe haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not ſet them on?
Mene. Be calme, be calme.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.
Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Scicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.
Mene. Let's be calme.
Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome. nor has's *Coriolanus*
Deſeru'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.
Mene. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Noble friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for, ſow'd, & ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.
Mene. Well, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.
Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdaine ſhould Tetter vs, yer ſought
The very way to catch them
Bru. You ſpeake a'th people, as if you were a God,
To puniſh; Not a man, of their Infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't
Mene. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde
Sicin. It is a minde that ſhall remain a poiſon
Where it is: not poyſon any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but moſt vnwiſe Patricians, why
You graue, but wreakleſſe Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to chooſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance. If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators and they are no leſſe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt pallates theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a graue Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame: How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th Market place.
Corio. Who euer gaue that Counſell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th Store-houſe gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.
Mene. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay they nouriſht diſobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſeruice for't, being preſt to'th Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with ouer meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Where on part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muſt omit
Reall Neceſſities, and giue way the while
To vnſtable Slightneſſe. Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it ſollowes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe feareſull, then diſcreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That's ſure of death without it. at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſull? No.
Enter an Ædile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended
Sicin Go call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer
Corio. Hence old Goat
All Wee'l Surety him
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.
Mene. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles*.
All. Downe with him, downe with him
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all buſtle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Mene What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions neere, I cannot ſpeake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*, patience. Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.

Scics. You are at point to loſe your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Conſull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remaine.

Mene. And ſo are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet diſtinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deſerues Death.

Brut. Or let vs ſtand to our Authoritie, Or let vs loſe it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whoſe power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of preſent Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into deſtruction caſt him.

Brut. Ædiles ſeize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redreſſe.

Brut. Sir, thoſe cold wayes, That ſeeme like prudent helpes, are very poyſonous, Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands vpon him. And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here: There's ſome among you haue beheld me fighting, Come try vpon your ſelues, what you haue ſeene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away, All will be naught elſe.

2. *Sena.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houſe, Leaue vs to cure this Cauſe.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your ſelfe: be gone, 'beſeech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat forty of them.

Mene. I could my ſelfe take vp a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it ſtands Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beate What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone: Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeſt With thoſe that haue but little: this muſt be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent, And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death. *A Noiſe within.* Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber. What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire? *Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.*

Sicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himſelf

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law, And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall Then the ſeuerity of the publike Power, Which he ſo ſets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall ſure on't.

Mene. Sir, ſir. *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you ſhold but hunt With modeſt warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you haue holpe To make this reſcue?

Mene. Heere me ſpeake? As I do know The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?

Mene. The Conſull *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Conſull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which ſhall turne you to no further hatme, Then ſo much loſſe of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to diſpatch This Viporous Traitor: to elect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude Towards her deſerued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Country,
Were to vs all that doo't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.

Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The ſeruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.

Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.

Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of vnskan'd ſwiftneſſe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were ſo?

Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelues reſiſted: come.

Mene. Conſider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmoſt perill.

1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our firſt way.

Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood vp
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you haue me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriuing leſſe to be ſo: Leſſer had bin
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, ſomthing
too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midd'ſt, and periſh.

Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vſe of Anger
To better vantage.

Mene. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.

Corio. What muſt I do?

Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue ſpoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I haue heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like vnſeuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looſe,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.

Mene. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take In a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend, a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady.
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretch it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Menen This but done,
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free.
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*

Com I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't.
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Baseneſſe.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia.*

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arme your selues
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildely.

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're distributed What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.

Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th (Pole?

Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.

Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease. but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence

Edi. Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu't them.

Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Throughout our large Temples with ŷ shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Sicin. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, curling your selues,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th'extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.

Brut. I talke of that, that know it

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:
I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruation of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalyi.

They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone,is gone.
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd,he is gone: Hoo,oo.
Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates,and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight
Giue him deſeru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.
All. Come,come,lets ſee him out at gates,come:
The Gods preſerue our Noble Tribunes,come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To ſay, Extremities was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When moſt ſtrooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations periſh.
Corio. What, what, what:
I ſhall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*.
Six of his Labours you'ld haue done, and ſau'd
Your Husband ſo much ſwet. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are ſalter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime) Generall,
I haue ſeene the Sterne, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-bardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards ſtill haue beene your ſolace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then ſeene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My firſt ſonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on ſome courſe
More then a wilde expoſture, to each chance
That ſtart's i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuiſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeale, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
And looſe aduantage, which doth euer coole
I'th'abſence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou haſt yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeuen yeeres
From theſe old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot.
Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, And Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further
The Nobility are vexed, whom we ſee haue ſided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we haue ſhewne our power,
Let vs ſeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.
Sicin Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone
And they, ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Brut. Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut Why?
Sicin. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.
Menen Peace, peace be not ſo loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould heare
Nay, and you ſhall heare ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too. I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole, is that a ſhame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'ſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haſt ſpoken words.
Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heauens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer wiſe words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy poſterity
Volum. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himſelfe
The Noble knot he made.
Brut. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray ſir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.
Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.
Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
And so shall starue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian.*
Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.
Volce. Nicanor: no.
Rom. The same sir.
Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean State to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a dayes iourney.
Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to come vpon them, in the heate of their diuision
Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?
Rom. Banish'd sir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor.*
Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.
Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Businesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?
Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.
Rom I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.
Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exe*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguisd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.
Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*
Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.
Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?
Cit. This heere before you.
Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes.
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*
Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Seruant.*
2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Has the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.
Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troublesome.
2 *Ser.* Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?
1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.
3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the house.
Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.
3 What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3 A marr'llous poore one.
Corio. True, so I am.
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall. *Exit second Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, 'tis an honester seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face Beates a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st yet me?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thankelesse Country, are requitted: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Enuy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest: And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it, That my reuengefull Services may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be, Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie: and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate. Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breast, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius*; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter. Should from yond clowd speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate me out Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me: We haue been downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You bleesse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own ways Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie, Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome. *Exeunt*

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot

tell

cell now to tearme it.

1 He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be ſworne: He is ſimply the rareſt man ſ'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Raſcals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

3 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, ſet at vpper end o'th'Table: No queſtion aſkt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him, Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other has halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he ſayes, and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were, durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelues (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir, his Creſt vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall haue the Drum ſtrooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee ſhall haue a ſtirring World againe. This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome ſort may be ſaide to be a Rauiſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon, becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the preſent peace, And quietneſſe of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themſelues did ſuffer by't, behold Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late: Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets, Crying Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Inſolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, paſt all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtance

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Conſull, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits ſafe and ſtill, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in priſon, Reports the Volces with two ſeuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre, Deſtroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*, Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment, Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-ſheil'd, when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power gainſt Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to rauiſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To ſee your Wiues diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be ioyn'd with Volcans.
Com If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt vs Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Reuolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnleſſe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerue ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſeru'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I haue not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, ſuch as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beaſts; and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter.
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deſeru'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
3 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the beſt, and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare

1 *Cit.*

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnleſſe by vſing meanes I lame the foote Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudlier, Euen to my perſon, then I thought he would When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſolely.

Auf. I vnderſtand thee well, and be thou ſure When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge againſt him, although it ſeemes And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as ſoone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he ſits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it By Soueraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was A Noble ſeruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether defect of iudgement, To faile in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances Which he was Lord of; or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooving From th'Caske to th'Cuſhion: but commanding peace Euen with the ſame auſterity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe (As he hath ſpices of them all) not all, For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it ſelfe moſt commendable, Hath not a Tombe ſo euident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile. Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid Which was ſometime his Generall: who loued him In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home

Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not anſwer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe, Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why ſo: you haue made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leſſe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His anſwer to me was He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And ſtill to noſe th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt Aboue the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde In this ſo neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inſtant Armie we can make Might ſtop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne mee, As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a diſcontented Friend, greefe-ſhot With his vnkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?

Sicin. Yet your good will Muſt haue that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure As you intended well.

Mene. Ile vndertak't: I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powre vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue ſtuffe
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.

2. *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it ſo, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a ſubtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Haue (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt haue leaue to paſſe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not
paſſe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chaſtly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howſoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you ſay you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muſt ſay you
cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not
ſpeake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palſied inteceſſion of ſuch a de-
cay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue
and pardon.

2 *me.* Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go: leaſt
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vt-
moſt of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile ſay an arrant for you:
you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall
perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, gueſſe but my entertainment with him: if
thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death
more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, be-
hold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy
particular proſperity, and loue thee no worſe then thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing aſſured
none but my ſelfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of your Gates with ſighes: and coniure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy peritionary Countrimen. The good
Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my acceſſe to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt.

Auffid. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are ſhent for keeping your
greatneſſe backe?

2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General:
for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are
ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it
not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action, You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I haue borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue reſpected, Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome: Neuer admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch frends That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I haue ſent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I haue (Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I haue yeelded too. Freſh Embaſſes, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate. What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes, Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not Of ſtronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aſpect of interceſſion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I were in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinke ſo.

Corio Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part, And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay, For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge! Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray, And the moſt noble Mother of the world Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles* Of thy deepe duty, more impreſſion ſhew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt! Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*; The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Iſicle That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers: With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw, And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe, Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I haue forſworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You haue ſaid you will not grant vs any thing: For we haue nothing elſe to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. *Auffidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould Make our eies flow with ioy, hearts dance with comforts, Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou barr'ſt vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enioy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe. The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing bruely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: If I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt too't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernesſe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I haue ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the fiue ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you.
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile ſpeak a little

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Moſt dangerouſly you haue with him preuail'd.
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you haue heard
A Mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, aduiſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deſerue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes.
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſsible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub; this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horſe. The tarnesſe of his face, ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they reſpect not vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ.

Meſſ. Sir, if you'ld ſaue your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (preuayl'd,

Meſſ. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulſion of the *Tarquins*

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowting Romans
Make the Sunne dance. Harke you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſſe.

Meſſ. Sir, we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that Baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpiratorr of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.

2. *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3. *Con.* The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable, and free.

3. *Conſp.* Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of.
Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſeru'd his deſignements
In mine owne perſon: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

2. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And I'le renew me in his fall But hearke

Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great ſhowts of the people.

1. *Con.* Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe.

2. *Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deſeru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede peruſed
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. *Lord.* And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I think'e
Might haue found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Auſid. No more.

Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conſp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Inſolent Villaine.

All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.

1 Lord. O *Tullus*.

2 Lord. Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3 Lord. Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes
And Country-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That were the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right.
If euer *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll.
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Impetiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause.
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes: Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee. They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she wegih'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had.
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that Surviue, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why suffer'ſt thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more!

Luc. Giue vs the proudeſt prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd
Not we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Survives,
The eldeſt Son of this distreſſed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being merciſull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appeaſe their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine tightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to their soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teates of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus louingly reseru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Mart. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succeſſull wars,
You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iuſtice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotleſſe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceaſed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headleſſe Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feebleneſſe:

What

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new business for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age.
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturnius*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*
A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*. Romans let vs goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Mutij. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more: then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. Theſe words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mong'ſt her Nimphs
Doſt ouer-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſ'd with this my ſodaine choyſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applau'd my choyſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpouſ'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Aſcend Faire Qeene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Brid,e
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſedome hath her Fortune Conquered.
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell, ſlaine a Vertuous ſonne.

Tit. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Martius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he reſt's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue Sumptuouſly re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiery in you,
My Nephew *Martius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes ſpeakes.

And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?

Titus ſonne ſpeakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Martius*, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou haſt ſtroke vpon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boyes mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himſelfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell *Martius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the ſonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the reſt will ſpeede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoules.

Luc. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduiſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: And *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Martius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Martius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and ſay.

No man ſhed teares for Noble *Martius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cauſe. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſſianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So *Baſſianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your Gallant Bride.

Baſ. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Fuction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true berrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine

Sat. 'Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.

Baſ. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'ſt himſelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Romeo

Tit. Prince *Baſſianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my suite (sweet) pardon what is past.
Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my suite looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust survey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sin ne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
Sat. Rise *Titus*, rise,
My Empresse hath prevail'd.
Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.
Tamo. Titus, I am incorparate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And fesre not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*.
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
Sat. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
Sat. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace *Boniour*.
Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Hourish. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the higbest piering hills:
So *Tamora*:
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And taster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semeramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinia's* loue.
Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.
Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.
Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.
Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.
Aron. To atcheiue her, how?
Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.
Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were serued.
Deme. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Deme. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe.
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.
Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
Deme. *Sy fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
Bass. *Lauinia*, how say you?
Laui. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontary top.
Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine
Deme. *Chron*

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this Gold muſt come a ſtrarageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, *Aaron* let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noyſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe aſleepe.
Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſtianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſian* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.
Baſſi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſhield your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſſi. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great teaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Sancineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſſi. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.
Laui. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not teaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraite they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *ſtab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Laui I come *Semiramus*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you ſhal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the Corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This Minion ſtood vpon her chaſtity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightineſſe,
And ſhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if ſhe doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luſt.
Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we deſire,
Let not this Waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preſerued honeſty of yours.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman face.
Tamo. I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
Laui. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word
Demet. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting ſlint to drops of raine.
Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuck'ſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'ſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a baſtard?
Laui. Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whil'ſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pittifull.
Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Laui. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamo. Had'ſt thou in perſon nere offended me.
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lou'd of me.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman let me go?
Laui. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worſe then killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tamo. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them ſatiſfie their luſt on thee.
Deme. Away,
For thou haſt ſtaid vs heere too long.
Laui. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall—
Chi. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my ſpleneful Sonnes this Trull deflowre. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What ſubtile Hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new-ſhed-blood,
As freſh as mornings dew diſtil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me
Speake Brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt obiect
That euer eye with ſight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his Brother.
Exit Aaron.
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quintus. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Marti. To proue thou haſt a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Marti. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how dooſt thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument,
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hateſull as *Oſcius* miſtie mouth
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſtianis* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Mortius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Sater. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is he
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marti. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſtianus* dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſtianus*?
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſtianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.
And if we miſſe to meete him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit:
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus
Doe this and perſhese vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſtianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tottering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd? you ſee it is apparant
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and raviſht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and raviſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Wiede Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why doſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue touch't them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Orators.
Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teates, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc't
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuoürers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.
Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.
Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow wane by wane,

Expecting

Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone:
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What ſhall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery ſlime leſt on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite out tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of out hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſeries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did euer Rauen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my heart, I le ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne.
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therfore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerue
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall goe.

Lu. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Ti. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt*

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whil'ſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſtay you ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſomtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.

Mar. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.
Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries.
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat.
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You hearse people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in oblision and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius*

A Braket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vpon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without rageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vpon her tender life.
An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
To aid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none.
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vpon her cheekes.

Speech.

Speechleſſe complayne, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſighe nor hold thy ſtumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a ſigne,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire leaue theſe bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mou'd,
Doth weepe to ſee his grandſires heauineſſe.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.

What doeſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'ſt my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company:

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmeleſſe Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haſt kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſſe Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purpoſely to poyſon me.
Ther'es for thy ſelfe, and thats for *Tamora*: Ah ſirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought ſo low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſſe of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadowes, for true ſubſtances.
And. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet, and goe read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by theſe ſignes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, ſome what doth ſhe meane:
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whether would ſhe haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her ſonnes, then ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſſe her:
For I haue heard my Grandfier ſay full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Cauſles perhaps, but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girle of theſe? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequence thus?

Mar. I thinke ſhe meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heauen ſhe heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?

Boy. Grandfier 'tis Ouids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe culd it from among the reſt.

Ti. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaues

Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girle,
Rauiſht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthleſſe, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue ſignes ſweet girle, for heere are none but friend.
What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſts,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Iaue*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it with feete and mouths.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt

This

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And where's your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius lle fit thee, and wirhall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

Ti. No boy not so, lle teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and lle goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit mauri iaculis nec arcus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Here's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What

Wnat hath he sent her?
Nurse. A deuill.
Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.
Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.
Demc. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the off-spring of so foule a fiend.
Chi. It shall not liue.
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so
Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood
Demc. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it
Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Demc. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
Demc By this our mother is for euer sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.
Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere.
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the iuer side.
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
Nurse *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Dem. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Demc. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Boare, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so at *Aarons* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit
Demc. What mean'st thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'st thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of policie?
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduanc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall.
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. *Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.
Demc. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little iustice as at Land.
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,

'Tis

'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vncle thus diſtract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maiſters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for iuſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong ro feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But metteall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Cæus*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.

Marc. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maiſters draw. Oh well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Mar. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his Maiſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigions ſir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas ſir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue Iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I ſir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a kniſe? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.

Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what end if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

Thi

This to *Apello*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senare,
And blazoning our Iniustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all: *Aside.*
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?

Clow Yea forsooth, and your Misterships be Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den; I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I haue?

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end. *Exit.*

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother.
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius?*

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hotest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And

And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace Tawny ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'ſt haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruſht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe, as you thinke neeedefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empreſſe eye,
And heere's the Baſe Fruit of his burning luſt.
Say wall-ey'd ſlaue, whether would'ſt thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruite of Baſtardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
Firſt hang the Child that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the Fathers ſoule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, ſaue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou do this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall liue, and I will ſee it Nouriſht.

Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchiefe, Treaſon, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly preform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my Childe ſhall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I ſay thy Childe ſhall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who ſhould I ſweare by,
Thou beleeueſt no God,
That graunted, how can'ſt thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my Boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Ore elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I ſweare to thee I will.

Aron. Firſt know thou,
I be got him on the Empreſſe.

Luci. Oh moſt Inſatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſters tongue, and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.

Lucius. Oh deteſtable villaine!
Call'ſt thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſſe of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guileſull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſcheife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of this ſport,
She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the ſaying is.

Luci. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more:
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome Innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayſtackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And ſet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What saies our Generall?
Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Flourish.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse this wretched stump,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake
Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet.
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty caues.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee: it by and by.
Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.
Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.
Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd vs, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe, thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Empetour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieſt?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.
Chi Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them ſure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Tit. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sits ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you conſtrain'd and for'ſt.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her increaſe.
This is the Feaſt, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateſull Liquot temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And outs with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vncle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receiue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
If ere the Empetour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some deuill whiſpet curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter fot th,
The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe out Vncle, to conuey him in, *Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Empetour & Nephewe breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the careſull *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?
Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rath *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
Because she was enforc'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.
He kils her.
Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.
Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Higneſſe feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.
He stabs the Empresse.
Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattred Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes curtsie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our Auncestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely couzen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relieſe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues.
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamera* deliuered,
The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emili. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleiuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-ſtaine face,
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſſe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowres: thy Grandſire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee aſleepe, his Louing Breſt, thy Pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie.
In that reſpect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kinde Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends, ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Greefe and Woe.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindneſſe, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandſite, Grandſire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, ſo you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You ſad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.

Luc. Set him breſt deepe in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thouſand worſe, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him burriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell ſhall ring her Burriall:
But throw her foorth to Beaſts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beaſt-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See Iuſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

She is too faire, too wifewl: fely too faire.
To merie bliffe by making me difpaire:
She hath forfworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I fhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in queftion more,
Thefe happy maskes that kiffe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ftrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treafure of his eye-fight loft:
Shew me a Miftreffe that is paffing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,
Where I may read who paft that paffing faire.
Farewell thou can'ft not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elfe die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men fo old as wee, to keepe the peace.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods fo long.
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute?
Capu. But faying ore what I haue faid before,
My Child is yet a ftranger in the world,
Shee hath not feene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Par. Younger then fhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu And too foone marr'd are thofe fo early made:
Earth hath fwallowed all my hopes but fhe,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her confent, is but a part.
And fhee agree, within her fcope of choife,
Lyes my confent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accuftom'd Feaft,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueft,
Such as I loue, and you among the ftore,
One more, moft welcome makes my number more.
At my poore houfe, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ftarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lufty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen fuch delight
Among freth Fennell buds fhall you this night
Inherit at my houfe: heare all all fee:
And like her moft, whofe merit moft fhall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ftand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe firrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thofe perfons out,
Whofe names are written there, and to them fay,
My houfe and welcome, on their pleafure ftay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whofe names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker fhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laft, the Fifher with his Pentill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to find thofe perfons whofe names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing perfon hath here writ (I muft to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leffned by anothers anguifh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deiperate greefe, cures with anothers languifh:
Take thou fome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyfon of the old will die.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken fhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you fee
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye fay honeftly, reft you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anfelme and his beautious fifters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Rofaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire affembly, whither fhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? to fupper?
Ser. To our houfe.
Rom. Whofe houfe?
Ser. My Maifters.
Rom. Indeed I fhould haue askt you that before.
Ser Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houfe of *Mountagues* I pray come and crufh a cup of wine. Reft you merry. *Exit.*
Ben. At this fame auncient Feaft of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Rofaline*, whom thou fo loues:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with fome that I fhall fhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines fuch falfhood, then turne teares to fire:
And thefe who often drown'd could neuer die,
Tranfparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One faire er then my loue the all-feeing Sun
Nere faw her match, fince firft the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you faw her faire, none elfe being by,
Herfelfe poyf'd with herfelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriftall fcales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue againft fome other Maid
That I will fhow you, fhining at this Feaft,
And fhe fhew fcant fhell, well, that now fhewes beft.
Rom. Ile goe along, no fuchight to be fhowne,
But to reioyce in fplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurfe.

Wife Nurfe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurfe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb: what Lady-bird, God forbid, Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurfe giue leaue awhile, we must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It stinted: and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too. I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery seuerall liniament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, only lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper sera'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or fixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And soare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceless rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was neere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,

Mer. Tut, dun's the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not so.
Mer. I meane sir I delay.
We waste out lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Aldetman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hasel-nut, made by the ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & in this state she gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling out a suite: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my suite: on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber.
1. We cannot be here and there too, cheerly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She le sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:
Musicke plays: and the dance.
A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sir, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past out dauncing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycost as quickely as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeates, and then we Maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;
The measure done, I le watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I neuer ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To ſleere and ſcorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull cholet meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips to bluſhing Pilgrims did ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiſſe.
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this;
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe by'th'booke.
Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batchelor,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and Vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
Iul. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I muſt loue a loathed Enemie.
Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'ſt withall.
One cals within, Iuliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in Loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, Ile coniure too.

Mer. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Pronant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth ot,
The Ape is dead, I must conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be consorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He iests at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How cam'st thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'ſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe: at Louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.
Iul. O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iul. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iul. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſ'd too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens. Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iul. What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it,
For what purpoſe Loue?
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite.
I heare ſome noyſe within deare Loue adue:
Cals within.
Anon good Nurſe, ſweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee *within*: Madam.
(By and by I come)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe.
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight. *Exit.*
Rome. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as ſchool-boyes frō thier books
But Loue frō Loue, towards ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloud,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her aytie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet, ſound Louers tongues by nights,
Like ſoſteſt Muſicke to attending eares.
Iul. Romeo.
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I ſhall forget, to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.
Rom And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted Gyues,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet ſo would I.
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breſt.
Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And darkneſſe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Fries cloſe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Cloudes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckled darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue.
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as Hearbes grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden ſleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vptous'd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin: waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher haſt thou bin then?

Rom Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen.
I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred, bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, reſt homely in thy driſt,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt Loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon Loue that of it doth not taſt.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one reſpect, Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy proue,
To turne your houſhould rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-harted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwere the Letters Maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion, he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butchet of a ſilk button a Duelliſt, a Duelliſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortall Paſſado the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion Mongers, theſe pardon mee's, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie ſhe had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French ſalutation to your

French slop: you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my bosinesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constraints a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an vnch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Natural, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter*?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter*?

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quath a Gentleman: can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,
And there she shall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell,be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell,commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee:harke you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. Well sir,my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady,Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne,one *Paris*,that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeue a see Toade,a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes,and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you,when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world. Doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse,what of that? Both with an *R*

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke strook nine,when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him:that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this dayes iourney,and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres,yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me,but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie,slow,heauy,and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes,O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him?send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iul. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord,why lookest thou sad?
Though newes,be sad,yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me,with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary,giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake,what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'st my bones,and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake,good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast?can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iul How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me,that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad?answere to that,
Say either,and Ile stay the circustance:
Let me be satisfied,is good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man. *Romeo*,no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand,and a foote,and a body, though they be not to be talkt on,yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie,but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe go thy wayes wench,serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Iul. No no but all this this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur Lord how my head akes,what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side,o my backe,my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iul. I faith I am sorrie that that thou art so well.
Sweet sweet,sweet Nurse,tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous,and a kind,and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous:where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within,where should she be?
How odly thou repli'st:
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot?marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iul. Heere's such a coile,come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Iul. I haue

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church,I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climbe a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge,and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go lle to dinner hie you to the Cell.

Iul Hie to high Fortune,honest Nurse,farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres,with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen,amen,but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough.I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph:die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately,long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall,so light is vanitie.
Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.
Iul. As much to him,else is his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah *Iuliet*,if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine,and that thy skill be more
To blason it,then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre,and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either,by this deere encounter.
Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance,not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excesse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come,come with me,& we will make short worke,
For by your leaues,you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio,Benuolio,and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot,the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle,for now these hot dayes,is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes,that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne,claps me his Sword vpon the Table,and sayes,God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup,drawes him on the Drawer,when indeed there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?
Mer. Come,come,thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be mou'd.
Ben. And what too?
Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly,for one would kill the other:thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard,then thou hast:thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels,as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling:thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street,because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun.Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another,for tying his new shooes with old Riband,and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?
Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art,any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.
Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt,Petruchio,and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.
Mer. By my heele I care not.
Tyb. Follow me close,for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen,Good den,a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of vs?couple it with something,make it a word and a blow.
Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir,and you will giue me occasion.
Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?
Tib. *Mercucio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*.
Mer. Consort?what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs,looke to heare nothing but discords:here's my fiddlesticke,here's that shall make you daunce. Come consort.
Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart;here all eies gaze on vs.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke,and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir,here comes my man
Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuery.
Marry go before to field,heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense,may call him man.
Tib. *Romeo*,the loue I beare thee,can affoord
No better terme then this:Thou art a Villaine.
Rom. *Tibalt*,the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell,I see thou know'st me not.
Tib. Boy,this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me,therefore turne and draw.
Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*,which name I tender
As dearely as my owne,be satisfied.
Mer. O calme,dishonourable,vile submission:
Alla Stucatho carries it away.
Tybalt,you Rat-catcher,will you walke?
Tib. What would'st thou haue with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats,nothing but one of your nine liues,that I meane to make bold withall,and as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast,least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*,put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir,your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*,beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen,for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt,*Mercutio*,the Prince expresly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.
Hold *Tybalt*,good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houses,I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I,I,a scratch,a scratch,marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page?go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man,the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore,but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to morrow,and you shall find me a graue man.I am pepper'd I warrant,for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse,a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart,a Rogue,a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint:a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meat of me,

I

I haue it, and ſoundly to your Houſes. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned Valours ſteele.

Enter Bennolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman. Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here ſlaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peireing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But I le Amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy cloſe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Loucrs can ſee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till ſtrange Loue grow bold,
Think true Loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the Face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the Manſion of a Loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtiuall,

To an Impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurſe.
Enter Nurſe with cords.
And ſhe brings newes and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos*, name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Iuls. Ay me, what newes?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.
Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
Iul. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,
Harh *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine of my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A pitteous Coarſe, a bloody piteous Coarſe:
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iul O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on liberrie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heaute beere
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iul What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearеſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two aregone;
Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is baniſhed.
Iul. O God!
Did *Rom'os* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did,
Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluiſh-rauening Lambe,
Diſpiſed ſubſtance of Diuineſt ſhow.
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine.
O Nature! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ?
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth:
O what a beaſt was I to chide him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
Iul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your native ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy:
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word ban ſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iulet*,
All ſlaine, all dead. *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words dearh, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with tears: mine ſhal be ſpent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed
Come Cord, come Nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie,
Rom. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre Company?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What leſſe then Doomeſday,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be merciſull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtearm'd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude vnthankefulneſſe!
Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to baniſhment.
This is deare mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, every vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable ſtate, more Courtſhip liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is baniſhed.
Had'ſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death though neere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how haſt thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſoluer, and my Friend profeſt:
To mangle me with that word, baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang vp Philoſophie:
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they,
When wiſemen haue no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate,
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that thou doſt not feele,
Were thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue.
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeake,
Then might'ſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knockes.
Frier. Ariſe one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I,
Vnleſſe the breath of Hartſicke groanes
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes
Knocke
Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp:
Knocke.
Run to my ſtudy. by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this. I come, I come.
Knocke
Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur O he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O.
Rom Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue ſtain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull Manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable Furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman, in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayl'ſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſuret abound'ſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend.
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaped and ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell: oh what learning is;
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, ſhe Lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to woo.
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Par. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by
Goodnight. *Exeunt*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cynthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whoſe notes do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How ſtt my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt s-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and ith ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.
Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.
Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shallbe *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I sir;
But she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee,on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion,out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lady. Fie,fie,what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father,I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me with patience,but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee youog baggage,diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what,get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not,reply not,do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch,wife: we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence,ſmatter with your goſſip,go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father,O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowles
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day,night,houre,ride,time,worke,play,
Alone in companíe,ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht,and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage.
Of faire Demeanes,Youthfull,and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet,in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young,I pray you pardon me.
But,and you will not wed,Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will,you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke to't,thinke on't,I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere,lay hand on heart,aduiſe,
And you be mine,Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not,hang,beg,ſtraue,die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule,Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt to't,bethinke you,Ile not be forſworne *Exit.*
Iuli. Is there no pittie ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage,for a month,a weeke,
Or if you do not,make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me,for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt,for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God!
O Nurſe,how ſhall this be preuented?
My Husband is on earth,my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? Comfort me,counſaile me:
Alacke,alacke,that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou?haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed,and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do,it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hee's a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene,ſo quicke,ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath,beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead,or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iul. Well,thou haſt comforted me marueilous much,
Go in,and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my Father,to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſſion,and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will,and this is wiſely done.
Iul. Auncient damnation.O moſt wicked fiend!
It is more ſin,to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine;
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile,my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir?the time is very ſhort.
Par My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the courſe,I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir,her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome,haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir,here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met,my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir,when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be,muſt be Loue,on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To anſwere that,I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not denie to him,that you Loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.
Par. So will ye,I am ſure that you Loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo,it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe,then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule,thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.

Iuli. The

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*
Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits:
I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisedome, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with' his knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede.
Or my true heart with treacherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to martie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then martie *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reckie shankes and yellow chappels sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow.
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber.
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolue, Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men two or three.

Cap So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile try if they can lick their fingers
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me
Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?
Nur I forsooth
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Laurence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you.
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This is as't should be.Let me see the County:
I marrie go I say,and fetch him hither.
Now afore God,this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday,there's time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse,go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.
Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neere night.
Fa Tush,I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well,I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*,helpe to deckeup her,
Ile not to bed to night,let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth,well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*,to prepare him vp
Against to morrow,my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best,but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st,is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho?need you my help?
Iul. No Madam,we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you,let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure,you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest,for thou hast need. *Exeunt.*
Iul Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse,what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane,I needs must act alone:
Come Viall what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No,no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is,and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How,if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault;
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue,is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte,an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*,yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd,where as they say,
At some houres in the night,Spirits resort:
Alacke,alacke,is it not like that I
So early waking,what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them,run mad.
O if I walke,shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage,with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines
O looke,me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*,stay;
Romeo,*Romeo*,*Romeo*,here's drinke: I drinke to thee

Enter Lady of the house,and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies,and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capelet.
Cap. Come,stir,stir,stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung,'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates,good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed,faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit:what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause,and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurse.
Cap. A iealous hood,a iealous hood,
Now fellow,what there?
Enter three or foure with spits,and logs,and baskets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke sir,but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste,make haste,sirrah,fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*,he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir,that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Masse and well said,a merrie horson,ha.
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father,'tis day.
Play Musicke
The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would,I heare him neere,
Nurse,wife,what ho?what Nurse I say?
Enter Nurse.
Go waken *Iuliet*,go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:hie,make haste,
Make haste,the Bridegroome,he is come already:
Make haste I say.
Nur. Mistris,what Mistris?*Iuliet*?Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe,why Lady,fie you sluggabed,
Why Louc I say?Madam,sweet heart:why Bride?
What not a word? You take your pennyworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke,for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little,God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noiſe is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceaſt, ſhee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her: out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre, that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my ſoule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions: Care, liues not
In theſe confuſions, heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, ſhe ſhouldſt be aduan'ſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduan'ſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it ſelfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhee's beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtickе your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a ſad buriall Feaſt.
Our ſolemne Hymnes, to ſullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt*

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.

Mu. I by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitions, oh Muſitions,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe.

Mu. Why hearts eaſe;

Pet O Muſitions,
Becauſe my heart it ſelfe plaies, my heart is full

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.

Mu What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing Creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2 *M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound? why Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound? what ſay you *Simon Catling*?

Mu. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt, what ſay you *Hugh Rebicke*?

2 *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſil-

Pet. Prateſt too, what ſay you *Iames Sound-Poſt*? (uer

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,

Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*

Mu. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand:
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this an day an vncuſtom'd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheereſull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And preſently tooke Poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen ſo?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſaduenture.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes: O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a Tortoyſe hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is perſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who calls ſo low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lew
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will conſents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maieſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore luring Coarſe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe, thy Canopie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtil'd by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue, and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croſſe my obſequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heat'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are ſauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable fierce,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip: take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight, Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do deſie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine, if thou be merciſull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face:
Mercutius kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth,
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagis not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtanciall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy Sea-ſicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Scuiles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir.
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir:
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true louers hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them.
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noise?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *Kils herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward out Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outra ge for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomeſday: whoſe vntimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris* Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe
Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I inrended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd, ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt Law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he ſay to this?

Boy. I brought my Maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he eatly bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of Kinſmen. All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun But I can giue thee more:
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*

Cap As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Ieweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:
He passes.

Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Iewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Iewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idlely from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnbolt to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the teſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.
Pain. I marry, what of theſe?
Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue ſeene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe curteouſly to euery Suitor.

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?
Meſ. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip euer bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.
Old. Lord *Timon*, heare me ſpeake.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Old. Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.
Tim. I haue ſo: What of him?
Old. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucilius*.
Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.
Old. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe loue him?
Old. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leurities in youth.
Tim. Loue you the Maid?
Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Old. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?
Old. Three Talents on the preſent; in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſeru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
Old. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip, neuer may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*
Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thanke you, you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?
Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe Penſil'd Figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerue ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together: Sir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered vnder praiſe.
Iewel. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meere ſaciety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vndoe me quite.
Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeakes the common tong
Which all men ſpeake with him.
Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
Iewel. We'l beare with your Lordſhip.
Mer. Hee'l ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and theſe Knaues honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaues, thou know'ſt them not.
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?
Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon*
Tim. Whether art going?
Ape. To knocke out an honeſt Athenians braines.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture *Apemantus*?
Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?
Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.
Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a laſciuious apprehenſion.
Ape. So, thou apprehend'ſt it,
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doſt thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caſt a man a Doit.
Tim. What doſt thou thinke 'tis worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?
Poet. How now Philoſopher?
Ape. Thou lyeſt.
Poet. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poet. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyeſt:
Looke in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.
Tim. What would'ſt do then *Apemantus*?
Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy ſelfe?
Ape. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?
Mer. I *Apemantus*.
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.
Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.
Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.
Tim. What Trumpets that?
Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe
All of Companionſhip.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thanke you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your ſights.
Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.
Moſt welcome Sir.
Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſtruue your ſupple ioynts: that there ſhould bee ſmall loue amongeſt theſe ſweet Knaues, and all this Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Alc. Sir, you haue ſau'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, wee'l ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Lords.
1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?
Ape. Time to be honeſt.
1 That time ſerues ſtill.
Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.
2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.
Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.
2 Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2 Why *Apemantus*?
Ape. Should'ſt haue kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to giue thee none.
1 Hang thy ſelfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.
2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Aſſe.
1 Hee's oppoſite to humanity.
Comes ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneſſe.
2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it ſelfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vſe of quittance.
1 The Nobleſt minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.
2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing loud Muſicke.

A great Banquet ſerv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from priſon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelfe.

Ventig. Moſt honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſeruice, from whoſe helpe
I deriu'd libertie.
Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: You miſtake my loue,
I gaue

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vlys. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere 'tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confeſt it.

Aper. Ho ho, confeſt it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruſt me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me ſtay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obſerue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee ſilent.

Aper. I ſcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I ſhould nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieues me to ſee ſo many dip their meate in one mans blood, and all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelues with men.
Me thinks they ſhould enuite them without kniues,
Good for their meate, and ſafer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'Tas beene proued, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate looke ill, *Timon*.
Heere's that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feaſts are too proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat roote.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine *Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your ſeruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord there's no meat like 'em, I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Aper. Would all thoſe Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once vſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our ſelues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themſelues haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we ſhould nere haue need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures liuing; ſhould we nere haue vſe for 'em? And would moſt reſemble ſweete Inſtruments hung vp in Caſes, that keepes there ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort 'tis, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks. to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard

3. *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taſte: the fiue beſt Senſes acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious boſome.
There taſt, touch all pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.

Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They dance? They are mad women,

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our ſelues Fooles, to diſport our ſelues,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thoſe men,
Vpon whoſe Age we voyde it vp again
With poyſonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one ſpurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I ſhould feare, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loues, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty ſtraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You haue done our pleaſures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe ſo beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luſter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the beſt.

Aper. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelues.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flauius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humor,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, y faith I ſhould;
When all's ſpent, hee'ld be croſt then, and he could.
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineſſe.

2 Lord. Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to ſay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am ſo farre already in your guiſts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honor, vouchſafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarſe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath preſented to you
Foure Miike-white Horſes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairely: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purſe, or yeeld me this,
To ſhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good.
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he ows for euery word:
He is ſo kinde, that he now payes intereſt for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then ſuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit*

Tim. You do your ſelues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very ſoule of Bounty

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rod on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1. L. Oh, I beſeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can iuſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim I take all, and your ſeuerall viſitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue.
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore ſildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, ſeruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the ſummes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falſe hearts, ſhould neuer haue ſound legges.
Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giu'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What needs theſe Feaſts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am ſworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muſicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horſe to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me ſtraight
And able Horſes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill inuites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere ſir, what is your pleaſure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haſt you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaſt
With ſlight deniall; nor then ſilenc'd, when
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vſes cry to me; I muſt ſerue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue ſmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But muſt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releeſe
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But finde ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather ſtickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go ſir.

Sen. I go ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be ſo vnwiſe, to be ſo kinde.
What ſhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore*?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd,

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So ſoone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l ſuite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy ſelfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* ſeruant, my good Lord.

Iſid From *Iſidore*, he humbly prayes your ſpeedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Maſters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, ſixe weekes, and paſt.

Iſi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beſeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile walte vpon you inſtantly. Come hither. pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacie ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip vnderſtand:
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuſe vs.

Iſid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy ſelfe. Come away.

Iſi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poore Rogues, and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your ſelues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miſtris?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.
How dost thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page No.

Ape There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole:

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke ne'ere,
Ile speake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not fildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your having, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene oppresst
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and brayd with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vse
As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crowned,
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes;
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flauius, Seruilius?*

Enter

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud ſay, that my occaſions haue found time to vſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony: let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you ſir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States beſt health; I haue
Deſerv'd this Hearing: bid 'em ſend o'th'inſtant
A thouſand Talents to me.

Ste, I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moſt generall way)
To them, to vſe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anſwer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treaſure cannot
Do what they would, are ſorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wiſht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiſſe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pitty,
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtefull lookes; and theſe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold moueing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Theſe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; Ingeniouſly I ſpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whoſe death hee's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: When he was poore,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarſitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With thoſe fiue Talents; that had, giue't theſe Fellowes
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'r ſpeake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can ſinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it ſelfe, it thinkes all others ſo. *Exeunt*

Flaminius waiting to ſpeake with a Lord from his Maſter, enters a ſeruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Baſon & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are verie reſpectiuely welcome ſir. Fill me ſome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Maſter?

Flam. His health is well ſir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well ſir: and what haſt thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to ſupply: who hauing great and inſtant occaſion to vſe fiftie Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him: nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting ſayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to ſupper to him of purpoſe, to haue him ſpend leſſe, and yet he would embrace no counſell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, heere is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wiſe. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes your pleaſure.

Luc. I haue obſerued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt ſpirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaſon; and canſt vſe the time well, if the time-vſe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone ſirrah. Draw neerer honeſt *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou know'ſt well enough (although thou comſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially vpon bare friendſhippe without ſecuritie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned baſeneſſe
To him that worſhips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maſter. *Exit L.*

Flam May theſe adde to the number y may ſcald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelfe:
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in leſſe then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Maſters paſſion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why ſhould it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may Diſeaſes onely worke vpon't:
And when he's ſicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell ſickneſſe, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three ſtrangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leſſe, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2. But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fo many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed

what

what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne're haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſwet to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met ſir: Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent ——

Luci. Ha! what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant vſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord. If his occaſion were not vertuous, I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it happned, that I ſhold Purchaſe the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Seruil.*

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly ſpeede. *Exit.*

1 Do you obſerue this *Hoſtilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And iuſt of the ſame peece
Is euery Flatterers ſport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngrateſull ſhape;
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer taſted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble minde, illuſtrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made vſe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence,
For Policy ſits aboue Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſeruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owes their eſtates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Baſe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Muſt I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might haue wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mong'ſt Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my mindes ſake:
I'de ſuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordſhips a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtrives to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortenſius*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one buſineſſe do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord ſeene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a Prodigall courſe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile ſhew you how t'obſerue a ſtrange euent:
Your Lord ſends now for Money?

Hort. Moſt true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is againſt my heart.

Luci. Marke how ſtrange it ſhowes,
Timon in this, ſhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould weare rich Iewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneſſe:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſtealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thouſand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum
Your Maſters confidence was aboue mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. Flamminio? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, ſir?

2. *Varro.* By your leaue, ſir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, ſir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
Twere ſure enough.
Why then preſerr'd you not your ſummes and Billes
When your falſe Maſters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could ſmile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intreſt into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your ſelues but wrong, to ſtirre me vp,
Let me paſſe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerue.

Stew. If't will not ſerue, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerue Knaues.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his caſheer'd Worſhip mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can ſpeake broader, then hee that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rayle againſt great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee ſhall know ſome anſwere.

Seru. If I might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repayre ſome other houre, I ſhould derriue much from't. For taki't of my ſoule, my Lord leanes wondrouſly to diſcontent: His comfortable temper has forſooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ſick:
And if it be ſo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim What, are my dores oppoſ'd againſt my paſſage?
Haue I bin euer free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) ſhew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knoocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in ſummes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thouſand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thouſand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Maſters may throwe their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ne put my breath from mee the ſlaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it ſo. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius Vlixes*: All,
Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely ſpeake from your diſtracted ſoule; there's not ſo much left to, furniſh out a moderate Table.

Timon

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and I'le prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing imboldens ſinne ſo much, as Mercy.
2 Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc Honor, health, and compaſſion to the Senate.
1 Now Captaine.
Alc. I am an humble Suror to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire ſpirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe:
And with ſuch ſober and vnnoted paſſion
He did behooue his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument
1 *Sen.* You vndergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke ſuch paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into forme, and ſet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour miſ-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-ſides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleſſely,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſſe ſinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I ſpeake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiaſt
That ſtay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Aſſe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiſer then the Iudge?
If Wiſedome be in ſuffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne raſhneſſe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſinnes extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis moſt iuſt.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breath in vaine.
Alci. In vaine?
His ſeruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.
1 What's that?
Alc. Why ſay my Lords ha's done faire ſeruice,
And ſlaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himſelfe
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a ſworne Riotor, he has a ſinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beaſtly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.
1 He dyes.
Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchaſe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deſerts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that ſpilles another.
Alc. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not bee:
My Lords, I do beſeech you know mee.
2 How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 What.
Alc I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould proue ſo bace,
To ſue and be deny'de ſuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect:
We baniſh thee for euer.
Alc. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh vſurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.
1 If after two dayes ſhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waighter Iudgement.
And not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*
Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worſe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large Intereſt. I my ſelfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſome, that the vſuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Baniſhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My diſcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moſt Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers ſhould brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter diuers Friends at ſeuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 I alſo wiſh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeeme in the triall of his ſeuerall Friends.

2 It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 I ſhould thinke ſo. He hath ſent mee an earneſt inuiting, which many my neere occaſions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath conjur'd mee beyond them, and I muſt needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat buſineſſe, but he would not heare my excuſe. I am ſorrie, when he ſent to borrow of mee, that my Prouiſion was out.

1 I am ſicke of that greefe too, as I vnderſtand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares ſo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thouſand Peeces.

2 A thouſand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He ſent to me ſir ——Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, ſuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your eares with the Muſicke awhile: If they will fare ſo harſhly o'th Trompets ſound: we ſhall con't preſently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empry Meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My moſt Honorable Lord, I am e'ne ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, ſir.

2 If you had ſent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All couer'd Diſhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades baniſh'd?

3 Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaſt toward

2 This is the old man ſtill.

3 Will hold? Will hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and ſo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ſtoole, with that ſpurre as hee would to the lip of his Miſtris: your dyet ſhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Cirie Feaſt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firſt place. Sit, ſit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankefulneſſe. For your owne guifts, make your ſelues prais'd: But reſerue ſtill to giue, leaſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there ſit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiſſe in them, you Gods, make ſuteable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to mee nothing, ſo in nothing bleſſe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap

Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordſhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaſt never behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
Who ſtucke and ſpangled you with Flatteries,
Waſhes it off and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmoorh, deteſted Paraſites,
Curteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Maladie
Cruſt you quite o're. What do'ſt thou go?
Soſr, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Morion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burne houſe, ſinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the qualiry of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?

4 I haue loſt my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors ſwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
Did you ſee my Iewell?

2 Did you ſee my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no ſtay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ſtones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thoſe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th' Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then tender backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Iiches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd powerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All, broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you
Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnish't Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse. Strange vnusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is diuidant: touch them with seuerall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
There 'snothing leuell in our curst Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleſſe th'accurſt,
Make the hoare Leproſie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-houſe, and vlcerous ſores,
Would caſt the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou'lt go (ſtrong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phryn a and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeake.

Tim. A Beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For ſhewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateſull to thee,
That art thy ſelfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Miſantropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'ſt performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperitie.

Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they loue thee not that vſe thee,
giue them diſeaſes, leauing with thee their Luſt. Make
vſe of thy ſalt houres, ſeaſon the ſlaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Roſe-cheekt youth to the Fubſeſt,
and the Diet.

Timan Hang thee Monſter.

Alc. Pardon him ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The wants whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curſed Athens, mindeleſſe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and'd pitty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How doeſt thou pitty him whom't doſt trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is ſome Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Wart'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cauſe.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're ſome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyſon
In the ſicke ayre: let not thy ſword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vſurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honeſt,
Her ſelfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fooles exhauſt their mercy;
Thinke it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Sweare againſt Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoſe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giueſt me, not all thy Counſell.

Tim. Doſt thou or doſt thou not, Heauens curſe vpon thee.

Both. Giue vs ſome Gold good *Timon*, haſt't more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l ſweare, terribly ſweare
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truſt to your Conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeekes to conuert you,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines ſix moneths
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ſtill,
Paint till a horſe may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſowe
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharpe ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more falſe Title pleade,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That ſcold'ſt againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeues himſelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the vnſcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue ſome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more Miſcheefe firſt, I haue giuen you earneſt

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue well, Ile viſit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer ſee thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans vnkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
Teemes and feeds all. whoſe ſelfeſame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous boſome, one poore roote:
Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all aboue
Neuer preſented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Liquoriſh draughts
And Morſels Vnctious, greaſes his pure minde,
That from it all Conſideration ſlippes ——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt vſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and theſe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerue
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtraine,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gau'ſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt iuſt
That thou turne Raſcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Raſcals ſhould haue't. Do not aſſume my likeneſſe.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.

Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelfe, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Foole: what think'ſt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyſterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy ſhirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Caudle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures liue in all the ſpight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whoſe bare vnhouſed Trunkes.
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeeke me out?

Ape To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ſt thou like vs from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſiue drugges of it
Freely command'ſt: thou would'ſt haue plung'd thy ſelf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my ſelfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleſſe vpon me ſtucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery ſtorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is ſome burthen
Thy Nature, did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haſt thou giuen?

If

If thou wilt curſe; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muſt be thy ſubiect; who in ſpight put ſtuffe
To ſome ſhee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadſt not bene borne the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue ſhut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelfe.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ſt thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, ſo I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For heere it ſleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeſt a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'ſt thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ſtomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyſon were obedient & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer kneweſt, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curioſitie: in thy Ragges thou know'ſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'ſt hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, y ſhould'ſt haue loued thy ſelfe better now. What man didd'ſt thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without thoſe meanes thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My ſelfe.

Tim. I vnderſtand thee: thou hadſt ſome meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neereſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereſt, but men: men are the things themſelues. What would'ſt thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim Would'ſt thou haue thy ſelfe fall in the confuſion of men, and remaine a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would ſuſpect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: If thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſſe would torment thee; and ſtill thou liu'dſt but as a Breakefaſt to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineſſe would afflict thee, & oft thou ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne ſelfe the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the ſpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt could'ſt thou bee, that were not ſubiect to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſſe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How ha's the Aſſe broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To ſpit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All Villaines
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I ſwoond to ſee thee.

Ape. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſicke of this falſe world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere neceſſities vpon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue ſtone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou ſweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Himens* pureſt bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, freſh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſſe: that ſpeak'ſt with euerie Tongue

To euerie purpoſe: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy ſlaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beaſts
May haue the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. Ile ſay th'haſt Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee.
Ape. Liue, and loue thy miſery.
Tim. Long liue ſo, and ſo dye. I am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre them. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where ſhould he haue this Gold? It is ſome poore Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hath a maſſe of Treaſure.
3 Let vs make the aſſay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will ſupply vs eaſily: if he couetouſly reſerue it, how ſhall's get it?
2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1 Is not this hee?
All. Where?
2 'Tis his deſcription.
3 He? I know him.
All. Saue thee *Timon*.
Tim. Now Theeues.
All. Soldiers, not Theeues.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.
All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat:
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maſt, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huſwife Nature, on each buſh,
Layes her full Meſſe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot liue on Graſſe, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.
Ti. Nor on the Beaſts themſelues, the Birds & Fiſhes,
You muſt eate men. Yet thankes I muſt you con,
That you are Theeues profeſt: that you worke not
In holier ſhapes: For there is boundleſſe Theft
In limited Profeſſions. Raſcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, ſucke the ſubtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feauor ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſitian,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he ſlayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, ſince you proteſt to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile exampte you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaſte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, ſhe ſnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whoſe liquid Surge, reſolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough powes
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your ſelues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open ſhoppes, nothing can you ſteale
But Theeues do looſe it: ſteale leſſe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howſoere: Amen.
3 Has almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.
1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduiſes vs not to haue vs thriue in our myſtery.
2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.
1 Let vs firſt ſee peace in Athens, there is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has deſp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleſt mindes, to baſeſt ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guiſe,
When man was wiſht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſcheeſe me, then thoſe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will preſent my honeſt griefe vnto him; and as my Lord, ſtill ſerue him with my life.
My deereſt Maſter.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ſt, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.
Stew. An honeſt poore ſeruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honeſt man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ſerue in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witneſſe,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer griefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankinde: whoſe eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Luſt and Laughter: pittie's ſleeping:
Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my griefe, and whil'ſt this poore wealth laſts,
To entertaine me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo iuſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptleſſe raſhneſſe
You perpetuall ſober Gods. I do proclaime
One honeſt man: Miſtake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelfe. But all ſaue thee,
I fell with Curſes.
Me thinkes thou art more honeſt now, then wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'ſt haue ſooner got another Seruice:
For many ſo arriue at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I muſt euer doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould haue fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde,
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,
My moſt Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miſerie
Ha's ſent thee Treaſure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes licke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtraglers Souldiers, with great quantity
'Tis ſaide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty ſumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loues
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſſe of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What haue you now
To preſent vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt.
Promiſing, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vſe.
To Promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankeleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am tapt, and cannot couer
The monſtrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Haue trauail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeſt man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our ſeruice

Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why

Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you ſeruice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am ſure you haue, ſpeake truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honeſt men: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt liuely.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne ſo ſit as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but truſts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine aſſur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in a draught
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines ſhall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'ſt not reſide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye ſlaues.
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, and two Senators

Stew. It is vaine that you would ſpeake with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1. *Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promiſe to th'Athenians
To ſpeake with *Timon*.
2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Greefe
That fram'd him thus. Time with his faireſt hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chance it as it may.
Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and ſpeake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon*.
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon*.
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.
Tim. I thanke them,
And would ſend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelues in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On ſpeciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt vſe and wearing.
2 They conſeſſe
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall groſſe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth ſildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it ſelfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath ſince withall
Of it owne fall, reſtraining ayde to *Timon*,
And ſend forth vs, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen ſuch heapes and ſummes of Loue and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with abſolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: ſo ſoone we ſhall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too ſauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2 And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the walles of *Athens*.
1 Therefore *Timon*
Tim. Well ſir, I will: therefore I will ſir thus
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the ſtaine
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeakes it,

In

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not.
While you have throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverends Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow. My long sickenesse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countreymen.

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne use invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree.
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth.
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let us returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto us
In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Justice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversd Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And purse Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantitie.

2 So did we woo
Transformed *Timon*, to our Cities love
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all unkinde, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receyv'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living

Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that haue offended. like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Deſend and open your vncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Cities bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not here thy gate.

Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'd'ſt in vs our humane grieſes,
Scorn'd'ſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensis
} Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.
Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou saucy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but with all I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see *Cæsar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Ela. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnesse. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their ſterrile curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember,
When *Cæſar* ſayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Caſ Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid euery noyſe be ſtill: peace yet againe.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſſe, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue ſhriller then all the Muſicke
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speake. *Cæſar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſſi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæſar*.
Caſ. What ſayſt thou to me now? Speak once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Paſſe.
Sennet. *Exeunt. Manet Brut & Caſſ.*
Caſſi. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Brut. Not I.
Caſſi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gameſom: I do lacke ſome part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Caſſius* your deſires;
Ile leaue you.
Caſſi. *Brutus*, I do obſerue you now of late:-
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleneſſe
And ſhew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too ſtubborne, and too ſtrange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Merely vpon my ſelfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my ſelfe,
Which giue ſome ſoyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Caſſius* be you one)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himſelfe at warre,
Forgets the ſhewes of Loue to other men
Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much miſtook your paſſion,
By meanes whereof, this Breſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you ſee your face?
Brutus. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not it ſelfe but by reflection,
By ſome other things.
Caſſius. 'Tis iuſt,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no ſuch Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthineſſe into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wiſh'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Caſſius*?
That you would haue me ſeeke into my ſelfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caſ. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee your ſelfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaſſe,
Will modeſtly diſcouer to your ſelfe.
That of your ſelfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vſe
To ſtale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Proteſter: if you know,
That I do fawne on then, and hugge them hard,
And after ſcandall them: Or if you know,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flouriſh, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People chooſe *Cæſar*
For their King
Caſſi. I, do you feare it?
Then muſt I thinke you would not haue it ſo.
Bru. I would not *Caſſius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caſſi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the ſubiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life. But for my ſingle ſelfe,
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be
In awe of ſuch a Thing, as I my ſelfe.
I was borne free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Guſtie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæſar ſaide to me, Dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinewes, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of Controuerſie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cride, Helpe me *Caſſius*, or I ſinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchyſes* beare) ſo, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæſar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* carelеſſly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did ſhake: Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that ſame Eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did looſe his Luſtre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Giue me ſome drinke *Titinius*,

As a ſicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maieſtick world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall ſhout?
I do beleeue, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.

Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our ſelues diſhonourable Graues.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*. What ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aſwell:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is growne ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaſt but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue ſome aym:
How I haue thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter. For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue ſaid,
I will conſider: what you haue to ſay
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Caſſi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue ſtrucke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.

Caſſi. As they paſſe by,
Plucke *Caſka* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do ſo: but looke you *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes
As we haue ſeene him in the Capitoll
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.

Caſſi. Caſka will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæſ. Antonio.

Ant. Cæſar.

Cæſ. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould auoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obſeruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he heares no Muſicke;
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mou'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themſelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him. *Sennit*

Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake with me?

Bru. I *Caſka*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aske *Caſka* what had chanc'd

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noyſe for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honeſt Neighbors ſhowted.

Caſſi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I ſawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and ſtill as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their ſweatie Night-cappes, and vttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: for hee ſwounded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest *Caske*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, It was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World. *Exit Brutus.*

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from seuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure. *Exit.*

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'not since put vp my Sword;
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men; all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleeue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska* by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Haue bar'd my Boſome to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſſe blew Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breſt of Heauen, I did preſent my ſelfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flaſh of it. (uens
Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Hea
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the moſt mightie Gods, by tokens ſend
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aſtoniſh vs.
Caſſi. You are dull, *Caska*.
And thoſe ſparkes of Life, that ſhould be in a Roman,
You doe want, or elſe you vſe not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And caſt your ſelfe in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous qualitie; why you ſhall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them Inſtruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy ſelfe, or me,
In perſonall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.
Cask. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caſſius*?
Caſſi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoake, and ſufferance, ſhew vs Womaniſh.
Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Meane to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, ſaue here in Italy.
Caſſi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Caſſius from Bondage will deliuer *Caſſius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weake moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſſe,
Nor ayre leſſe Dungeon, nor ſtrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But Life being wearie of theſe worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to diſmiſſe it ſelfe.
If I know this, know all the World beſides,
That puny of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Thunder ſtill.*
Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.
Caſſi. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he ſees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What traſh is Rome?
What Rubbiſh, and what Offall? when it ſerues
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anſwere muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeake to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redreſſe of all theſe Griefes,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſſi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Nobleſt minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous conſequence;
And I doe know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no ſtirre, or walking in the ſtreetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Moſt bloodie, fierie, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand cloſe a while, for heere comes one in haſte.
Caſſi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?
Caſſi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue ſeene ſtrange ſights.
Caſſi. Am I not ſtay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Caſſius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Caſſi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper.
And looke you lay it in the Prætors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window: ſet this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you ſhall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To ſeeke you at your houſe: Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe Papers as you bad me.
Caſſi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Cask. O, he ſits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richeſt Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineſſe.
Caſſi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-nighe, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progreſſe of the Starres,
Giue gueſſe how neere to day. *Lucius*, I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit*
Brut. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonall cauſe, to ſpurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuſe of Greatneſſe, is, when it diſ-ioynes
Remorſe from Power: And to ſpeake truth of *Cæſar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections ſway'd
More then his Reaſon. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlyneſſe is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmoſt Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leaſt he may, preuent. And ſince the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge.
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow miſchieuous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd vp, and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gines him the Letter

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the firſt of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue ſo much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelfe:
Shall Rome, &c. ſpeake, ſtrike, redreſſe
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake.
Such inſtigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus muſt I piece it out:
Shall Rome ſtand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, ſtrike, redreſſe. Am I entreated
To ſpeake, and ſtrike? O Rome, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſſe will follow, thou receiueſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I haue not ſlept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantaſma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Inſtruments
Are then in councell; and the ſtate of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, ſuffers then
The nature of an Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the Doore,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Brut. Doe you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may diſcouer them,
By any marke of fauour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracie,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monſtrous Viſage? Seek none Conſpiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conſpirators, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caſſ. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reſt:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?
Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?
Caſſ. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Brut. He is welcome hither.
Caſſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Caſſ. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber*.
Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpoſe themſelues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
Caſſ. Shall I entreat a word? *They whiſper*
Decius. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the Day breake heere?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſſe, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Seaſon of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.
Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
Caſ. And let vs ſweare our Reſolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The ſufferance of our Soules, the times Abuſe;
If theſe be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What needs we any ſpurre, but our owne cauſe
To pricke vs to redreſſe? What other Bond,
Then ſecret Romans, that haue ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Prieſts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cauſes, ſweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtaine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'inſuppreſſiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cauſe, or our Perſormance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a ſeuerall Baſtardie,
If he do breake the ſmall'ſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I thinke he will ſtand very ſtrong with vs.
Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.
Cyn. No, by no meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchaſe vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildeneſſe, ſhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leaue him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man elſe be touch't, but onely *Cæſar*?
Caſ. *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, ſo well belou'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-liue *Cæſar*, we ſhall finde of him
A ſhrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well ſtretch ſo farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeeme too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*:
We all ſtand vp againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſars* Spirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſſe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an act of Rage,
And after ſeeme to chide 'em. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe Neceſſary, and not Enuious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæſars* Arme,
When *Cæſars* head is off.
Caſ. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingraffed loue he beares to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæſar*,
And that were much he ſhould: for he is giuen
To ſports, to wildeneſſe, and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this hereafter.
Clocke ſtrikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caſ. The Clocke hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſ But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superſtitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccuſtom'd Terror of this night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be ſo reſolu'd,
I can ore-ſway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſayes, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him,
Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the vttermoſt, and faile not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and Ile faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes vpon's:
We'l leaue you *Brutus*,
And friends diſperſe your ſelues; but all remember
What you haue ſaid, and ſhew your ſelues true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke freſh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoſes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Conſtancie,
And ſo good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Faſt aſleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,

Which

Which buſie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. *Portia:* What meane you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſodainly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your armes a-croſſe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtampt with your foote:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry waſter of your hand
Gaue ſigne for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which ſometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor ſleepe;
And could it worke ſo much vpon your ſhape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſicke? And is it Phyſicall
To walke vnbraced, and ſucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſicke?
And will he ſteale out of his wholſome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his ſickneſſe? No my *Brutus*,
You haue ſome ſicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your ſelfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had reſort to you: for heere haue beene
Some ſixe or ſeuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneſſe.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not needе, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman weil reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no ſtronger then my Sex
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe 'em:
I haue made ſtrong proofe of my Conſtancie,
Giuing my ſelfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charractery of my ſad browes:
Leaue me with haſt. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a ſicke man that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you choſe out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not ſicke.

Cai. I am not ſicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere diſcard my ſickneſſe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will ſtriue with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make ſicke men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſicke?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is my *Caius*,
I ſhall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Iulius Cæſar in his Night-gowne.

Cæſar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her ſleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæſ. Go bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſſe.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtirre out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal.

Calp. *Cæsar*; I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all vse,
And I do feare them.

Cæs. What can be auoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,
The heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisedome is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne
We'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Decius. *Cæsar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day.
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Graybeards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Decius. Most mighty *Cæsar* let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dreame is signified.

Cæs. And this way haue you well expounded it.

Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæsars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Cæsar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Cæsar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar* for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this;
And reason to my loue is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your feares seeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was neere so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane
What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is not withstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant So to most Noble *Cæsar*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb *Cæsar* I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere

neere Casca, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along,
And as a Suter will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest liue
I feare, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere again
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suters,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death.
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I must go in:
Aye me. How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Cæsar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cassi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popilius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue.
I feare our purpose is discouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him

Cassi. *Casca* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*,
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must preuent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.
To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning.
Thy Brother by decree is banished
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne

To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſars* eare,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſſe thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæſar*:
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæſ. What *Brutus*?
Caſſi. Pardon *Cæſar*: *Cæſar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Caſſius* fall,
To begge infranchiſement for *Publius Cymber*.
Cæſ. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:
But I am conſtant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whoſe true fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred ſparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth ſhine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furniſh'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleſh and Blood, and apprehenſiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnaſſayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnſhak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, euen in this:
That I was conſtant *Cymber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remaine to keepe him ſo.
Cinna. O *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele?
Caſk. Speake hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæſ. Et Tu Brute? ——— Then fall *Cæſar*. *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Caſſi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, ſtand ſtill: Ambitions debt is paid.
Caſk. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leaſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars*
Should chance ———
Bru. Talke not of ſtanding. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them *Publius*.
Caſſi. And leaue vs *Publius*, leaſt that the people
Ruſhing on vs, ſhould do your Age ſome miſchiefe.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Caſſi. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men ſtand vpon.
Caſk. Why he that cuts off twenty yeates of life,
Cuts off ſo many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæſars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, ſtoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beſmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Caſſi. Stoop then, and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Baſis lye along,
No worthier then the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, euery man away.
Brutus ſhall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.
Enter a Seruant.
Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Maſter bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay:
Brutus is Noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolu'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſeru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, ſhall not loue *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſayes my Maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worſe:
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come vnto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him preſently. *Exit Seruant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall haue him well to Friend.
Caſſi. I wiſh we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my miſgiuing ſtill
Falles ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar*! Doſt thou lye ſo lowe?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is ranke:
If I my ſelfe, there is no houre ſo fit
As *Cæſars* deaths houre; nor no Inſtrument
Of halfe that worth, as thoſe your Swords; made rich
With the moſt Noble blood of all this World.
I do beſeech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'ſt your purpled hands do reeke and ſmoake,
Fulfill your pleaſure. Liue a thouſand yeeres,
I ſhall not finde my ſelfe ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we muſt appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our preſent Acte
You ſee we do: Yet ſee you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding busineſſe they haue don e:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, ſo pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.
Caſſi. Your voyce ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities
Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cauſe,
Why I, that did loue *Cæſar* when I ſtrooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſedome.
Let eachman render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*,
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caſka* yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Cæſar* O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs how,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingres of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtreame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In tearmes of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*. heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'ſt thou fall, and heere thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, ſtroken by many Princes,
Doſt thou heere lye?
Caſſi. Mark Antony.
Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*.
The Enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſtie.
Caſſi. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you ſhall giue me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru Or elſe were this a ſauage Spectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeeke,
And am moreouer ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.
Bru. You ſhall *Marke Antony*.
Caſſi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeake in his Funerall.
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelfe into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeake, I will proteſt
He ſpeakes by leaue, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It ſhall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.
Caſſi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame vs,
But ſpeake all good you can deuiſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you doo't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you ſhall ſpeake
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Propheſie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domeſticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in vſe,
And dreadfull Obiects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre.
All pitty choak'd with cuſtome of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let ſlip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, ſhall ſmell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You ſerue *Octauius Cæſar*, do you not?
Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.
Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar*!
Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe.
Paſſion I ſee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter comming?
Ser. He lies to night within ſeuen Leagues of Rome
Ant. Poſt backe with ſpeede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a-while,

The

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong *Octauius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers.
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When seuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue. Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I paule for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Comonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.

2 Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

We'l bring him to his House
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaker.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke. *Exit*

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire.
We'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious
If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong.

3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in his place.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ſ Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.
2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.
Ant. But yeſterday, the word of *Cæſar* migh
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maiſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Cæſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their Iſſue.
4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæſars* Will
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it,
It is not meete you know how *Cæſar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men.
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?
4. Read the Will, wee l heare it *Antony*:
You ſhall reade vs the Will, *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?
I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggets haue ſtabb'd *Cæſar*: I do feare it.
4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Teſtament.
2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?
All. Come downe.
2. Deſcend.
3. You ſhall haue leaue.
4. A Ring, ſtand round.
1. Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.
2. Roome for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time euer *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.
Looke, in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caſka* made:
Through this, the well-beloued *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd
If *Brutus* ſo vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæſar* lou d him:
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1. O pitteous ſpectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæſar*!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O moſt bloody ſight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traitor liue.
Ant. Stay Country-men
1. Peace there heare the Noble *Antony*.
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with (you vp
him.
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greeſes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould moue
The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1. Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.
3. Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſeru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You haue for got the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Will.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæſars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery ſeuer all man, ſeuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2. *Ple.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l reuenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæsar*.
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?
1. *Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take vp the body.
2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3. *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.
4. *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.
Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octauius*. *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Answer euery man directly.
1. I, and breefely.
4. I, and wisely.
3. I, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer euery man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.
2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is answered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad Verses.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Casca's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do consent.
Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony*.
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,
Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.
Ant. He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*
Ant. This is a slight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Octauius, I haue seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selues of diuers slanderous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and sweat vnder the Businesse,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horse *Octauius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octauius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let vs presently go sit in Councell,
How couert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.
Octa. Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.
Enter Cassius and his Powers

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them———

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cassi. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucillius*, do you the like. and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore *Exeunt*
Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone.
Then such a Roman

Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me.
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions

Bru. Go too. you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man.

Cassi Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaues how Choller icke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cassi. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cassi. When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him

Cassi

Caſſi. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſſi. Do not preſume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You haue done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror *Caſſius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſſe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certaine ſummes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile traſh
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I haue anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes ſo Couetous,
To locke ſuch Raſcall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to peeces.
Caſſi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend ſhould beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me
Caſſi. You loue me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſſi. A friendly eye could neuer ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſſi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octauius* come,
Reuenge your ſelues alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſeru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breaſt: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'ſt a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'ſt at *Cæſar*: For I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, thou loued'ſt him better
Then euer thou loued'ſt *Caſſius*
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall haue ſcope:
Do what you will, Diſhonor, ſhall be Humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, ſhewes a haſtie Sparke,
And ſtraite is cold agen.
Caſſi. Hath *Caſſius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greeſe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caſſi. Do you confeſſe ſo much? Giue me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſi. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſſi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould bee,
For I haue ſeene more yeeres I'me ſure then yee.
Caſ. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru Get you hence ſirra: Sawcy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What ſhould the Warres do with theſe iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelues, & bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to vs.
Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.
Caſ. I did not thinke you could haue bin ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſicke of many greefes.
Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no vſe,
If you giue place to accidentall euils.
Bru. No man beares ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſ. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſſe!
Vpon what ſickneſſe?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence,
And greeſe, that yong *Octauius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themſelues ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Euen ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindneſſe *Caſſius*. *Drinkes*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper heere,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſſ. *Portia*, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſſ. My ſelfe haue Letters of the ſelfe-ſame Tenure.
Bru With what Addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octauius, Antony, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine ſpeake of ſeuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cicero* one?
Meſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. That me thinkes is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſa. No my Lord
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Meſſa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*. We muſt die *Meſſala*
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now
Meſſa Euen ſo great men, great loſſes ſhold indure.
Caſſi. I haue as much of this in Art as you
But yet my Nature could not beare it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our worke aliue What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is.
'Tis better that the Enemie ſeeke vs,
So ſhall he waſte his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelfe offence, whil'ſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſſe
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force giue place to better
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd
From which aduantage ſhall we cut him off
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our backe
Caſſi. Heare me good Brother
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we haue tride the vtmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe.
The Enemy encreaſeth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miſeries
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerues,
Or looſe our Ventures
Caſſi Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our ſelues, and meet them at *Philippi*
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſitie,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come ſuch diuiſion 'tweene our ſoules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne

Bru. Euery thing is well.
Caſſi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farwell euery one. *Exeunt*
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
Ile haue them ſleepe on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?
Bru. I pray you ſirs, lye in my Tent and ſleepe,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſſe to my Brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will it not haue it ſo: Lye downe good ſirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I ſought for ſo
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canſt thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a ſtraine or two
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir
Brut. I ſhould not vrge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of reſt
Luc. I haue ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

Muſicke, and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O Murd'rous ſlumber!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Muſicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'ſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night
Let me ſee, let me ſee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakeneſſe of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angell, or ſome Diuell,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my haire to ſtare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow, Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*: Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.
Oct. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vppet Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not so.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octauius*, leade your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Oct. Vpon the right hand I. keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Oct. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.
Bru. They stand, and would haue parley.
Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.
Oct. *Mark Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.
Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?
Oct. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octauius*
Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long liue, Haile *Cæsar*.
Cassi. *Antony*,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglesse too.
Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete;
Whil'st damned *Casca*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd
Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Oct. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomackes
Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army
Cassi Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, heare, a word with you.
Lucillius and Messala stand forth.
Luc My Lord.
Cassi *Messala*.
Mess. What sayes my Generall?
Cassi. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion. Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who

Who to *Philippi* heere conſorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their ſteeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were ſickely prey; their ſhadowes ſeeme
A Canopy moſt fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghoſt.
Meſſa. Beleeue not ſo.
Caſſi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolu'd
To meete all perils, very conſtantly.
Bru. Euen ſo *Lucillius*.
Caſſi. Now moſt Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But ſince the affayres of men reſts ſtill incertaine,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this Battaile, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himſelfe, I know not how.
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, ſo to preuent
The time of life, arming my ſelfe with patience,
To ſtay the prouidence of ſome high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.
Caſſi. Then, if we looſe this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the ſtreets of Rome.
Bru. No *Caſſius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this ſame day
Muſt end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we ſhall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlaſting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Caſſius*,
If we do meete againe, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſſi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l ſmile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes buſineſſe, ere it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Meſſala*, ride and giue theſe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other ſide.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them ſet on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio*'s wing:
And ſodaine puſh giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Meſſala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Caſſius and Titinius.

Caſſi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My ſelfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Enſigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing ſome aduantage on *Octauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to ſpoyle,
Whil'ſt we by *Antony* are all incloſ'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Caſſius*, flye farre off.
Caſſi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſſi. *Titinius*, if thou loueſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may reſt aſſur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
Caſſi Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This day I breathed firſt, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſſe. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.
Caſſi. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With Horſemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he ſpurres on. Now they are almoſt on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now ſome light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they ſhout for ioy.
Caſſi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue ſo long.
To ſee my beſt Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither ſirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſauing of thy life,
That whatſoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſars* bowels, ſearch this boſome.
Stand not to anſwer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cæſar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not ſo haue beene
Durſt I haue done my will. O *Caſſius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where neuer Roman ſhall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Meſſa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Titin. Theſe tydings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſſa. Where did you leaue him.
Titin. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Meſſa. Is 'not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!
Meſſa. Is not that hee?
Titin. No, this was he *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doeſt ſinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Caſſius* day is ſet.
The Sunne of Rome is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſſe hath done this deed
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error ſoone conceyu'd,
Thou neuer com'ſt vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Meſſa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his eares; I may ſay thruſting it:
For pierceing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'ſt thou ſend me forth braue *Caſſius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'ſt thou not heare their
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued euery thing. (ſhowts
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſſius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart *Dies*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, yong Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius face is vpward.
Cato He is ſlaine
Bru. O *Iulius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Caſſius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the Romans, far thee well
It is impoſſible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall finde time, *Caſſius*: I ſhall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it diſcomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* ſet our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men. O yet hold vp your heads.
Cato What Baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe
Enter Souldiers and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as braately as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1. *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant Where is hee?
Luc Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man ſafe,
Giue him all kindneſſe. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octauius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, reſt on this Rocke.
Clit. Statilius ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or ſlaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*
Clit What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my ſelfe.
Brut Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe ſuch a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Volum. What ſayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this laſt Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come
Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.
Brut Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our ſelues,
Then tarry till they puſh vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whileſt I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum ſtill.
Clit. Fly,

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while aſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall haue glory by this loſing day
More then *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine vnto
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his liues Hiſtory:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.
Cly Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow.
I prythee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect.
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Giue me your hand firſt. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru Farewell good *Strato*. ——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill
I kill'd not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat Enter Antony, Octauius, Meſſala, Lucillius, and the Army
Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prou'd *Lucillius* ſaying true,
Octa. All that ſeru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it
Meſſa. *Octauius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maſter
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſaue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand vp,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vſe him
With all Reſpect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall ly,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered Honourably.
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When ſhall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's loſt, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the ſet of Sunne.
1 Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*
1 I come, *Gray-Malkin.*

All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainſt my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didſt leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together.
And choake their Art. The mercileſſe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe ſwarme vpon him) from the Weſterne Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deſerues that Name)
Diſdayning Fortune, with his brandiſht Steele,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paſſage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r ſhooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnſeam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders
So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No ſooner Iuſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heeles
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurueying vantage,
With furbiſht Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled ſtroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell but I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roſſe.
Lenox. What a haſte lookes through his eyes?
So ſhould he looke, that ſeemes to ſpeake things ſtrange.
Roſſe God ſaue the King.
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*
Roſſe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himſelfe, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a diſmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme 'gainſt Arme,
Curbing his lauiſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.
King Great happineſſe.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues compoſition
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes* inch,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our generall vſe.

King No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mounch't, & mounch't, and mounch't:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So withered, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope.
That he ſeemes wrapt withall to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre, and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd
Banq Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb And *Thane* of Cawdor too went it not ſo?
Banq. To th' ſelfe-ſame tune and words. who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy ſucceſſe. and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend.
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th' ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and euery one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, hayle moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Deuill ſpeake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage: or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behinde Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen.
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good
If ill? why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre
Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vſe
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughеſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ſtay vpon your leyſure
Macb. Giue me your fauour.
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon,
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the dereſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.
O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: only I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb The ſeruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honor
King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne
King My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Enuernes,
And binde vs further to you.
Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-haild me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not looſe the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.
Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Raven himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſoueraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.
Macb. We will ſpeake further,
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.
King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I haue obſerv'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The Loue that followes vs, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Hermites.
King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (ſharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hoſteſſe
We are your gueſt to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themſelues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highneſſe pleaſure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt we loue him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hoſteſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Diſhes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Sueceſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iuſtice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almoſt ſupt: why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he has?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
Not eaſt aſide ſo ſoone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beaſt was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themſelues, and that their fitneſſe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Suckle, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had I ſo ſworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould faile?
Lady. We faile?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is aſleepe,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waſſell, ſo conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swiniſh ſleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His ſpungie Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor tore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am ſettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.
Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse.
And shut vp in measurelesse content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters
To you they haue shew'd some truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them.
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'st leysure.
Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb Good repose the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suites with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.
La. That which hath made thē drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possers,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.
Enter Macbeth
Macb Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I layd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?
Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
Macb. When?
Lady Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?
Lady. Donalbaine.
Mac. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other.
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs
Lady. Consider it not so deepely
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.
Macb Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast
Lady What doe you meane?
Macb Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they plucke out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drinke especially prouoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.
Macd. I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted seruice. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feuorous,
And did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:

See,and then speake your selues: awake,awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther,and Treason,
Banquo,and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe,Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp,vp,and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*,*Banquo*,
As from your Graues rise vp,and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake,speake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*,*Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.
Lady. Woe,alas:
What,in our House?
Ban. Too cruell,any where.
Deare *Duff*,I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say,it is not so.

Enter Macbeth,*Lenox*,*and Rosse.*

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne,and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault,to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?
Macb. You are,and doe not know't:
The Spring,the Head,the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt,the very Source of it is stopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh,by whom?
Lenox. Those of his Chamber,as it seem'd,had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers,which vnwip'd,we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd,and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O,yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise,amaz'd,temp'rate,& furious,
Loyall,and Neutrall,in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser,Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne,lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs,look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage,to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence,hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush,and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Not our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand,and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence,I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.
Macd. And so doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow,is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland,I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are,there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood,the neerer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted:and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe,when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse,with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time,I haue seene
Houres dreadfull,and things strange: but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ha,good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens,as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance,or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at,and kill'd.
Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange,and certaine)
Beauteous,and swift,the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature,broke their stalls,flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience,as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis said,they eate each other.
Rosse. They did so:

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why ſee you not?

Roſſ. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlaine.

Roſſ. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were ſubborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suſpition of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſſe Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis moſt like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inueſted.

Roſſe. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Roſſe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coſin, Ile to Fife.

Roſſe Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you ſee things wel done there: Adieu
Leaſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.

Roſſe. Farewell, Father

Old M. Gods benyſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'dſt moſt fowly for't: yet it was ſaide
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelfe ſhould be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb Heere's our chiefe Gueſt.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a ſolemne Supper ſir,
And Ile requeſt your preſence

Banq. Let your Highneſſe
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For euer knit.

Macb Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb We ſhould haue elſe deſir'd your good aduice
(Which ſtill hath been both graue, and proſperous)
In this dayes Councell: but we'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feaſt.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confeſsing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we ſhall haue cauſe of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horſe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be maſter of his time,
Till ſeuen at Night, to make ſocietie
The ſweeter welcome:
We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be ſafely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* ſticke deepe.
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſſe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wiſdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafetie. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæſar*. He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them ſpeake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo's* Iſſue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Lyſt,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and ſtay there till we call.

Exit Seruant

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.

Macb. Well then,
Now haue you conſider'd of my ſpeeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Mach. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Mach. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am reckelesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weane with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mach. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Mach. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth* Though our Liues--

Mach. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace i alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him.
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Mach. Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,

Mach. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.
Duncane is in his Graue.
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Mach. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Mach. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* liues.

Lady But

Lady. But in them, Natures Copple's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust
1 Then stand with vs
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approches
The subiect of our Watch
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light
3 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye.
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt

Scæna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host.
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him
Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Please't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place reſerv'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: neuer ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile ſit downe: Giue me ſome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoſt.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres:
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You haue diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they ſay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in blood
Step'd in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Macb. Come, we'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vſe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Traffick with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great busines must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.
Musicke, and a Song.
Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
1 Come, let's make haste, shee'l soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.
Lenox. And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.
Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, has thirty one:
Swelted Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Nose

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waues
Confound and ſwallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l anſwer.

1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaſtly ſhow. *Thunder.*

1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.

He Deſcends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*

2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*

2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth*. *Deſcends.*

Mac. Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*

3 *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*

What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.

3 *Appar.* Be Lyon mettled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſmane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.

A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this? —— A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?

1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*

The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*

What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's fly? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
Rosse. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.
Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so
Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Euery one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'ld weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore prattler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*
Wife. Whether should I fly?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That has a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Powre the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Nation miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Scepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do'es blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe Euils thou repeat'ſt vpon thy ſelfe,
Hath baniſh'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haſt: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill:
A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Prophecie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poore Country,
Almoſt affraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt griefe?
Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How goes't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe. your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares diſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Roſſe. I haue ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. *Scena Prima.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*
Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward's* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfiſh Theefe.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle, and ſtart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer ſagge with doubt, nor ſhake with feare.
Enter Seruant.
The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and cuer-ted thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thoſe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will cheere me euer, or diſ-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to haue: but in their ſteed,
Curſes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Ser. Whst's your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Ser. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleſh be hackt
Giue me my Armor.
Ser. Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoſe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure of that:
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelfe.
Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come ſir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, finde her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Coſins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Syew. What wood is this before vs?
Ment. The wood of Birnane.
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And beare't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt, and make diſcouery
Erre in report of vs.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane, and will indure
Our ſetting downe befor't.
Malc. Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ſerue with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our iuſt Cenſures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with, Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siedge to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them dareſull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſenſes would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it comming,
I ſay, a mouing Groue.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gine to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drummes and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue the all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.
Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. *Enter Macduffe.*
Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We have met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee liues, the gaſhes
Do better vpon them.
Enter Macduffe.
Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men elſe I haue avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then termes can give thee out. *Fight. Alarum*
Macb. Thou looſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed Life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſeru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels mee ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double ſence,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you ſee the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiſſe the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, & Soldiers.
Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were ſafe arriu'd.
Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is miſſing, and your Noble Sonne.
Roſſe Your ſon my Lord, ha's paid a ſouldiers debt,
He only liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſſe confirm'd
In the vnſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,
And that Ile ſpend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.
Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th'Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that euer Scotland
In ſuch an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elſe
That cáll's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to ſee vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs, Therefore I haue intreated him along With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That if againe this Apparition come, He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, And let vs once againe assaile your eares, That are so fortified against our Story, What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe, And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all, When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe, The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost* Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake. *Exit the Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale: Is not this something more then Fantasie? What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue Without the sensible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted: So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice. 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre, With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion, This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land, And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward, that this sweaty hast Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day: Who is't that can informe m

Hor. That can I,

At

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſtetne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendants.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway.
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leane and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haujour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Corse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite again,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar.

That you know ought of me; this not to doe.
So grace and mercy at your most needs helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*
Reynol I will my Lord.
Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne. Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?
Reynol. I, very well my Lord
Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be he I meane, he's very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd blood of generall assault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working: (sound,
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say something: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon Obserue his inclination in your selfe
Reynol. I shall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Musicke
Reynol Well, my Lord *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What said he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me. I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,

And

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie.
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, (w) being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cum alijs.

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The needs we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polake:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Polake:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

Mad

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
But never Doubt, I loue.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more aboue hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faio know that,
That I haue positiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile board him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne:

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildensterne*? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to colour, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterrill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fa-

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Ros. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Ros. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vncle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenstarne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome ——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse ——

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? By'rlady your Ladiship is nearer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tait of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted. or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviare* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scoenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His antique Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Ilium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A roſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooſe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or he ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l he't to morrow nighe. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy; a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Act 3.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it. They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawfull espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life.
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Country, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you. well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot so innocculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such

Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chast as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a foole: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your prattlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectancie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule? O're which his Melancholly sits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose Will be some danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something setled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeue The Origin and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia?* You need not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* said, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so.
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines. Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Suite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildenstern.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham Horatio, thou art eene as iust a man
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Opha. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For women Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is fix'd, my Feare is so.
King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——
Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe sticks on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend.
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of Ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If she should breake it now
King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and fainc I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th'world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.
Enter Lucianus.
This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Reuenge.
Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.
Powres the poyson in his eares.
Ham. He poysons him i'th Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophe. The King rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me some Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet & Horatio.
Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe:
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouincial Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players sir.
Hor. Halfe a share.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Hora. You might haue Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'le take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him
Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come the Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.
Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you
Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marueilous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor. for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony. I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By th'Maſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Scales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte vs. *Exeunt Gent*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloſſet.
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhee'l tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more engag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome acte
That has's no reliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcree'nd, and ſtoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius*

Qu. Oh me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſtie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction plucker
The very ſoule, and ſweete Religion makes
A rapſidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares ſo lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or commond
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To giue the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blaſting his wholſom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would ſtep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty Stye.

Qu. Oh ſpeake to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet*

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelfe, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That lapſ't in Time and Paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you conuert
My ſterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you ſpeake this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it ſteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extaſie!
My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word which madneſſe
Would gambol from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but ſkin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of this purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt
Ile bleſſing begge of you. For this ſame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him: ſo againe, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behinde.

Qu. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe.
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do ſo,
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houſes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Concluſions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaide to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life, a foolliſh prating Knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaues
You muſt tranſlate: 'Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier. In his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Metteis baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſterne*! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife; man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haſt
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our duties in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Ophe. *How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?*
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandall ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu Alas looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. *Larded with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father

Ophe Pray you let's haue no words of this. but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window to be your Valentine
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes & dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end on't.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greeſe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude*,
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire iudgement

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places.
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, Sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.
Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole.
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by Collaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them. On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue deait with me, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne, *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?

Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not: They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo?
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant

Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sanctuarize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I hat't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bote her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delue.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other

Other. Will you ha the truth on't? if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church. Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade
for and a Shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin ſixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was; Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore) No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted. might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall *Ceſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be thro wne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling!

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell.
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou praiſ'ſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A baseneste to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Model of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty oppposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it nor, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke. (marke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke you Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on six Barbary Horses against six French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediare tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the odds: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'se done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If t be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Stickle fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the odds a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Glue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne shall win.
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am afear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and shout within.
What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O,o,o,o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.
Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senseless that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That *Rosincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead:
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truſy deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
Thaue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.

Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall.*

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of either's moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glou. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowers, that future strife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild ỹ matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Only she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our last and least: to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe
Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maieſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.
Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay
They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed.
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.
Lear But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo vntender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſteries of *Hecat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me.
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her.
I doe inueſt you iointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, only we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew, Execution of the reſt,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what would'ſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that dutie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongeſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to looſe it,
Thy ſafety being motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*,
Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be reuok'd,
Kent Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dowet with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?
Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,
I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.

Bur. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in ſuch conditions.
Le. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praiſe, balme of your age,
The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-vouch't affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or ſoulneſſe,
No vnchaſte action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ſt
Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herſelfe a Dowrie.
Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſſe of *Burgundie*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt looſe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that reſpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lou'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My Loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou looſeſt here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without out Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farwell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with waſh'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Preſcribe not vs our dutie.
Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt with ſhame deuides:
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.
Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement he hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſely.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.
Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.
Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs ſit together, if our Father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.
Reg. We ſhall further thinke of it.
Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law
My ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to deprriue me?
For that I am ſome twelue, or fourteene Moonſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they vs
With Baſe? With baſenes Baſtadie? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſtie ſtealth of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Baſtard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the baſe
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now Gods, ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Glouceſter

Glo Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that Letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Let's ſee: come, if it bee nothing, I ſhall not neede Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderſtand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my Brothers iuſtification, hee wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldneſſe cannot reliſh them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before ſounded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, deteſted, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhold run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter. *Edmond* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vnſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Pallaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Childe. We haue ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treacherie, and all ruinous diſorders follow vs diſquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfets of our own behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Spheticall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on. An admirable euaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre. My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould haue bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſighe like *Tom* o'Bedlam. —— O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſucceede vnhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baſt. Bethink your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, vntill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſ-

chiefe

chiefe of your perſon, it would ſcarſely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent forbeare ance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord ſpeake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue cold you what I haue ſeene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none: on whoſe fooliſh honeſtie
My practiſes ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſſe.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flaſhes into one groſſe crime, or other,
That ſets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke.
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to queſtion;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, Ile write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe; prepare for dinner. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue
For which I raiz'd my likeneſſe. Now baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lou'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? What would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I do profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme; to ſerue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chooſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poore for a ſubiect, as bee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young Sir to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So pleaſe you —— *Exit.*

Lear. What ſaies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He ſaies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindneſſe appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saiſt thou ſo?

Knigh. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ielous curioſitie, then as a very pretence and purpoſe of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir,

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorson dog, you slaue, you cure.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow. Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th'fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a doore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.
Fooles had ne're lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they
For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Peascod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gon. I would you would make vse of your good wise-
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Poole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee.
Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Poole. Lears shadow.
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themselues, and you.
Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.
Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.
Alb My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.
Lear. It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey sterrility,
Dry vp in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I haue cast off for euer. *Exit*
Gon. Do you marke that?
Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Goneril*,
To the great loue I beare you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.
Poole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her.
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*
Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.
Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?
Stew. I Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And haſten your returne; no,no,my Lord,
This milky gentleneſſe,and courſe of yours
Though I condemne not,yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wiſedome,
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildneſſe.
Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then ——
Alb. Well,well,the'uent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*
Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, were not in danger of kybes?
Lear. I Boy.
Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.
Lear. Ha,ha,ha.
Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple,yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What can'ſt tell Boy?
Foole. She will taſte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canſt tell why ones noſe ſtands i'th'middle on's face?
Lear. No.
Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either ſide 's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out,he may ſpy into.
Lear. I did her wrong.
Foole. Can'ſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?
Lear. No.
Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a houſe.
Lear. Why?
Foole. Why to put's head in,not to giue it away to his daughters,and leaue his hornes without a caſe.
Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſſes ready?
Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeuen Starres are no mo then ſeuen,is a pretty reaſon.
Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.
Foole. Yes indeed,thou would'ſt make a good Foole.
Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monſter Ingratitude!
Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue bin old, till thou hadſt bin wiſe.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet Heauen: keepe me in temper,I would not be mad. How now are the Horſes ready?
Gent. Ready my Lord.
Lear. Come Boy.
Fool. She that's a Maid now,& laughs at my departure
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleſſe things be cut ſhorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan ſeuerally.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan*.
Cur. And your Sir,I haue bin
With your Father,and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*,and *Regan* his Ducheſſe
Will be here with him this night.
Baſt. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad,I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.
Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward, Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*,and *Albany*?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time.
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*
Baſt. The Duke be here to night? The better beſt,
This weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe,
My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie queſtion
Which I muſt act,Briefeneſſe,and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, diſcend; Brother I ſay,
My Father watches: O Sir,fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornewall*?
Hee's comming hither,now i'th' night,i'th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him,haue you nothing ſaid
Vpon his partie 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduiſe your ſelfe.
Edg. I am ſure on't,not a word.
Baſt. I heare my Father comming,pardon me;
In cunning,I muſt draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw,ſeeme to defend your ſelfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld,come before my Father,light hoa,here,
Fly Brother,Torches,Torches,ſo farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me,would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue ſeene drunkards
Do more then this in ſport; Father,Father,
Stop,ſtop,no helpe?

Enter Gloſter, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*,where's the villaine?
Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark,his ſharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes,coniuring the Moone
To ſtand auſpicious Miſtris.
Glo. But where is he?
Baſt. Looke Sir,I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villaine,*Edmund*?
Baſt. Fled this way Sir,when by no meanes he could.
Glo. Purſue him,ho:go after. By no meanes,what?
Baſt. Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip.
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.

Gloſt. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſall
Of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports I le barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard ſtrangeneſſe.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how doſt my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you haue ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practiſe, and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he purſued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more
Be ſear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you Sir truely, how euer elſe.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, threadding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt though it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.

Glo. I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward ſeuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipſbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What do'ſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited-hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a Baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,

for

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd at suite of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honestly: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'vnloose: smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and varty of their Masters,
Knowing nought (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epileptick visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knaue.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,
Who having beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may receiue it much more worse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes,
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle.
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Giue

Giue you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to giue
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusuall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserue my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and perfecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prairs
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home.
And not send backe my Messengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.
Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are ride by the heads. Dogges and Beares, by'th'neecke, Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I say.
Kent. I say yea.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I sweare no.
Kent. By *Iuno*, I sweare I.
Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do vpon respect such violent outrage:
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,
Comming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliuer'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers. (way,
Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.
Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where Is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*
Gent. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?
Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with so small a number?
Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that question, thoud'st well deserv'd it.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after: when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a Foole giues it,
That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And follo wes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine.
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glostar.

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?
Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me?
They are ſicke, they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ſt thou vnderſtand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake, commands, tends, ſer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelues,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit heere? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'ld ſpeake with them:
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear Oh me my heart! My riſing heart! But downe.
Fools. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte aliue, ſhe knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his
Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear *Regan*, I thinke your are. I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultreſſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Siſters naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingrateſull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and blaſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſters: this approues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th' Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his owne Diſorders

Deſeru'd

Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainement.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismis'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought.
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome.
Gon. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
We'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*.
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals Seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reseruation to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?
Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty.
And thou art twice her Loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.
Storme and Tempest.
But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?
Enter Gloster.
Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wisedome bids feare.
Corn. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'storme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtrooke iniuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuiſion
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and ſet high; Seruants, who ſeeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Againſt the old kinde King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-walls; open this Purſe, and take
What it containes. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go ſeeke the King.
Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme ſtill. *Enter Lear, and Foole.*

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, 'drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.
Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houſe, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, In, aske thy Daughters bleſſing, heere's a night pitties neither Wiſemen, nor Fooles.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and diſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.
Foole. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he ſhall Lowſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man ỳ makes his Toe, what he his Hart ſhold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Foole.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not ſuch nights as theſe: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of Fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.
Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee vndiuulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceſtuous. Caytiffe, to peeces ſhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient ſeeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Cloſe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, then ſinning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the Tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
(More harder then the ſtones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanred curteſie.
Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this ſtraw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.
Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.
Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile ſpeake a Propheſie ere I go:
When Prieſts are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Caſe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing: when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision betweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storme
Inuades vs to the skinne: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
Saue what beates there, Filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but I'le goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouerty, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom.*
Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.
Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?
Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore *Tom.*
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th' straw? Come forth.
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.
Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure inch't Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor. Bliss thy fiue Wits, *Tom* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, bliss thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and taking, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there, and there ag as ee, and there. *Storme still.*
Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?
Foole. Nay, he reseru'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.
Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughters.
Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.
Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.
Edgar. Take heed o'th' foole Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,

with mans sworne Spouse; set no: thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Woole, the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee gives the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Newt, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth haue what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? *Storme still*
His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, husht.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Brittish man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a-worke by a reprouable badnesse in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter: ſeeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſeuer in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee: and thou ſhalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſſe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poyſons if it bite:
Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile.
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: ſeſe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou ſhalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt daily halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, and Seruants.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Glouſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Siſter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Glouſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouſter hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaſt
To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingrateſull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my Friends conſider you are my Gheſts:
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
Theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours

You

You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You haue ſent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I haue a Letter gueſſingly ſet downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him anſwer that.
Glou. I am tyed to'th'Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg Wherefore to Douer?
Glou Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Anointed fleſh, ſticke boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that ſterne time,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the Key.
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance ouertake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold § Chaire,
Vpon theſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me ſome helpe. ——O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg One ſide will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn If you ſee vengeance
Ser. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a Childe
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'ld ſhake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant ſtand vp thus?
Killes him
Ser Oh I am ſlaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchefe on him. Oh
Corn. Left it ſee more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glou. All darke and comfortleſſe?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treaſons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and proſper him
Reg. Go thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouſter.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeleſſe Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arr . *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt
The loweſt, and moſt deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blowne vnto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.
Enter Glouſter, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe foureſcore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot ſee your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my touch,
I'ld ſay I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt
Oldm. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th'laſt nights ſtorme, I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then ſcarſe Friends with him.
I haue heard more ſince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play Foole to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelfe, and others. Bleſſe thee Maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: If for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked Soule,
Which I'le intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke ſir, he is mad

Glou.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Aboue the rest, be gone.
Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I must:
Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtyle, and gate; Horſeway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſſe thee good mans ſonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glou. Here take this purſe, ſ whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaues your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould vndoo exceſſe,
And each man haue enough. Doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I Maſter.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the miſery thou do'ſt beare
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading neede.
Edg. Giue me thy arme,
Poore Tom ſhall leade thee *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?
Stew. Madam within, but neuer man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Gloſters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeemes pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſiue
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer: our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powres.
I muſt change names at home, and giue the Diſtaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This truſtie Seruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miſtreſſes command. Weare this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſſe, if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
Baſt. Yours in the ranks of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My moſt deere Gloſter.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſeruices are due,
My Foole vſurpes my body.
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.
Enter Albany.
Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye-diſcerning
Thine Honor, from thy ſuffering.
Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell:
Proper deformitie ſeemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouſter.
Alb. Glouſters eyes.
Meſ. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'ſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue
You Iuſtices, that theſe our neather crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poore Glouſter)
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craues a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.
Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Glouſter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hateſull life. Another way
The Newes is not ſo tart. Ile read, and anſwer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Meſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?
Meſ. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.
Alb. Glouſter, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, ſinging alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaued Senſe; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you vnpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?

Stew. I Madam,

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?

Stew I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glouſters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy

Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs?
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſines.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnſeale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue ſtrange Eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeuen.

Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.

Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.

Glou Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Heere Friend's another purſe: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposeless wille,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heauy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But haue I falne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the clearest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?
The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Marlorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Goneril* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Ague-proofe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember. Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appetite. Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding stench,
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:
There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou
squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your
head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a heauy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Farmers dogge barke at a Begger?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which
thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Through

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place ſinnes with Gold, and the ſtrong Lance of Iuſtice, hurtleſſe breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies ſtraw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I ſay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to ſeale th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſſe-eyes, and like a ſcuruy Politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoo
A Troope of Horſe with Felt: Ile put't in prooſe,
And when I haue ſtolne vpon theſe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir,
Your moſt deere Daughter ——

Lear. No reſcue? What, a Priſoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vſe me well,
You ſhall haue ranſome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vſe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmugge Bridegroome. What? I will be iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. *Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curſe
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on ſpeedy foot: the maine deſcry
Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here
Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling ſorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Glou. Hearty thankes:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happie
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy ſelfe remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke paſſe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me: Villain, take my purſe;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouſter: ſeeke him out
Vpon the Engliſh party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A ſeruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let vs ſee:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and ſupply the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Seruant. Goneril.

Oh indiguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſte vnſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſſe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſeuer'd from my greeſes,
Drum afarre off.
And woes, by wrong imaginations loſe

The

The knowledge of themselues.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I liue and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And euery measure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.
Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam sleepes still.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature.
Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Gent. So please your Maiesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.
Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliss, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?
Cor. Still, still, farre wide.
Gen. He's scarse awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*
Cor. And so I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some cause, they haue not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further setling.
Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?
Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmond, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And self-reproouing, bring his constant pleasure.
Reg. Our Sisters man is certainely miscarried.
Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my Siſter?
Baſt. In honour'd Loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Siſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reaſond?
Gone. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemie:
For theſe domeſticke and particular broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter you'le go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle. I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loues you.
Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time ſhall ſerue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and Forces,
By diligent diſcouerie, but your haſt
Is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſters haue I ſworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the ſting
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retreat within.
Enter Edgar.
Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelues throw Incenſe.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, ſhall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes.
The good yeares ſhall deuoure them, fleſh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make vs weepe?
Weele see e'm staru'd first i come. *Exit.*
Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
Capt. Ile do't my Lord.
Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it felse your Brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.
Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.
Gon. Meane you to enioy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe-blood ed fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason, and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,
Let the Trmpet sound:
If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.
Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.
Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conney her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper sound,
And read out this. *A Tumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Army, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet*
Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*
Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?
Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary.
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Aduersary?
Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-
Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him? (ster?
Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustirous Prince,
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake,
Thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdaine and ſpurne:
Backe do I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for euer. Trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of Warre, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An vnknowne oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name, reade thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this paper?

Baſt. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got
Coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royall Noblenеſſe: I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your Father?

Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neere, (O our liues ſweetneſſe,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogges diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greeſe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mou'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it ſmoakes, it came euen from the heart of——O ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Baſt Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo: couer their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be briefe in it) to'th Caſtle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Haſt thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne diſpaire,
That ſhe for-did her ſelfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Ile vſe them ſo,
That Heauens vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.
Kent. O my good Master.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?
Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile see that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. Your are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else.
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead
Lear. I so I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.
Mess. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings. O see, see.
Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vsurpt his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.
Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.
Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.
Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Citie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Evades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stuft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.
Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to th'first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Cashear'd.
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselues Homage.
These Fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to peck at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Cities.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Siginor *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'ere rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,

Your

Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the deuill will make a Grand-ſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.
Bra. The worſſer welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plaineneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of Supper, and diſtempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rodo. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my houſe is not a Grange.
Rodo. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you
Ia. Sir: you are one of thoſe that will not ſerue God, if the deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſeruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horſe, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le haue Courſers for Cozens: and Genners for Germaines.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.
Iago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere. I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing. But I beſeech you
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and ſaucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue
That from the ſence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I ſay againe, hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her Duties, Beauties, Wits, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelfe.
If ſhe be in her Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light. *Exit.*
Iag. Farewell: for I muſt leaue you.
It ſeemes not meete, nor wholeſome to my place
To be produced, (as if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafetie caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for neceſſitie of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a Flag, and ſigne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but ſigne) that you ſhal ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceaues me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heauen: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery houſe Ile call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deſerue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue ſlaine men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuffe o'th'conſcience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me ſeruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking termes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what reſtraint or greeuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his ſpight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boaſting is an Honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May ſpeake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my vnhouſed free condition
Put into Circumſcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio, with Torches.

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed Father, and his Friends:
You were beſt go in.
Othel. Not I: I muſt be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.
Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneſſe of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Caſſio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haſte, Poſt-haſte appearance,
Enen on the inſtant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caſſio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate. The Gallies
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent Meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeuerall Queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And goe with you.
Caſſio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
Caſſio. I do not vnderſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſſio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?
Othel. Haue with you.
Caſſio. Here comes another Troope to ſeeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla, ſtand there.
Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theeſe.
Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
ruſt them. Good Signior, you ſhall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theeſe,
Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, ſo tender, Faire, and Happie,
So oppoſite to Marriage, that ſhe ſhun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'incurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the ſootie boſome,
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not groſſe in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking:
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the World, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do reſiſt
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my Cue to fight, I ſhould haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anſwere this your charge?
Bra. To Priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfi'd,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true moſt worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counſell, and your Noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counſell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cauſe. The Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if ſuch Actions may haue paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaues, and Pagans ſhall our Statеſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no compoſition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportioned;
My Letters ſay, a Hundred and ſeuen Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt accompt,
(As in theſe Caſes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkiſh Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I do not ſo ſecure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull ſenſe.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa
Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the businesse?
Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that last, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The *Ottamites*, Reuerend and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there ioynted them with an after Fleete.
1. *Sen.* I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?
Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free duties, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?
1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.
Duke. Why? What's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are verie sorry for't.
Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most Potent, Graue, and Reuerend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their dearest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vnvarnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Conuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.
Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vp on her.
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.
Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?
Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.
Othe. Auncient, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present

How

How I did thriue in this fáire Ladies loue,
And ſhe in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still queſtion'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue paſt.
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,
To th'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whoſe head touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibals that each others eare,
The *Antropophagus*, and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders, Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline
But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence
Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing.
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not inſtinctiuely: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange: 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woo her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her, that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Braba tio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake?
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Deſ. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And ſo much dutie, as my Mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (Iewell)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other Child,
For thy eſcape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a griſe, or ſtep may helpe theſe Louers.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Miſcheefe that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſerv'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
beſt knowne to you. And though we haue there a Subſti-
tute of moſt allowed ſufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
ſoueraigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafer
voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber
the gloſſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtub-
borne, and boyſtrous expedition.
Othe. The Tirant Cuſtome, moſt Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do aguize
A Naturall and prompt Alacertie,
I finde in hardneſſe: and do vndertake
This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottamites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With ſuch Accomodation and beſort
As leuels with her breeding.
Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it ſo.
Othe. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Greatious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your proſperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſſe.
Duke. What would you *Deſdemona*?
Deſ. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-light violence, and ſtorme of Fortunes,

May

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello's* viſage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereſt me:
And I a heauie interim ſhall ſupport
By his deere abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good ſoules, that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculatiue, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cries haſt:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Otho. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of qualitie and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signiot,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eies to ſee:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage.
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou do'ſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our ſelues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reaſon, to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or vnbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could neuer better ſteed thee then now. Put Money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vſurp'd Beard. I ſay put Money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but Money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purſe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhalbe to him ſhortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body ſhe will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canſt: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Euents in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerſe, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch Snipe,

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by'th'Nose
As Asses are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Mortiss. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like molestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not ensheltr'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Veronesse*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Aerisll blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cass. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of very expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouernor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchiu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make Ioues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Caſ. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly heere.
Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you company?
Caſſio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a Friend.
Caſſio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of Curteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſomuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes on me,
You would haue enough.
Def. Alas: ſhe ha's no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it ſtill, when I haue leaue to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She purs her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You haue little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended: Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwiues in your Beds.
Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſde. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, affay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it plucks out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.
If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faireneſſe and wit,
The ones for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Def. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. *If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
She'le find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Def. Worſe, and worſe.
Æmil. How if Faire, and Fooliſh?
Iago. *She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,*
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.
Deſde. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's Foule, and Fooliſh.
Iago. *There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,*
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wiſe-ones do.
Deſde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merit, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flie:
She that in wiſedome neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suiters following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer ſuch wightes were)
Def. To do what?
Iago. *To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.*

Deſde. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learne of him *Æmilia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and liberall Counſailor?
Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may reliſh him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curtſie: tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio 'Tis truely ſo.
Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him.
Caſſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth O, my faire Warriour.
Def. My deere *Othello*.
Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To ſee you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euery Tempeſt, come ſuch Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Euen as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile ſet downe the peggs that make this Muſicke, as honeſt as I am.

Othe. Come: let vs to the Caſtle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Hony) you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'ſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dotage
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthyneſſe
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt Valiant, (as they ſay baſe men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is native to them) liſt me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To loue him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart thinke it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a freſh appetite. Loueline ſſe in fauour, ſimpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will finde it ſelfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, diſreliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Caſſio* do's: a knaue very voluble, no further conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his ſalt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none: A ſlipper, and ſubtle knaue, a finder of occaſion: that he's an eye can ſtampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer preſent it ſelfe. A diueliſh knaue: beſides, the knaue is handſome, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A peſtilent compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figges-end. The Wine ſhe drinkes is made of grapes. If ſhee had beene bleſs'd, ſhee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curteſie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and maine exerciſe, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue Brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more fauourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choller: and happely may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, louing Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*
A moſt deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peraduenture
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wiſt.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Ielouzie ſo ſtrong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Caſſio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer ſeene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkiſh Fleete: euery man put himſelfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, ſome to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feaſting from this pre-

preſent houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Bleſſe the Iſle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*. *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona Caſſio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night. Let's teach our ſelues that Honourable ſtop, Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago*, hath direction what to do. But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye Will I looke to't.

Othe. *Iago*, is moſt honeſt: *Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earlieſt, Let me haue ſpeech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchaſe made, the fruites are to enſue, That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you. Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*: we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall caſt vs thus earely for the loue of his *Deſdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe ha's? Methinkes it ſounds a parley to prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye: And yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeakes, Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineſſe to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and neere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would fayne haue a meaſure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*. I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could wiſh Curteſie would inuent ſome other Cuſtome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caſſio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can faſten but one Cup vpon him With that which he hath drunke to night already, He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence As my yong Miſtris dogge. Now my ſicke Foole *Rodorigo*, Whom Loue hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out, To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carrows'd. Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch. Three elſe of Cyprus, Noble ſwelling Spirites, (That hold their Honours in a wary diſtance, The very Elements of this Warrelike Iſle) Haue I to night fluſter'd with flowing Cups, And they Watch too. Now 'mongſt this Flocke of drunkards Am I put to our *Caſſio* in ſome Action That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Conſequence do but approue my dreame, My Boate ſailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caſ. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not paſt a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Caſ. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſſio. Is your Engliſhmen ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He ſweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iuſtice.

Iago Oh ſweet England.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
His Breeches coſt him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy auld Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Caſſio. Why this is a more exquiſite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Caſ. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's thoſe things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be ſoules muſt be ſaued, and there be ſoules muſt not be ſaued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be ſaued.

Iago. And ſo do I too Lieutenant.

Caſſio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our ſinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our buſineſſe. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Monta. To th'Platforme (Maſters) come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*, And giue direction. And do but ſee his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a iuſt Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmitie
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his ſleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Mon. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this faire Iſland,
I do loue *Caſſio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill. But hearke, what noiſe?

Enter Caſſio purſuing Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue into a Twiggen-Bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.
Caſſio Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.
Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.
Caſſio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I ſay: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Maſters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will riſe. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be aſham'd for euer

Enter Othello, and Attendants

Othe. What is the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.
Othe. Hold for your liues.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of ſenſe and dutie?
Hold. The Generall ſpeaks to you: hold for ſhame.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our ſelues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottomites*
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that ſtirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Iſle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Maſters?
Honeſt *Iago* that lookes dead with grecuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuiſting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if ſome Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſtes,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any begining to this peeuiſh odles.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and ſtillneſſe of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wiſeſt Cenſure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you.
While I ſpare ſpeech which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſaid, or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charitie be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelues, it be a ſinne
When violence aſſailes vs.
Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion (hauing my beſt iudgement collied)
Aſſaies to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domeſtick Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafetie?
'Tis monſtrous: *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doſt deliuer more, or leſſe then Truth.
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it ſhould do offence to *Michaell Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, to ſpeake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Caſſio*, and entreats his pauſe:
My ſelfe, the crying Fellow did purſue,
Leaſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (ſwift of foote)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might ſay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them cloſe together
At blow, and thruſt, euen as againe they were
When you your ſelfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But Men are Men: The beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange Indignitie,
Which patience could not paſſe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.
Deſ. What is the matter (Deere?)
Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vil'd brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtriſe. *Exit.*
Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?
Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue loſt my Reputation. I haue loſt the immortall part of myſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.
Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had receiued ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no Reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode, (a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice) euen ſo as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? And ſpeake Parrat? And ſquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhadow? Oh thou inviſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.
Iago. Is't poſſible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Braines? that we ſhould with ioy, pleaſance, reuell and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into Beaſts.
Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.
Iago. Come, you are too ſeuere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country ſtands I could hartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.
Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe, he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell.
Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.
Caſſio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?
Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himſelfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, ſhall grow ſtonger, then it was before.
Caſſio. You aduiſe me well.
Iago. I proteſt in the ſinceritie of Loue, and honeſt kindneſſe.
Caſſio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to vndertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.
Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.
Caſſio. Good night, honeſt *Iago*.
Exit Caſſio.
Iago. And what's he then.
That ſaies I play the Villaine?
When this aduiſe is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this paralell courſe,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell.
When diuels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to do him good,
She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fillies vp the Crie. My Money is almoſt ſpent; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iſſue

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time: Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hath cashier'd *Cassio:* Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe: Content thy selfe, a-while. In troth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, good morrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, sir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Cassio Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, thet's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife: My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona* Procure me some accesse.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and busines
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
With *Desdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in:
I will bestow you where you shall haue time
To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it grieues my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile interminglo euery thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuite: Therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy Solicitor ſhall rather dye,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Caſſio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Why ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſſio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. *Exit Caſſio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othel. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio* my Lord? No ſure, I cannot thinke it
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.
Oth. I do beleeue 'twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face.
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. I ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his greeſe with mee
To ſuffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.
Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemon*) ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner (Sweet) for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday noone, or night; on Wenſday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon
(Saue that they ſay the warres muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'incurre a priuate checke. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio*,
That came a woing with you? and ſo many a time
(When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I ſhould entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nourriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon. Nay, when I haue a ſuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And feareſull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, Ile come to thee ſtrait.
Deſ. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou aske?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? I, Honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What do'ſt thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewne. Thou doſt mean ſomthing:
I heard thee ſay euen now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What didd'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſaile,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeede?
And didd'ſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'ſt ſhut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'ſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou do'ſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honeſtie,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giu'ſt them breath
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine, fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall Knaue
Are tricks of Cuſtome: but in a man that's iuſt,
They're cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That Paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke *Caſſio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts

The

The worſt of words.
Iago Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falſe?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my Iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of Iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ote,
Who dotes, yet doubts, Suſpects, yet foundly loues?
Oth. O miſerie.
Iago Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exuſſicate, and blow'd Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.
Ia. I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſſio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame!
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iago. Truſt me, I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee, y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mou'd.
Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long liue ſhe ſo;
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmel in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iag.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* haue his Place;
For ſure he fills it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you pleaſe, to him off a-while:
You ſhall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady ſtraine his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be ſeene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Jeſſes were my deere heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of Converſation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heauen mock'd it ſelfe:
Ile not beleeue't.

Deſ. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you inuited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*

Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.

Æmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it)
That ſhe reſerues it euermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing ——

Æmil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that ſame Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Æmil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.

Iago. Haſt ſtolne it from her?

Æmil. No: but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, that you haue beene
ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, ſhee'l run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vſe for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio*'s Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſon:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarſe found to diſtaſte:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haſt ſet me on the Racke:
I ſweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtolne houres of Luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie,
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumſtance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't poſſible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be ſure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe,

Or

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That louſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for Honeſtie's a Foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue ſome proofe. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatisfied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord
Would you the ſupet-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them boulſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you might haue't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the Slaue had forty thouſand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'u'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Propontick, and the Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee too't.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not aliue.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her liue.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him bidde him come hither. tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not Madam.

Des Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneſſe, As iealious Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil Is he not iealious?

Des Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him.

Æmil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble! How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moist my Lady.

Des It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart: Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise deuout, For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand, A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so: For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this: Come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rheume offends me: Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue: She was a Charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her Amiable, and subdue my Father Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it, Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me, And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd) To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't, Make it a Darling, like your precious eye To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition, As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true There's Magicke in the web of it: A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world The Sun to course, two hundred compasses, In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke: The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke, And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des Why do you speake so startingly and rash?

Oth Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Bleſſe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost. but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe.
My minde mis-giues.

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Æmil. Is not this man iealious?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And lo the happineſſe! go, and importune her.

Des.

Des. How now (good *Caſſio*) what's the newes with you?

Caſſio. Madam, my former ſuite. I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of ſuch mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice paſt, nor preſent Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my ſelfe, I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Deuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Des. I prythee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from Venice, or ſome vnhatch'd practiſe
Made demonſtrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a ſenſe
Of paine. Nay, we muſt thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (vnhandſome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule:
But now I finde, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſſe,
And he's Indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Des Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.

Æmil. But Iealious ſoules will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not euer iealious for the cauſe,
But iealious, for they're iealious. it is a Monſter
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monſter from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des I will go ſeeke him. *Caſſio*, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *Exit*

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you Friend *Caſſio.*)

Caſſio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca?*
Indeed (ſweet Loue) I was comming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Louers abſent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Caſſio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde geſſes in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Caſſio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wiſh
To haue him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſſio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night?

Caſſio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile ſee you ſoone.

Bian. 'Tis very good. I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Exeunt ambo.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo, *Iago?*

Iago. What, to kiſſe in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Diuell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall ſlip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectreſſe of her honor too:
May ſhe giue that?

Iago. Her honor is an Eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.
Otho. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Otho. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay (as Knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Conuinced or ſupply'd them, cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'le vn-ſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Othe. What? What?
Iago. Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? On her: what you will.
Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullſome: Handkerchiefe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiefe. To-confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueſt her ſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome Inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lippes: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames euen thus,
(All guiltleſſe) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay: *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now *Caſſio*?
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iago: My Lord is falne into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie muſt haue his quyet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe. Looke, he ſtirres:
Do you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?
Othe. Doſt thou mocke me?
Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
Othe. A Horned man's a Monſter, and a Beaſt.
Iago. Ther's many a Beaſt then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monſter.
Othe. Did he confeſſe it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certaine.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And layd good ſcuſes vpon your Extaſie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your ſelfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Othe. Do'ſt thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ſt thou heare) moſt bloody
Iago. That's not amiſſe,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires
Buyes her ſelfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtraine
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Otbello* ſhall go mad:
And his vnbookiſh Ieloufie muſt conſerue
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kilies me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickely ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas poore Caitiffe.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Iago. Do you heare *Caſſio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well ſaid, well ſaid.
Iago. She giues it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
Caſ. I marry. What? A cuſtomer: prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: they laugh, that winnes.
Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
Caſ. Prythee ſay true.
Iago. I am a very Villaine elſe.
Oth. Haue you ſcoar'd me? Well.
Caſ. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Iago* becomes me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſſio. She was heere euen now: ſhe haunts me in euery place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſſio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me. So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dogge, I ſhall throw it to.

Caſſio. Well, I muſt leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muſt take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, & I muſt take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſſio. How now, my ſweete *Bianca*? How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that ſhould be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l rayle in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſſio. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: ſay no more.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*

Iago. And did you ſee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh ſhe will ſing the Sauageneſſe out of a Beare: of ſo high and plenteous wit and inuention?

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Othe. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times: And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are ſo fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoſtulate with her: leaſt her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: The luſtice of it pleaſes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker: You ſhall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from Venice, 'Tis *Lodouico* this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you Signior: Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Deſ. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Othe. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will ——

Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper, Is there deuiſion 'twixt my Lord, and *Caſſio*?

Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one: I would do much T'attone them for the loue I beare to *Caſſio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimeſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th Letter mou'd him, For as I thinke, they do command him home, Deputing *Caſſio* in his Gouernment.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Deſ. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweete *Othello*?

Othe. Diuell.

Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice, Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends: ſhe weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell: If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocodile: Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady: I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.

Oth

Othe. Mistris.
Des. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne.
Sir, she can turne, and turne and yet go on
And turne againe: And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away
Ile send for you anon Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courses will deuote him so,
That I may saue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Othe. You haue seene nothing then?
Æmil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.
Othe. Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.
Æmi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they neuer whisper?
Æmil. Neuer my Lord.
Othe. Nor send you out o'th'way?
Æmil. Neuer.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
Æmil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?
Othe. That's strange.
Æmil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest chaste and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia*
She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Lock and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.
Des. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe Some of your Function Mistris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery. May dispatch. *Exit Æmi.*
Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
feare to seaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd, sweare
thou art honest
Des. Heauen doth truely know it.
Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Othe Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,
I haue lost him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,
I should haue found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as hell.
Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.
Des Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?
Des. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sau'd.
Othe. Is't possible?
Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Æmilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Des. With who?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Des. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady
Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such
Iago Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What likly hood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scruuy Fellow
Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th'West.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Des. Alas *Iago*,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forsweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Des. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodori. Euery day thou daffs me with some deuise *Iago*, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conueniencie, then supplies't me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffred.
Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori.

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rode. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is scurvy: and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I said said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo* Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd: and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treachrie, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodou. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Æm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.

Æmi. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds.
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expres's'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee dispatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome m ...

Des. He speakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamore tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there
Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
Æmil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this Heauenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
Æmil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husbands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Icalousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former having in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct vs so.
Des. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo,

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am slaine.
Cassio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*. *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is euen so.
Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate hyes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood be spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
Cas Oh helpe.
Lodo Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.
Gra Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?
Cas. *Iago?* Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me some helpe.
Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Cassio. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th'darke?
Where be these bloody Theeues?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.
Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Cas. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,
My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to seeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injurie.
Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?
Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of vse.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. Cassio hath beene bin set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Pry thee *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go see poore *Cassio* dresst.
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:
Yet she must dye, else she'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
That can thy Light re-lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello*?
Oth. I *Desdemona*.
Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?
Des. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.
Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I. I do.
Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Def. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I and for that thou dy'st.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then:
I never gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth
Oth. He hath confest.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you striue.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse
Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*

Æmilia at the doore.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.
Æmil within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil No. *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
Def. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil.

Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That she was falſe to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe bin true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, Woman?
I ſay, thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband: Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as dirt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Æmil. And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
Othello. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Acte.
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth Oh, oh, oh.
Æmil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was fowle!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle. there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd:
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemon*:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, hath the Act of ſhame,
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firſt gaue her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Æmil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Æmil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For eſten, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Æmil. She giue it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Æmil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Æmil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.*
Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould Honor out-liue Honeſty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song bood Lady?
Hearke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muſicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſte: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true:
So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muſt come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop. But (oh vaine boaſt)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And very Sea-marke of my vtmoſt Saile.
Do you go backe diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt feare:
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now: how doſt thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we ſhall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the poſſeſſion of this Heauenly ſight:
Blow me about in windes, roaſt me in Sulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemon*! dead *Deſdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Caſſio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou be'ſt a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not ſorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſſe to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a curſed Slaue,
What ſhall be ſaide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death.

Oth. I.

Caſ. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cauſe.

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will ſpeake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.

Lod. Sir,
You ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be vndertooke
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villaine!

Caſſio. Moſt Heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.

Lod. Now, heere's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue ſent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfi'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe:
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Caſſio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Caſſio. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and euen but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Indean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumciſed Dogge,
And ſmoate him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe. *Dyes*

Caſſio.

Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poyſons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ſeize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines the Cenſure of this helliſh villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My ſelfe will ſtraight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:*.*:)

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*
Caſſio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Deſdemona, *wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Muſters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great Fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypſies Luſt.

Flouriſh. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile ſet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the ſumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the ſcarſe-bearded *Cæſar* haue not ſent
His powreſull Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fuluias* Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheeke payes ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rang'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelfe.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: whoſe euery paſſion fully ſtriues
To make it ſelfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Philo. Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full ſorry, that hee approues the common Lyar, who thus ſpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothſayer, Rannius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you ſir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forefee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiue.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloning, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octauius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-liue the Lady whom you ſerue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue ſeene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wiſhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are priuie to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing els.

Char. Eene as the o're-flowing Nyles preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune,

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe Wiu'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Iſis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themſelues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Huſh, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſodaine A Romane thought hath ſtrooke him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexas*?

Alex. Heere at your ſeruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:
Go with vs. *Exeunt.*

Meſſen. *Fuluia* thy Wife,
Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*?

Meſſen. I: but ſoone that Warre had end,
And the times ſtate
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the firſt encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſ. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. Labienus (this is ſtiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'ſt ——

Ant. Anthony thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye ſtill, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Meſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1. *Meſ.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there ſuch an one?

2. *Meſ.* He ſtayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake,
Or looſe my ſelfe in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. *Meſ.* *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſ In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſſe,
With what elſe more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Anth. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone. thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

We with it ours againe. The preſent pleaſure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelfe: ſhe's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that ſhou'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thouſand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idleneſſe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Anth. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortall an vnkindneſſe is to them. if they ſuffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occaſion, let women die. It were pitty to caſt them awey for nothing. though betweene them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noyſe of this, dies inſtantly: I haue ſeene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome louing acte vpon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, ſighes and teares: They are greater ſtormes and Tempeſts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Raine as well as Ioue.

Ant. Would I had neuer ſeene her.

Eno. Oh ſir, you had then left vnſeene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene bleſt withall, would haue diſcredited your Trauaile.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Fuluia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why ſir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut. and the caſe to be lamented: This greeſe is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſſe ſhe hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſſe you haue broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Anſweres. Let our Officers Haue notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall breake The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queene, And get her loue to part. For not alone The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches Do ſtrongly ſpeake to vs: but the Letters too Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome, Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius* Haue giuen the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people, Whoſe Loue is neuer link'd to the deſeruer, Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw *Pompey* the great, and all his Dignities Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, Higher then both in Blood and Life, ſtands vp For the maine Souldier. Whoſe quality going on, The ſides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding, Which like the Courſers heire, hath yet but life, And not a Serpents poyſon. Say our pleaſure, To ſuch whoſe places vnder vs, require Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I ſhall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, Whoſe with him, what he does: I did not ſend you. If you finde him ſad, Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report That I am ſodaine ſicke. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly, You do not hold the method, to enforce The like from him.

Cleo What ſhould I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, croſſe him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a foole: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too farre. I wiſh forbeare, In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am ſicke, and ſullen.

An. I am ſorry to giue breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I ſhall fall, It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature Will not ſuſtaine it.

An. Now my deereſt Queene.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye there's ſome good newes. What ſayes the married woman you may goe? Would ſhe had neuer giuen you leaue to come. Let her not ſay 'tis I that keepe you heere, I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene So mightily betrayed: yet at the firſt I ſaw the Treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I thinke you can be mine, & true, (Though you in ſwearing ſhake the Throaned Gods) Who haue beene falſe to *Fuluia*? Riotous madneſſe, To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vowes, Which breake themſelues in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeeke no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and goe: When you ſued ſtaying, Then was the time for words: No going then, Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes, Bliſſe in our browes bent: none our parts ſo poore, But was a race of Heauen. They are ſo ſtill, Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world, Art turn'd the greateſt Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time commands
Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated growne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as haue not thriued
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fuluias* death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fuluia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyſure read
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhee died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fuluias* death, how mine receiu'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.
Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubiect, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.
Cleo 'Tis ſweating Labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.
Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Caſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtracts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneſſe:
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.
Caſ. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue e Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaues that ſmels of ſweate: Say this becoms him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe thinge cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightneſſe. If he fil'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.
Meſ. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe
That only haue feard *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.
Caſ. I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate
That he which is was wiſht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To rot it ſelfe with motion.
Meſ. *Ceſar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Veſſell can peepe forth: but 'tis as ſoone
Taken as ſeene: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his Warre reſiſted.
Ceſar. *Anthony*,
Leaue thy laſciuious Vaſſailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Modena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirſius and *Pauſa* Conſuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could ſuffer. Thou did'ſt drinke
The ſtale of Horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat then did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'ſt eate ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I ſpeake it now)
Was borne ſo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Caſ. Let his ſhames quickely
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did ſhew our ſelues i'th'Field, and to that end
Aſſemble me immediate counſell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Ceſar*,
I ſhall be furniſht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time.
Caſ. Til which encounter, it is my buſines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you ſhal know mean time
Of ſtirres abroad, I ſhall beſeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.
Ceſar. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.
Cleo. *Charmian.*
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your Highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honeſt to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy horſe to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou moou'ſt.
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle.
(For ſo he cals me:) Now I feede my ſelfe
With moſt delicious poyſon. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Ceſar*,
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A morſell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Ceſar.
Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (deere Qu ene)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes
This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart
Cleo. Mine eare muſt plucke it thence.
Alex Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foote
To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would haue ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between & extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well diuided diſpoſition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh beauenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeuerall Meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to ſend
to *Anthonie*, ſhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Ceſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that braue *Ceſar*!
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Ceſar*.
Cleo. By Iſis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Ceſar* Parago nagaine:
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themſelues, when they be felt.
Meſ. I haue done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou againe ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt:
So halfe my Egypt were ſubmerg'd and made
A Cesterne for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'ſt appeere moſt vgly: He is married?
Meſ. I craue your Highneſſe pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To puniſh me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia*.
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou haſt brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
Char. Good your Highneſſe patience.
Cleo. In prayſing *Anthony*, I haue diſprais'd *Cæſar*.
Char. Many times Madam
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pitty me *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeake to me. Lead me to my Chamber
Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter Pompey at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæſar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching

Pom. Your Hoſtages I haue, ſo haue you mine:
And we ſhall talke before we fight.
Cæſar. Moſt meete that firſt we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purpoſes before vs ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let vs know,
If't will tye vp thy diſcontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh heere.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, ſince *Iulius Cæſar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honeſt, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull Rome
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can'ſt not feare vs *Pompey* with thy ſailes.
Weele ſpeake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt orecount me of my Fatherrs houſe:
But ſince the Cuckoo buildes not for himſelfe,
Remaine in't as thou maiſt.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the preſent how you take)
The offers we haue ſent you.
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd
Cæſar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhacked edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I looſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I haue gained by't.
Cæſar. Since I ſaw you laſt, ther's a change vpon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh Fortune caſt vpon my face,
But in my boſome ſhall ſhe neuer come,
To make my heart her vaſſaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I craue our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd betweene vs,
Cæſar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feaſt each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I *Pompey*.
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but firſt or laſt,
your fine Egyptian cookerie ſhall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Cæſar*, grew fat with feaſting there.
Anth. You haue heard much.
Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Apolodorus* carried——
Eno. No more that: he did ſo.
Pom. What I pray you?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæſar* in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Foure Feasts are toward.

Pom Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew s the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manet Enob. & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. Ar Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæsars* Sister is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Cæsar*, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musicke playes.
Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th'their Plants are rooted already, the least winde i'th'world will blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greatest warre betweene him & his discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.
Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowenesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harueſt.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramisis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and moues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Rise

Riſe from thy ſtoole.
Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?
Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſeru'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be iolly Lords.
Anth. Theſe Quicke-ſands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off, them for you ſinke.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſaiſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.
Pom. How ſhould that be?
Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunke well.
Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way?
Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt haue done,
And not haue ſpoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good ſeruice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it. Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath ſo betraide thine act. Being done vnknowne,
I ſhould haue found it afterwards well done,
But muſt condemne it now: deſiſt, and drinke.
Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who ſeekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*
Ant. Beare him aſhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.
Eno Heere's to thee *Menaco*
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a ſtrong Fellow *Menas*.
Men. Why?
Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: ſeeſt not?
Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.
Eno. Drinke thou: encreaſe the Reeles.
Men Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaſt.
Ant. It ripen's towards it: ſtrike the Veſſell? hoa.
Heere's to *Cæſar*
Cæſar. I could well forbear't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my braine, and it grow fouler.
Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.
Cæſar. Poſſeſſe it, Ile make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, foure dayes, then drinke ſo much in one.
Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, ſhall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?
Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteep't our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding euery man ſhall beate as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly

Muſicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæſar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me tequeſt you of our grauer buſineſſe
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You ſee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongne
Spleet's what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.
Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.
Anth. And ſhall Sir. giues your hand.
Pom Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.
Eno Take heed you fall not *Menas*. Ile not on ſhore,
No to my Cabin: theſe Drummes,
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To theſe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Flouriſh with Drummes.

Eno. Hoo ſaies a there's my Cap.
Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ſtroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Paies this for *Marcus Craſſus*
Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whil'ſt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whether
The routed flie So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerues away.
Cæſar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then perſon. *Soſſius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, loſt his fauour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choiſe of loſſe
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good.
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.
Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword greunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.
Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The neere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th Field.
Rom Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what haste
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On their, passe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What art the Brothers parted?
Eno. They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sicknesse.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæsar*.
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.
Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.
Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?
Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?
Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.
Agr Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loues *Cæsar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:
Hoo Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,
His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loues.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for
This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir.
Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if onboth parts
This be not cherisht.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.
Cæsar. I haue said.
Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines seure your ends:
We will heere part.
Cæsar. Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: farethee well.
Octa. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.
Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—
Cæsar. What *Octauia*?
Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue,
The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the of full Tide:
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Cæsar* weepe?
Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a Horse so is he being a man
Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.
Eno. That yeare indeed, he was troubled with a rume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.
Cæsar. No sweet *Octauia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I, let Iou go,
And giue you to the Gods.
Cæsar. Adieu be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.
Cæsar. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octauia.*
Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfe afeard to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.
Alex. Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well plaes'd.
Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere.
Mes. Most gratious Maiestie.
Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octauia*?
Mes I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam in Rome, I looke her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speake she is low voic'd.
Cleo That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maiestie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.
Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one.
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine?
Mes. Or I haue no obseruance.
Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſſe at her yeares, I prythee.

Meſſ. Madam, ſhe was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

Meſ. And I do thinke ſhe's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Meſſ. Round, euen to faultineſſe.

Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are foolifh that are ſo. Her haire what colour?

Meſſ. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpeneſſe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moſt fit for buſineſſe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeene ſome Maiefty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeene Maieſtie? *Iſis* elſe defend: and ſerving you ſo long.

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainſt *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure: lent me,
When the beſt hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you muſt beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuiſion chance, ne're ſtood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: Oh bleſſe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diſtroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your beſt loue draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerue it: if I looſe mine Honour,
I looſe my ſelfe: better I were not yours
Then your ſo branchleſſe. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelfe ſhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raiſe the preparation of a Warre
Shall ſtaine your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſt,
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Ioue of power make me moſt weake, moſt weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world ſhould cleaue, and that ſlaine men
Should ſoader vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be ſo equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Chooſe your owne company, and command what coſt
Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's ſtrange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. Ceſar & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſſe?

Eros. Ceſar hauing made vſe of him in the warres gainſt *Pompey*: preſently denied him riuality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale ſeizes him, ſo the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of chapſn o mote, and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and ſpurnes
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Ceſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.

Eno. 'Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir, *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Ceſar.

Ceſ. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall ſiluer'd,
Cleopatra and himſelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Ceſarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull iſſue, that their Luſt
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abſolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Ceſar. I'th'common ſhew place, where they exerciſe,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: ſhe
In th'abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported ſo.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Ceſar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accuſations.

Agri. Who does he accuſe?

Ceſar. Ceſar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping vnreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Ceſar. 'Tis done already, and the Meſſenger gone:
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deſerue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.
Caſ. Not muſt not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Caeſar*, and my L. haile moſt deere *Caeſar*.
Caeſar. That euer I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.
Octa. You haue not call'd me ſo, nor haue you cauſe.
Caſ. Why haue you ſtolne vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Caeſars* Siſter, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vſher, and
The neighes of Horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appeare. The trees by th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should haue aſcended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The oſtentation of our loue; which left vnſhewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we ſhould haue met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Caſ. Which ſoone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tweene his Luſt, and him.
Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Caſ. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Caſar. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagear, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Caſ. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iuſtice, makes his Miniſters
Of vs, and thoſe that loue you. Beſt of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyſes it againſt vs.
Octa. Is it ſo ſir?
Caſ. Moſt certaine: Siſter welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'ſt Siſter. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt forſpoke my being in theſe warres,
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt vs, why ſhould not
we be there in perſon.
Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee ſhould ſerue with
Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were meerly loſt:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Enob. Your preſence needs muſt puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeake againſt vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the preſident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againſt it.
I will not ſtay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandiſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſſe. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares vs too't.
Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,
Where *Caſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerue not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Caſars* Fleete,
Are thoſe, that often haue 'gainſt *Pompey* fought.
Their ſhippes are yare, yours heauy no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you haue by Land.
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Giue vp your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo

Cleo. I haue ſixty Sailes, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our ouer-plus of ſhipping will we burne,
And with the reſt full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæſar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thy Buſineſſe?
Meſ. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar ha's taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange that his power ſhould be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.
Enter a Soldiour.
How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten plankes: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earthis
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iuſteius,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They ſay, one *Towrus*.
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Emperor cals *Camidius*.
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Cæſ. *Towrus*?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Preſcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*
Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.
Ant Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæſars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the ſtage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæſar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.
Enter Scarrus.
Scar. Gods, & Goddeſſes, all the whol ſynod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion.
Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loſt
With very ignorance, we haue kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
Eno. How appeares the Fight?
Scar. On our ſide, like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie o're-take) i'th'midſt o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoiſts Sailes, and flyes.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in height, flyes after her:
I neuer ſaw an Action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.
Enob. Alacke, alacke.
Enter Camidius.
Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.
Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my Horſe, ſixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.
Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.
Enter Anthony with Attendants.
Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Omnes. Fly? Not wee.
Ant. I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtructed cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my ſelfe reſolu'd vpon a courſe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for raſhneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Haue Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad,
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my diſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it ſelfe, to the Sea-ſide ſtraight way;
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip and Treaſure.

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do ſo: for indeede I haue loſt command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile ſee you by and by. *Sits downe*
Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.
Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moſt deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit downe: Oh *Iuno*.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His ſword e'ne like a dancer, while I ſtrooke
The leane and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practiſe had
In the braue ſquares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir ariſe, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceaſe her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A moſt vnnoble ſwerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haſt thou lead me Egypt, ſee
How I conuey my ſhame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in diſhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull ſayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacie thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon,
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant Fall not a teare I ſay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loſt: Giue me a kiſſe,
Euen this repayes me.
We ſent our Schoolemaſter, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: ſome Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We ſcorne her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Caſar, Agrippa, and Dollabella, with others.

Caſ. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.
Dolla *Caſar*, 'tis his Schoolemaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moones gone by.
Enter Ambaſſador from Anthony.
Caſar. Approach, and ſpeake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leaſe
To his grand Sea.
Caſ. Bee't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Leſſons his Requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſſe thy Greatneſſe,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Caſ. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his requeſt. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall faile, ſo ſhee
From Egypt driue her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhee performe,
She ſhall not ſue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Caſ. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, what ſhe requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Veſtall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Caſar*, I go.
Caſar. Obſerue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeakes
In euery power that mooues.
Thid. *Caſar*, I ſhall. *exeunt.*
Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.
Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whoſe ſeuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion? 'Twas a ſhame no leſſe
Then was his loſſe, to courſe your flying Flaggs,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.
Enter the Ambaſſador with Anthony.
Ant. Is that his anſwer? *Amb.* I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene ſhall then haue courteſie,
So ſhe will yeeld vs vp.
Am. He ſayes ſo.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caſar* ſend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Roſe
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular. His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Coward, whoſe Miniſters would preuaile
Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as ſoone
As't'h'Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Compariſons a-part,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.
Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*
Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him ſir.
Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare.
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſars* will.
Thid. Heare it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars*.
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further then he is *Cæſars*.
Cleo. Go on right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerued.
Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.
Eno. To be ſure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leakie
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deereſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
Thid Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his ſpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſal Land-
Cleo. What's your name? (lord.
Thid. My name is *Thidias*.
Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conquering hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.
Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath muſ'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performes (Fellow?
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To haue command obey'd.
Eno You will be whipt.
Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnrooſt and muſſe, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.
Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I finde them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe heere, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. *Marke Anthony.*
Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
Ant. You haue beene a boggeler ere,
But when we in our viciouſneſſe grow hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe Gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Baſan to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue ſauage cauſe,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen engender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Antony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Syth. *Exeunt.*

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart: when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Cæsar to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Cæsar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Antony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Scritors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue serv'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerue another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſeruice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this diſcomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Aſſe, am Onyon-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my beatty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather I'le expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.

1 Nothing: what newes?

2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, goodnight to you.

1 Well ſir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themſelues in every corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand vp.

1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpoſe.

Muſicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noiſe?

1 Liſt liſt.

2 Hearke.

1 Muſicke i'th' Ayre.

3 Vnder the earth.

4 It ſignes well, do's it not?

3 No.

1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?

2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.

1 Walke, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?

2 How now Maiſters? *Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1 I, is't not ſtrange?

3 Do you heare Maſters? Do you heare?

1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's ſee how it will giue off.

Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange, *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others

Ant. Eros, mine Armour *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we braue her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'le helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law I'le helpe: Thus it muſt bee.

Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thriue now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To daſt for our Repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Diſpatch. O Loue,
That thou couldſt ſee my Wattes to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To buſineſſe that we loue, we riſe betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shout.*

Trumpets Flouriſh.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come giue me that, this way, well-ſed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, I'le leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'le bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight:
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, & thoſe thy feares had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ſtill
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*.

Hee

He ſhall not heare thee, or from *Cæſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certaine.
Ant. Go *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wiſh he neuer finde more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flouriſh. Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Cæſ. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it ſo knowne.
Agrip. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
Cæſar. The time of vniuerſall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. *Anthony* is come into the Field.
Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leaue his Maſter *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe ſo ſorely,
That I will ioy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.
Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
Eno. I giue it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Ioue. *Exit*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſeruice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If ſwift thought breake it not: a ſwifter meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will go ſeeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our ſelues too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe ha's worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had drouen them home
With clowtsabout their heads. *Far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retyre.
Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for ſix ſcotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ſerues
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs ſcore their backes,
And ſnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, wee'l ſpill the blood
That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with ioyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The Honour'd-gaſhes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneſſe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare vncaught.
Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nouriſhes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy ſauouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſeru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promiſes Royall perill. Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to th'Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre i'th'Morne.
1. Watch. This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one too's.
Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.
2 What man is this?
1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
2 Peace: Hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1 Let's ſpeake to him.
Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar.*
2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for ſleepe.
1 Go we to him.
2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to vs.
1 Heare you ſir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke the Drummes demutely wake the ſleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I tak't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt aduantage. *exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ſtand. I ſhall diſcouer all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. *exit*
Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly.
And date not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They caſt their Caps vp, and Carouſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vpriſe ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wiſhes, do diſ-Candie, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whoſe Boſome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Loue?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall giue thee thy deſeruing,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee vp to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy viſage vp
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was neuer ſo imboſt.
Char. To'th'Monument there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:

The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatneſſe going off.
Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue ſlaine my ſelfe.
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it(prythee)pitteouſly Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a clowd that's Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre
Thou haſt ſeene theſe Signes,
They are blacke Veſpers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horſe, euen with a thought
the Racke diſſimes, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros It does my Lord.
Ant My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen ſuch a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knaue)
I made theſe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whil'ſt it was mine, had annext vnto't
A Million moe, (now loſt.) ſhee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our ſelues to end our ſelues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence ſawcy Eunuch peace, ſhe hath betraid me,
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon, can be paide but once,
And that ſhe ha's diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
Is done vnto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*.
Then in the midd'ſt a teating grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: ſhe rendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muſt ſleepe: That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The ſeuen-fold ſhield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleeue my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Caſe. Apace *Eros*, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruiſed peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye downe and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelfe with ſtrength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſtes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my ſelfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leſſe Noble minde
Then ſhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* telles
I am Conqueror of my ſelfe. Thou art ſworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: When I ſhould ſee behinde me
Th'ineuitable proſecution of diſgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'ſt kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou ſtrik'ſt not me,
'Tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt ayme, and could not.
Ant. *Eros*,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face ſubdu'de
To penetrative ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeate
Of Fortunate *Cæſar* drawne before him, branded
His Baſeneſſe that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword, which thou haſt worne
Moſt vſefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh ſir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt ſ not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.
Ant. I.oe thee.
Eros. My ſword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawne it.
Eros. My deere Maſter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farwell.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now *Eros*. *Killes himſelfe.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthonies* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue inſtruction got vpon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh diſpatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, ſtrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one: *exeunt*

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This ſword but ſhewne to *Cæſar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not anſwer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?
Draw thy ſword, and giue mee,
Suffiſing ſtrokes for death.

Diom. Moſt abſolute Lord:
My Miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhee ſend thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is ſhe? (feare

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying
Of what hath come to paſſe: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which neuer ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might worke, hath ſent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſeruice that I ſhall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we ſir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Moſt heauy day.

Ant Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh vs, and we puniſh it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we diſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other ſide your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varrying ſhore o'th'world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſars* Valour hath o'erthrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it ſelfe.

Cleo. So it ſhould be,
That none but *Anthony* ſhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis ſo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely,
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thouſand kiſſes, the poore laſt
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaſt I be taken: not th'Imperious ſhew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæſar*, euer ſhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, ſting, or operation. I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill Concluſion, ſhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muſt draw thee vp.
Aſſiſt good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's ſport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heauineſſe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee vp,
And ſet thee by Ioues ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liu'd,
Quicken with kiſſing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy ſight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (ſweet Queene)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your Honour, with your ſafety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me.
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Reſolution, and my hands, Ile truſt,
None about *Cæſar*.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greateſt Prince o'th'world,
The Nobleſt: and do now not baſely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't dye?
Haſt thou no care of me, ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better then a Stye? Oh ſee my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsell of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol. *Cæsar*, I shall
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?
Decr. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar*: if ỹ pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world
Dec. He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cæs. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see himselfe.
Cæsar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter an Ægyptian.
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.
Cæsar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
Ægypt. So the Gods preserue thee. *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.
Pro. *Cæsar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?
All. *Dolabella.*
Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which ſleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars*

Enter Proculeius

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou mean'ſt to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would haue a Queece his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Maieſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt,
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: If he pleaſe
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Graee, that it flowes ouer
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependacie, and you ſhall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The Greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your ſelfe: Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
Ile not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe Ile ruine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyſt me vp,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotarie
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: Be gentle to her.
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter ſir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderſtand not, Madam.

Cleo I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony*,
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Moſt Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Creſted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one ſuch
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vie ſtrange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainſt Fancie,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as your ſelfe, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purſu'de ſucceſſe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greeſe that ſuites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will I know't. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſar. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey,
Cæſar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but do confeſſe I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies courſe, you ſhall bereaue your ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from.
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſar. You ſhall aduiſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reſerv'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my peril ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you haue made known
Cæſar. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approue
Your Wiſedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truſt
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, & ſhalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leſſe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely baſe!
Cæſar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady trifles haue reſerv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuia* and *Octauia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th' Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.
Cæſar. Forbeare *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thoght
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſar. Cleopatra,
Not what you haue reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill bee't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue
Cæſars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe
Our care and pitty is ſo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſar. Not ſo: Adieu. *Flouriſh.*
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I haue ſpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella, I ſhall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhall be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded.
And forc'd to drinke their vapour
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage vs, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greateſſe
I'th' poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile neuer ſee't? for I am ſure mine Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their moſt abſurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l diſpatch indeede,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noiſe within.

Wherefore's this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*
What poore an Inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clowne.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething giuen to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that will beleeue all that they ſay, ſhall neuer be ſaued by halfe that they do: but this is moſt fallyable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow You muſt thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeede, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the diuell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the diuell dreſſe her not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forſooth: I wiſh you ioy o'th'worm. *Exit*

Cleo Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diſſolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
The Gods themſelues do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, vnpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay——— *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſſe vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play———

Enter the Guard ruſhing in, and Dolabella.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Cæſar* hath ſent

Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæſar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh ſir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt,
She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not ſee them bleede.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſar. Poyſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar:*
This *Charmion* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.
Cæſar. Oh Noble weakeneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Bloud, and ſomething blowne.
The like is on her Arme.
1 *Guard.* This is an Aſpickes traile,
And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony.*
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous: high euents as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order, in this great Solmemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harueſt Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the graver,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleeue you.

1 We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisedome may informe you.
Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.
Qu. You know the peril:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*
Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe.
Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.
Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.
Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baseſt thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.
Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.
Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.
Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senseleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.
Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Putrocke.
Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for baseneſſe.
Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe togethet: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.
Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice.
Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.
Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so
Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gaue you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come. Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauen,
And question'dst euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to

to extend him,be it but to fortifie her iudgement,which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat,for taking a Begger without leſſe quality.But how comes it,he is to ſoiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance ?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you,as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir we haue knowne together in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when,I haue bin debtor to you for courteſies,which I will be euer to pay,and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir,you o're-rate my poore kindneſſe,I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you:it had beene pitty you ſhould haue beene put together,with ſo mortall a purpoſe,as then each bore, vpon importance of ſo ſlight and triuiall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauellet, rather ſhun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences:but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by ſuch two,that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other,or haue ſlaine both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I thinke,'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of vs fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman,at that time vouching,(and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified,and leſſe attemptible then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this,worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill,and I my mind

Iach You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſth. Being ſo farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing,though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer,not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if ſhe went before others. I haue ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue ſhe excelled many: but I haue not ſeene the moſt pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her,as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Miſtirs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſolde or giuen,or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes,or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too,ſo your brace of vnprizeable Eſtimations,the one is but fraile, and the other Caſuall;. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy ,containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue ſtore of Theeues,notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere,Gentlemen?

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With fiue times ſo much converſation,I ſhould get ground of your faire Miſtris; make her go backe,euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poſt. No,no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence,then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion,and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of,by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Poſth. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it)deſerue more;a puniſhment too

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too ſodainely,let it dye as it was borne,and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach Would I had put my Eſtate,and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue ſpoke,

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours,whom in conſtancie you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is,with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers,which you imagine ſo reſeru'd.

Poſthumus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it

Iach You are a Friend, and therein the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſeure it from tainting; but I ſee you haue ſome Religion in you,that you feare.

Poſthu. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a graue purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches,and would vnder-go what's ſpoken,I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe,the hugeneſſe of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I haue enioy'd the deereſt bodily part of your Miſtris:my ten thouſand Duckets are yours,

ſo

ſo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in ſuch honour as you haue truſt in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided. I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you ſhall anſwere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderſtand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhee is not worth our debate. If ſhee remaine vnſeduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwiſe: for your ill opinion, and th'aſſault you haue made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue theſe things ſet downe by lawfull Counſell, and ſtraight away for Britaine, leaſt the Bargaine ſhould catch colde, and ſterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather thoſe Flowers,
Make haſte. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Maſter Doctor, haue you brought thoſe drugges?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence
(My Conſcience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me theſe moſt poyſonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languiſhing death:
But though ſlow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diſtill? Preſerue? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleſſe thou think'ſt me diuelliſh) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highneſſe
Shall from this practiſe, but make hard your heart:
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Heere comes a flattering Raſcall, vpon him
Will I firſt worke: Hee's for his Maſter,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſeruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam,
But you ſhall do no harme.

Qu. Heatke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke ſhe ha's
Strange ling'ring poyſons: I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice, with
A drugge of ſuch damn'd Nature. Thoſe ſhe ha's,
Will ſtupifie and dull the Senſe a-while,
Which firſt (perchance) ſhee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reuiuing She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect: and I, the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Qu. No further ſeruice, Doctor,
Vntill I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes ſhe ſtill (ſaiſt thou?)
Doſt thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where Folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou worke:
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye ſpeechleſſe, and his name
Is at laſt gaſpe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt vp
Thou know'ſt not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Miſtris how
The caſe ſtands with her: doo't, as from thy ſelfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changeſt on, but thinke
Thou haſt thy Miſtris ſtill, to boote, my Sonne,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire: and then my ſelfe, I chiefely,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Piſa.*
Thinke on my words. A ſlye, and conſtant knaue,
Not to be ſhak'd: the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-faſt to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, ſhe after
Except ſhe bend her humor, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

So, ſo: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowſlippes, and the Prime-Roſes
Beare to my Cloſſet: Fare thee well, *Piſanio.*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Piſa. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my ſelfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreame Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely.
Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinately tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust. Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so precious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'judgment
Per Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satisty yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish.
Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord say so?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood. with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartyly
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more openesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.
Imo You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop
Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only heere, should I (damn'd then)

Slaver

S lauuer with lippes as common as the ſtayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoakie light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch reuolt.
Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.
Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces'
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.
Imo. Let me heare no more.
Iach. O deereſt Soule: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reueng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.
Imo. Reueng'd:
How ſhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue ſuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reueng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, vpon your purſe: reuenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. Let me my ſeruice tender on your lippes.
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ſt haue rold this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa. *Piſanio*?
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerues thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angrie
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleſſe. Pray your pardon.
Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Courr for yours.
Iach. My humble thankes: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt.
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our wing) haue mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor.
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange
To haue them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night.
I muſt aboord to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke vpon an vp-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian; what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come; go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a crastie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Bestes all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene?*

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee. *Sleepes.*

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.
Clocke strikes
One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſicke would come: I am adui-ſed to giue her Muſicke a mornings, they ſay it will penetrate. *Enter Muſitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful ſweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate ſings,
and Phœbus gins ariſe,
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe ariſe.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will conſider your Muſicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horſe-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was vp ſo early: he cannot chooſe but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maieſty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our ſtern daughter Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I haue aſſayl'd her with Muſickes, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time
Muſt weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then ſhe's yours.

Qu. You are moſt bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your ſelfe
To orderly ſolicity, and be friended
With aptneſſe of the ſeaſon: make denials
Encreaſe your Seruices: ſo ſeeme, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſſe.

Clot. Senſeleſſe? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himſelfe, his goodneſſe fore-ſpent on vs
We muſt extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Miſtris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we ſhall haue neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be vp, Ile ſpeake with her: if not
Let her lye ſtill, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th'ſtand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaues the Theefe:
Nay, ſometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderſtand the caſe my ſelfe.
By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La That's more
Then ſome whoſe Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iuſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall thinke is good. The Princeſſe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchaſing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And ſcarſe can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you ſweare ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yeeld being ſilent,
I would not ſpeake. I pray you ſpare me, 'faith
I ſhall vnfold equall diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſſe: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madneſſe, 'twere my ſin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much ſorry (Sir),
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being ſo verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am ſo neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuſe my ſelfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boaſt.

Clot. You ſinne againſt
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their ſoules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in ſelfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The conſequence o th'Crowne,and muſt not ſoyle
The precious note of it; with a baſe Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie,a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo Prophane Fellow:
Were thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*,and no more,
But what thou art beſides: thou wer't too baſe,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues,to be ſtil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd ſo well.
Clot. The South-Fog tot him.
Imo. He neuer can meete more miſchance,then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'ſt Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my reſpect,then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made ſuch men: How now *Peſanio*?
Enter Piſanio,
Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee preſently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a Foole,
Frighted,and angred worſe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too caſually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Maſters. Shrew me
If I would looſe it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning. Confident I am.
Laſt night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiſs'd it,
I hope it be not gone,to tell my Lord
That I kiſſe aught but he.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go and ſearch.
Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meaneſt Garment?
Imo. I,I ſaid ſo Sir,
If you will make't an Action,call witneſſe to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceiue,I hope
But the worſt of me. So I leaue your Sir,
To'th'worſt of diſcontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile reuenge'd:
His mean'ſt Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus,and Philario.

Poſt. Feare it not Sir: I would I were ſo ſure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.
Phil. What meanes do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the preſent winters ſtate,and wiſh
That warmer dayes would come: In theſe fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſſe,and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commiſſion throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute. ſend th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines,whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their griefe.
Poſt. I do beleeue
(Statiſt though I am none,nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you ſhall heare
The Legion now in Gallia,ſooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine,then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd,then when *Iulius Caſar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill,but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages)will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People,ſuch
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phi. See *Iachimo*.
Poſt. The ſwifteſt Harts,haue poſted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiſs'd your Sailes,
To make your veſſell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Poſt. I hope the briefeneſſe of your anſwere,made
The ſpeedineſſe of your returne.
Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayreſt that I haue look'd vpon
Poſt. And therewithall the beſt,or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.
Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.
Poſt. Their tenure good I truſt.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont,or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I haue loſt it,
I ſhould haue loſt the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre,t'enioy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſſe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Poſt. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being ſo eaſy.
Poſt. Make not Sir
Your loſſe,your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir,we muſt
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miſtris home,I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſſe my ſelfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her,or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.
Poſt. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue taſted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not,the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines,or looſes,
Your Sword,or mine,or Maſterleſſe leaue both
To who ſhall finde them.
Iach. Sir,my Circumſtances
Being ſo nere the Truth,as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to beleeue; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirme with oath,which I doubt not

You'l

You'l giue me leaue to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You needeit not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* ſwell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtriue
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt iuſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour iniury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Morion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Rooſe o'th Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Ioue.——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhee?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske vnto mine eye,
Kilies me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue meaſure falſe.
Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring.
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident then this: for this was ſtolne.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinencie
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themſelues betweene you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arithmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale.
I will go there and do't, i'th'Court, before
Her Father. Ile do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or ieſle; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Luſt, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. Ile write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Ceſar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Ceſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Ceſars* praiſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſeruing it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to hill the meruaile,
Shall be ſo euer.

Clot. There be many *Ceſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The naturall bravery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskalcable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But ſucke them vp to'th' Top-maſt. A kinde of Conqueſt
Ceſar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with ſhame
(The firſt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As eaſily gainſt our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Ceſars* Sword,
Made *Lud-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no mo ſuch *Ceſars*, other of them may haue crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibulan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Ceſar* can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Ceſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' World, againſt all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelues to be, we do. Say then to *Ceſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe vſe the Sword of *Ceſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed.
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the firſt of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.

Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Ceſar*
(*Ceſar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Ceſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Ceſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much vnder him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmarians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Ceſar* ſhall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.

Clot. His Maieſty biddes you welcome. Make paſtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So ſir.

Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Piſanio reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus:*
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is falne into thy eare? What falſe Italian,
(As poyſonous tongu'd,as handed)hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyall? No.
She's puniſh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeſſe-like,then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Vertue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her,is now as lowe,as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I ſhould murther her,
Vpon the Loue,and Truth,and Vowes;which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo,to do good ſeruice,neuer
Let me be counted ſeruiceable. How looke I,
That I ſhould ſeeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't.[1]The Letter.
That I haue ſent her,by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: ſenſeleſſe bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Piſanio*?

Piſ. Madam,heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who,thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh,learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Starres,as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relliſh of Loue,
Of my Lords health,of his content: yet not
That we two are aſunder,let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable,that is one of them,
For it doth phyſicke Loue,of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax,thy leaue: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Lockes of counſaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you caſt in priſon,yet
You claſpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

IVſtice and your Fathers wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion)could not be ſo cruell to me,as you: (oh the deereſt of Creatures)would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Hauen: *what your owne Loue,will out of this aduiſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſſe,that remaines loyall to his Vow,and your encreaſing in Loue.* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou *Piſanio*?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read,and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke,why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me,to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate)but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond,beyond: ſay,and ſpeake thicke
(Loues Counſailor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To th'ſmothering of the Senſe)how farre it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy,as
T'inherite ſuch a Hauen. But firſt of all,
How we may ſteale from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuſe: but firſt,how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee ſpeake,
How many ſtore of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre,and houre?

Piſ. One ſcore'twixt Sun,and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why,one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could neuer go ſo ſlow: I haue heard of Riding wagers
Where Horſes haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go,bid my Woman faigne a Sickneſſe,ſay
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.

Piſa. Madam,you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me(Man) nor heere,not heere;
Nor what enſues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius,Guiderius,and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day,not to keepe houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes,this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd ſo high,that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on,without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We houſe i'th'Rocke,yet vſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Aruir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine ſport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſen's,and ſets off.
And you may then reuolue what Tales,I haue told you,
Of Courts,of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice,is not Seruice; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we finde
The ſharded-Beetle,in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler,then attending for a checke:
Richer,then doing nothing for a Bebe:
Prouder, then ruſtling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him,that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you ſpeak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neſt; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That haue a ſharper knowne. Well correſponding
With your ſtiffe Age; but vnto vs,it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Priſon,or a Debtor,that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arui. What ſhould we ſpeake of
When we are old as you? When we ſhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue,ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Cities Vsuries;
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slippery, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The royle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'search,
And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius* Ioue,
When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
The warlike feates I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Checke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arumagus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*. Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou did'st vniustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro horse, the place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. *Pisanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that countenance still. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damm'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune

Imogen reades

THy Mistris (Pisanio) hath playde the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof lyes bleeding in me. I speake not out of weake Surmises, but from proofe as strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers: let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpose: where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pisa. Alas good Lady,

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.
Piſa. Good Madam, heare me.
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From moſt true wretchedneſſe. So thou, *Poſthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greeſe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.
Piſ. Hence vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt dye.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away.
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didd'ſt ſet vp my diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt heereafter finde
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtraine of Rareneſſe: and I greeue my ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I haue not ſlept one winke.
Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.
Piſ. Ile wake mine eye-balles firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ſt vndertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt ſtung thy ſtand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?
Piſ. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I haue conſider'd of a courſe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.
Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, ſpeake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But ſpeake.
Piſ. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
Land ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed iniurie.
Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?
Piſa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.
Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Piſ. If you'l backe to'th'Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing:
That *Cloten*, whoſe Loue-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neſt, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.
Piſ. I am moſt glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nie (at leaſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.
Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on't
I would aduenture.
Piſ. Well then, heere's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anſwer'd, ſawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourſome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.
Imo. Nay be breefe?
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſeruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſeruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Muſicke, doubtleſſe
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be conſider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
Piſ. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leaſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: if you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre and ſo farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Soueraignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike
Luc. So Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Haucn.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue croſt the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It lits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe:
The Powre that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd too ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too ſlight in ſuffetance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Maieſty,
Forbeare ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtroke;
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noiſe, we make.
Qu. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmitie,
She ſhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory
Cym Her doores lock'd?
Not ſeene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue falſe. *Exit.*
Qu. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old Seruant
I haue not ſeene theſe two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu Go, looke after:
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleeues
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, ſhe's flowne
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*: gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good vſe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Britiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her iudgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles ſhall—

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.

Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcouer where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Piſ. Then Sir:
This Paper is the hiſtorie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's ſee't: I will purſue her
Euen to *Auguſtus* Throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſeruice: vndergo thoſe Imployments wherin I ſhould haue cauſe to vſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerue mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerue mee?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſeruice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſeruice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaide vpon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhee held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I raviſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which wil then be a torment to his contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath deſpis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?

Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Hauen?

Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my deſigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to proue falſe, which I will neuer bee
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heauenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with ſlowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Ima. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falſe Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis ſome ſauage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneſſe euer
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, ſpeake: if ſauage,

Take,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No anſwer? Then Ile enter.
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l ſcarſely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our ſtomackes
Will make what's homely, ſauoury: Wearineſſe
Can ſnore vpon the Flint, when reſtie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'ſt what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I ſhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue ſtolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, ſo ſoone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arui. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty Gods.

Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ſtay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your Groome in honeſty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.

Imo. 'Mongſt Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee *Poſthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coſt, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themſelues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere theſe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my ſexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes wee'l go dreſſe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Diſcourſe is heauy, faſting: when we haue ſupp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt ſpeake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leſſe welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir

Arui. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres againſt
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long liue *Cæſar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. *Sen.* I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.* With thoſe Legions
Which I haue ſpoke of whereunto your leuie
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot I am neere to'th'place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ſeruemee? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (ſauing reuerence of the Word) for 'tis ſaide a Womans fitneſſe comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeake it to my ſelfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaſſe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leſſe young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerſant in generall ſeruices, and more remarkeable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeuerant Thing loues him in my deſpight. What Mortalitie is? *Poſthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this houre be off, thy Miſtris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough vſage: but my Mother having power of his teſtineſſe, ſhall turne all into my commendations. My Horſe is tyed vp ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.
Arui. Brother, ſtay heere:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſicke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him
Imo. So ſicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeeme to dye, ere ſicke. So pleaſe you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall courſe: the breach of Cuſtome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſicke,
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me heere,
Ile rob none but my ſelfe, and let me dye
Stealing ſo poorely.
Gui. I loue thee: I haue ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.
Bel. What? How? how?
Arui. If it be ſinne to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you ſay,
Loue's reaſon's, without reaſon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't ſhall dye, I'ld ſay
My Father, not this youth.
Bel Oh noble ſtraine!
O worthineſſe of Nature, breed of Greatneſſe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Baſe things Syre Baſe;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
Ime not their Father, yet who this ſhould bee,
Doth miracle it ſelfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.
Arui. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arui. You health. ——— So pleaſe you Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou diſprou'ſt Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as ſweet Fiſh.
I am ſicke ſtill, heart-ſicke; *Piſanio*,
Ile now taſte of thy Drugge.
Gui. I could not ſtirre him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt
Arui. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid heereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and reſt.
Arui. Wee'l not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſicke,
For you muſt be our Huſwife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit*
Bel. And ſhal't be euer.
This youth, how ere diſtreſt, appeares he hath had
Good Anceſtors.
Arui. How Angell-like he ſings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And ſawc'ſt our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ſicke,
And he her Dieter.
Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A ſmiling, with a ſigh; as if the ſighe
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From ſo diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I do note,
That greeſe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their ſpurres together.
Arui. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His periſhing roote, with the encreaſing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde thoſe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother ſearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of ſuch. What Slaue art thou?
Gui. A thing
More ſlauiſh did I ne're, then anſwering
A Slaue without a knocke.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theeſe.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art.

Why

Why I ſhould yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made thoſe cloathes,
Which (as it ſeemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art ſome Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou iniurious Theeſe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine.
Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reuerence, thoſe I feare: the Wiſe:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue ſlaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow thoſe that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* ſet your heads:
Yeeld Ruſticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*
Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.
Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arui. None in the world: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the ſnarches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arui. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarſe made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cauſe of Feare.
Enter Guiderius.
But ſee thy Brother
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his owne ſingle hand he'd take vs in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Towne*.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to looſe,
But that he ſwore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of fleſh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himſelfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Diſcouer you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoule
Can we ſet eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt haue ſome Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzie,
Not abſolute madneſſe could ſo farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and ſweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo vndertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-ſay it: howſoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidele's* ſickneſſe
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue againſt my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'ſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone purſu'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek vs through
And put vs to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'l hunt no more to day, nor ſeeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arui. Poore ſicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'd lee a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddeſſe,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy ſelfe thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him ſtoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuiſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not ſeene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.
Enter Guiderius.
Gui. Where's my Brother?

I haue ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the ſtreame,
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoſtage
For his returne. *Solemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?
Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.
Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made ſo much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue ſeene this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, fayreſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.
Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might'ſt eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ſt haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancholly
How found you him?
Arui. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th'ſloore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arui. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*.
Ile ſweeten thy ſad graue: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe———
Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'graue.
Arui. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arui. Bee't ſo:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannifh cracke, ſing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vſe like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Phanes that lye.
Arui. Wee'l ſpeake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one duſt, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are aliue.
Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th'Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arui. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.
Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arui. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtrocke,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arui. *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunder-ſtone*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arui. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Louers young, all Louers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſor harme thee,*
Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.*
Arui. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſummation haue,*
And renowned be thy graue.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.
Gui. We haue done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we vpon you ſtrew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be six mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face——
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
All Cutlses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut on my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
From this most braue'st vessell of the world
Stroke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirmes it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Southsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, haue croft the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
Successe to th'Roman hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And neuer false. Soft hoa, what trunckе is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with out Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remaines: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyaliy. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maiesty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or I'le fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Aru. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vse, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs.

Aru. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; yourselfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Aru. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarse euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and grue me leaue,
Ile take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Aru. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set]
So slight a valewarion) should reserue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wiues much better then themselues

For wtying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iuſt ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and ſtrooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's ioue
To haue them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond illes with illes, each elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the doers thriſt.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your beſt willes,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miſtris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpoſe. Ile diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weedes, and ſuite my ſelfe
As do's a *Britaine* Peazant: ſo Ile fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My ſelfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtreugth o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſſe without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus: he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaues him.

Iac The heauineſſe and guilt within my boſome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeſſe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue ſubdu'de me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of ſcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we ſcarſe are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his reſcue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Arui. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britaines. They Reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and ſaue thy ſelfe:
For friends kil friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeemes come from the Fliers?

Lo. I did.

Poſt. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himſelfe
Of his wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines ſeene; all flying
Through a ſtrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: ſtrooke downe
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerely through feare, that the ſtrait paſſe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned ſhame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the batteli, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſeru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, then to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thoſe for preſeruation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneſſe fleete ſoules that flye backwards; ſtand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſaue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in acte as many:
For three perſormers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Nobleneſſe, which could haue turn'd
A Diſtaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale looke;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A ſtop i'th'Chaſer; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confuſion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaues
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some ſlaine before ſome dying; ſome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former wane, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or ere reſiſt, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lor

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
"*Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
"*Preſerv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, Ile be his Friend;
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue ſau'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an vgly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe miniſters then we
That draw his knives i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriеſt Hinde, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſome's death,
On eyther ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crowes haue peckt them here: he brags his ſeruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus Piſanio, and Romane Captiues. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2. *Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's ſicke o'th'Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ſure Phyſitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre theſe Lockes. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, & wriſts: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Inſtrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vile men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake.
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell theſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen,*
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then after other Muſicke follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I neuer ſaw:
I dy'de whil'ſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt haue bin, and ſheeldec him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'ſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Anceſtrie,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he'd ſeru'd the praiſe o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could ſtand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obie& bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt could deeme
his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt from her,
his deereſt one?
Sweete *Imogen*?
Sic. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*, ſlight thing of Italy

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needleſe ielouſy,
And to become the geeke and ſcorne o'th'others vilany?
2 Bro. For this, from ſtiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell brauely, and were ſlaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Bro. Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, & King of Gods, why haſt & thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Chriſtall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exerciſe
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harſh, and potent iniuries:
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Manſion, helpe,
or we poore Ghoſts will cry
To'th'ſhining Synod of the reſt, againſt thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iuſtice flye.

Iupiter deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting vppon an Eagle. hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſtes fall on their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our heating: huſh. How dare you Ghoſtes
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poore ſhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reſt
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I loue, I croſſe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are ſpent:
Our ſouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſſe Impatience, leaſt you ſtirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline. *Aſcends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celeſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Iupiter.
Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleſt
Let vs with care performe his great beheſt. *Vaniſh*
Poſt. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne:
And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I ſwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deſerue,
And yet are ſteep'd in Fauours; ſo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Booke? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and be embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

'Tis ſtill a Dreame: or elſe ſuch ſtuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Poſt. Ouer-roaſted rather: ready long ago.
Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd.
Poſt. So if I proue a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes the ſhot.
Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: ſorrie that you haue payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawne of heauineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes vp thouſands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; ſo the Acquittance followes.
Poſt. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
Gao. Indeed Sir, he that ſleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.
Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not ſeene him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either bee directed by ſome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your ſelfe that which I am ſure you do not know. or iump the after-enquiry on your owne peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.
Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and will not vſe them.
Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſt.old haue the beſt vſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe: I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.
Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.
Gao. Ile be hang'd then.
Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaues deſire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that dye againſt their willes; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Gallowſes: I ſpeake againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the Gods haue made
Preſeruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe ragges, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I neuer ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promiſt nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) ſhe liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neyther true, nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worſe than a Phyſitian
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Prythee ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight preuented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poyſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortall Mineral, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
Orecome you with her ſhew; and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But ſayling of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purpoſes: repented
The euils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had beene vicious
To haue miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayſt ſay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen haue made ſuite
That their good ſoules may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our ſelfe haue granted,
So thinke of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We ſhould not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus liues to thinke on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranſom'd: Neuer Maſter had
A Page ſo kinde, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occaſions, true,
So feate, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requeſt, which Ile make bold your Highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue ſeru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I haue ſurely ſeene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Maſter, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, Ile giue it:

Yea

Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No,no,alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life,good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelfe.
Luc. The Boy diſdaines me,
He leaues me,ſcornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles,and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou Boy?
I loue thee more,and more: thinke more and more
What's beſt to aske. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on?ſpeak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane,no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneſſe, who being born your vaſſaile
Am ſomething neerer
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir)in priuate,if you pleaſe
To giue me hearing.
Cym. I,with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Maſter: walke with me: ſpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing aliue.
Bel. Peace,peace,ſee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſute
He would haue ſpoke to vs.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is liuing, let the time run on,
To good,or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Giue anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. One ſpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir,ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy ſtrength
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ſtriue man, and ſpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That ſtrooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyſon'd (or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heau'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were,and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing vs praiſe our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerua*,
Poſtures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities,that man
Loues woman for, beſides that hooke of Wiuing,
Faireneſſe, which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter
Iach. All too ſoone I ſhall,
Vnleſſe thou would'ſt greeue quickly. This *Poſthumus*
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we praiſ'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles,or his deſcription
Prou'd vs vnſpeaking ſottes.
Cym. Nay,nay,to'th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it beginnes)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And ſhe alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In ſuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo,had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poſte I in this deſigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court,where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter,the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous,and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope,not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Moſt vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practiſe ſo preuayl'd
That I return'd with ſimular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus,and thus; auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay ſome markes
Of ſecret on her perſon,that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I ſee him now.
Poſt. I ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paſt,in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord,or knife,or poyſon,

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